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RAPPEL À L'ORDRE: EZRA POUND AND THE LITTLE MAGAZINES, 1911 TO 1928

by

©

ALEXANDRA A. WEST

A THESIS

SUBMITTED TO THE FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES AND RESEARCH

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FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES AND RESEARCH

The undersigned certify that they have read, and recommend to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research, for acceptance, a thesis entitled RAPPEL À L'ORDRE: EZRA POUND AND THE LITTLE MAGAZINES, 1911 TO 1928 submitted by ALEXANDRA A. WEST in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

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ABSTRACT

In the first thirty years of the twentieth century, many writers now considered to be leading artists were first published in a handful of journals known as the little magazines. Among those who became intimately involved with these papers was Ezra Pound. This thesis proposes to examine the prose work contributed by him between 1911 and 1928 to eight of these magazines: the *New Age*, *Poetry*, the *Egoist*, *Blast*, the *Little Review*, the *Dial*, the *transatlantic review* and the *Exile*.

The study has been undertaken in order to help fill an obvious gap in Pound criticism. Noted critics have worked extensively and intensively on the poetry and, to a lesser extent, the prose, but very little analysis has been attempted of the magazine prose as a body of work in its own right. Usually, critics have gone to the magazine articles only in order to prove a critical point about Pound's poetry, or to point to echoes in his books of prose. I believe that a chronological study of Pound's little magazine work between 1911 and 1928 will reveal a relatively compact body of prose that provides us with a most interesting commentary on the growth of his sociological, aesthetic and philosophical concepts.

In spite of the great number of articles, and their apparent diversity of subject and spirit, one can see a repeated and dominant pattern of concerns that stems from one root: Pound's unceasing search, through deductive processes, for proof of the existence of a universal, natural order whose presence he intuited early in life by the inductive process. His search was conducted on three levels, encompassing

sociology and politics, art and culture, and the nature of the artist, but all three arose out of a single concept: that there existed a *forma*, a *concetto*, whose presence was proof of the existence of both divine energies and divine, inevitable pattern. This search for the eternal ideogram has been noted by critics such as Eva Hesse and Donald Davie, but no study of the appearance of this concept in his magazine prose has yet been attempted.

Without the evidence of his magazine work, the picture of Pound's artistic intentions cannot be fully complete, nor can a rounded judgement of his accomplishments be made. This study does not claim to perform either function; it merely ranges itself on the side of those critics who see Pound's work to be the result of a singleness of vision but who have not yet included extensive investigations of the little magazines in their work on the Pound canon.

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INTRODUCTION

Although the body of critical work on the Ezra Pound canon has increased immensely in recent years, few critics have concentrated exclusively on his prose and almost none has been concerned in any extensive way with his prose work in the little magazines. The material of this thesis, an examination of Ezra Pound's magazine prose, may seem at first to be familiar to those well-versed in Pound criticism, causing the suspicion that it is merely re-covering old ground. This is untrue. The sense of familiarity arises from having read a multitude of scattered references to the prose in a variety of critical works, or perhaps having encountered comparatively short discussions within chapters whose scope is much wider than simply the little magazines.[1] One thesis exists on the subject of Pound's associations with the little magazines: Barry Alpert's *The Unexamined Art: Ezra Pound and the Aesthetic Mode of the Little Magazines* is an excellent study, but it concentrates extensively on the connections between nineteenth century "aesthetic" magazines, such as the *Yellow Book* and the *Germ*, and the twentieth century magazines for which Pound was writing, so that the interest in aesthetics and influences dominates. N. Christophe de Nagy's *Ezra Pound's Poetics and Literary Tradition* uses the work in the little magazines to a considerable extent, but only in order to examine and codify Pound's theories of literary criticism. Too, critics such as Bernard J. Poli, Nicholas Joost, Wallace Martin and Ian Hamilton in their books inevitably touch on Pound's contacts with the magazines about which they are writing,[2] but he is only one of several artists so dealt with. Apart from the Alpert thesis, therefore, no single critical book concentrates its attention exclusively on Pound's prose work in the little magazines.

Donald Davie commented in 1975, ". . . many of Pound's most challenging comments on modern civilization lie buried in the files of defunct magazines, from which no one seems eager to rescue them."[3] The situation has not changed in the last two years. It is small wonder that critics are reluctant to become involved in studying the little magazines as a separate area of Pound's activities, for the volume of his work in them is as immense and the time needed for intelligent discrimination as daunting as anything encountered in studying the *Cantos*. This thesis, in an attempt to help span the gap, concentrates on certain articles while ignoring others in an effort to point out a definite pattern in works at first sight apparently random and diffuse. No doubt another study could equally well point out another pattern by using other articles. Indeed, the field is large enough, and untouched enough that complementary studies will be essential before definitive work on Pound's magazine prose can appear.

The genre of the little magazines imposed its own limits on Pound's prose, in matters such as length of articles, group interests, common influences and sources of reference. This makes studying the prose as it first appeared in the magazines a different matter from studying it in editions of essays collected, arranged and edited later in Pound's life, when he could bring the wisdom and experience of the years to bear on his early work. When we read Pound in the back numbers of the little magazines, we are seeing him within a specific literary milieu in which he occupied a particular place, and where he underwent (and dealt out) reciprocal criticism, so that the reader can balance Pound's work against the often equally powerful work of other brilliant minds. For instance, meeting Pound's "Vortex" in *Blast* is a far different and more exciting process than coming across it in the collected essays published in 1916 as *Gaudier-Brzeska: A Memoir*. Reading the files of the little magazines allows us to listen to an international conversation about art and culture in the twentieth century, a conversation in which Pound took a leading, but not necessarily dominant, part. Listening to him in the collections of essays is, on the other hand, like attending a lecture given by an unchallenged speaker with a loud voice who beats his audience into mental submission. In fact, in the mêlée of the little magazines, Pound took as much punishment and met as many challenges as he dealt out, a feature not readily apparent from the confidence that pervades the collected essays. To read Pound's magazine prose within a chronological and social context reveals the man's frailties as well as his strengths, and thus the picture obtained is more accurate than if we were to study the prose only in the collected editions.

During most of his working life as a poet, and even through the years of incarceration in St. Elizabeth's, Pound used little magazines as publishing places, as points of contact with other artists, and as tools in helping to build up and to explore his century's cultural life. His habit was to discard them when they could no longer contain the development of his thinking. This is not to say, however, that the little magazines with which he was concerned depended upon Pound alone for their survival, or that they necessarily suffered a loss of quality when he moved on to others. After all, the relationship between such publications and their contributors was, and is, informal and subject to swift and numerous shifts in fortune.

Pound's attitude to the little magazines was founded on a belief that they ought to be transient by their very nature as a weapon of the avant-garde in the battle against the *status quo*. A magazine that survived long enough to become itself a symbol of a type of *status quo*, as happened to *Poetry*, the American little magazine started by Harriet Monroe in Chicago in 1912 and still functioning today, was, for Pound, a publication that was incapable of maintaining its proper role. This, quite simply, before all else, was to provide publishing space for new writers or for those considered unacceptable by the establishment papers and publishing houses.

In his middle and later years, the little magazines became less important as a publishing venue for Pound because he had found a home for much of his work with new publishing houses such as Faber and Faber and New Directions. Between the time of his first association with the *New Age* in 1911, however, and the late twenties when he edited his own little magazine from Rapallo, papers such as *Poetry*, the *Egoist*, the *New Age* and the *Little Review*, (and indeed the little presses such as John Rodker's Ovid Press, Harriet Shaw Weaver's Egoist Press, Nancy Cunard's Hours Press, Caresse and Harry Crosby's Black Sun Press and William Bird's Three Mountains Press) were vital to his success. The period 1911 to 1928 as it is recorded in the little magazines of the time is therefore important to Pound scholarship, and our understanding of the poet's development during these years can be greatly aided by a study of his work in them.

I chose to examine these years in Pound's work because there is a certain amount of unity in them that separates them from his later years. Prior to the thirties, he was still very much an artist, devoted to the cause of art, thinking primarily about art and using artistic terms of reference. With the thirties, previously undirected and spasmodic political and economic interests found a focus, an arena and a geographic location that changed the direction of his life. This thesis will deal only with Pound as he developed up to the late twenties, for the subject of his prose writing in the Italian journals is too extensive to be included in this study.

It is not Pound the poet who concerns us here, on the whole, but rather Pound the prose writer, in particular as he appeared in eight little magazines over a twenty year period: the *New Age*, the *Egoist*, *Blast*, *Poetry*, the *Little Review*, the *Dial*, the *transatlantic review* and the *Exile*. Nor is there much attention paid to the common assumption that he was an important editor of little magazines. In fact, his relationship with the little magazines was only rarely of a formal character, and not until his own *Exile* appeared in 1927 did he become an editor in the true sense of being involved in the detailed, day-to-day work of putting out a paper. Usually, he was responsible only for his own contributions or for those of writers whose work he had succeeded in "placing," and he had little to do with the overall content and appearance of the magazines. Of course, this is not intended to minimize the immense entrepreneurial work that he performed for other artists, but it may help to explain why, when he actually did become a full-time editor in 1927, his performance in the role was less than satisfactory. Certainly, as Foreign Correspondent for *Poetry* and Foreign Editor for the *Little Review,* he used his numerous connections with European writers to good effect in supplying the American papers with superb material, but his "corresponding" and his "editing" took the form of acting as a literary agent.

Pound's relationship with the various little magazines was usually highly personal and was dependent upon his friendships with the editors and the reciprocity of their literary philosophy and views on editorial methods. This area is both fascinating and complex, but it will not concern us here to any great extent since it has been well covered by the Alpert thesis. Instead, I propose to study Pound's prose work in the eight little magazines with a view to discovering certain patterns of continuity in the vast mass of material, and at the same time to trace the changes and development in his thinking, and to a certain degree in his prose style, that are visible in the magazines.

The sheer volume of the work that Pound wrote specifically for the little magazines, the wide range of subjects and attitudes and the speed with which it was written, may give rise to the suspicion that it was merely unpatterned hack-work, thrown off to earn some much-needed money, and that as such it scarcely merits detailed attention. Indeed, I would not deny that Pound used his magazine articles as tools to help him explore his immediate concerns, so that there is sometimes a roughness in the style or a shallowness of opinion that is displeasing. However, I believe that there emerges, on a detailed reading of the work, a clear and repeated pattern of concerns that shows him to have been on a conscious search for order that directed all of his magazine prose and that found extended expression in his 1928 version of the *Ta Hio* of Confucius. As he commented in the second number of the *Exile*, published in the Autumn of 1927: "The principle of good is enunciated by Confucius; it consists in establishing order within oneself." The search for such a guiding principle was, I think, the shaping force of the magazine prose with which I am concerned in this study.

Although it is not new in Pound criticism to talk of the poet's search for order as the unifying principle behind his work, the pattern of the search in the little magazines has not, as yet, been traced. Pound was hunting down two types of order, one mystical, the other earthly, both of them stemming from the one concept: that somewhere in the chaos of human perceptions lies the power to recognize the presence in the universe of absolute form, the inevitable Pattern behind all patterns, the divine *forma* that repeats itself in infinite variations of shape and content throughout the universe. Pound's conviction that such an absolute pattern existed, arrived at by induction, appeared quite early in his prose.[4] The rest of his life was spent trying to prove deductively that his intuition was correct. Hugh Witemeyer makes the comment, "Pound's mind was set at a very early stage, and the work of his later years is often an elaboration of the concerns and dispositions of his youth,"[5] and we can certainly see that this applies to Pound's concepts of form. Hence his restless and relentless search through art, culture, sociology, politics and philosophy for proof of the (ultimately) unproveable.

Pound had two distinct types of order as his goal. There was, of course, the mystical *forma* that he described very wistfully in the long essay entitled "Cavalcanti" as having been lost to man but that is lurking beneath the surface, ready to rise again when men once more have eyes to see it, under the right social and cultural conditions. (Presumably, the *Paradiso Terrestre* would constitute such a state.) Pound said:

> We appear to have lost the radiant world where one thought cuts through another with clean edge, a world of moving energies *'mezzo oscuro rade'*, *'risplende in se perpetuale effecto'*, magnetisms that take form, that are seen, or that border the visible, the matter of Dante's *paradiso*, the glass under water, the form that seems a form seen in a mirror. . . .[6]

His desire, at this level of the search, was to demolish the barriers that prevent man from looking on the *forma* directly. To this end, he was prepared to break idols and transgress sanctions, if they were responsible for setting up the false patterns that misled man and blinded him to the light from the "glass under water." Hence his constant attacks in the magazine prose on the established institutions such as the Church, the Courts and the Universities, to say nothing of Governments, that he thought were following false gods.

In spite of Pound's vision of the *forma* as something hidden away out of man's present reach, in *Guide to Kulchur* we find expressed his conviction of its resurrectable qualities:

> The *forma*, the immortal *concetto*, the concept, the dynamic form which is like the rose pattern driven into the dead iron-filings by the magnet, not by material contact with the magnet itself, but separate from the magnet. Cut off by the layer of glass, the dust and filings rise and spring into order. Thus the *forma*, the concept rises from death. . . .[7]

Donald Davie's interpretation of this passage is helpful. He says, differentiating between *forma* and *concetto* as between fixed form and potential:

> . . . the one form can be . . . separated out into several distinct concepts, some belonging to physics, some to metaphysics, some to psychology and so on. The one pattern informs all these different manifestations. And the point to be made is that Pound in the *Cantos* characteristically aims at re-creating not the concept, any or all of them, but rather the *forma*, the thing behind them and common to them all. By arranging sensory impressions he aims to state, not ideas, but the form behind and in ideas, the moment before that "fine thing held in the mind" has precipitated out now this idea, now that.[8]

Particularly striking about the "glass under water" image is the implication of the imminent return of something that has been present before. We can connect this belief in the restitution of mystical "rightness" with Pound's constant interest in a return to social "rightness," in a *renaissance* or *risorgimento* of an old social order that, in its clarity and purity, unconsciously and inevitably will repeat the proportions of the divine *forma*. His search for social order, expressed throughout the magazine prose in his slashing indictments of the corruption of twentieth century societies, may be of minor philosophical importance when compared to his perception of mystical order. Nevertheless, it is still part of his metaphysics, albeit a lesser part.

When I talk of a search for order I do not mean to imply that Pound was looking for a rigid system in which to imprison variability. Rather, he was seeking to uncover the inherent patterns and inevitable, pre-ordained relationships between parts that indicate a universe whose primal matter moves inexorably, according to law, into shape that defines, paradoxically, both the fixed and the limited outline, and the eternal mobility and potential of the inner matter. Eva Hesse, in her introduction to *New Approaches to Ezra Pound*, uses a quotation from Goethe to describe Pound's "deep-rooted conviction that there is, as Goethe has it, 'an uncharted pattern in objective things that corresponds to the uncharted pattern within the subjective being.'"[9] The evidence of his magazine prose work supports Miss Hesse's idea that he was attempting to chart these "uncharted patterns" throughout the entire body of his work; and that he grew to believe strongly in what she calls "Ovidian continuity." She describes the pattern of his eventual metaphysical concepts very shrewdly when she comments:

> Pound sees the universe as being sustained by an Ovidian continuity which is manifest in the principle of metamorphosis, where graduated transitions are possible from inorganic rock to organic vegetation, from vegetation to animal, from animal to man, and from man to gods (plural) or 'divine states of mind' and from gods back to inorganic or organic hypostases.[10]

Pound's metaphysics did not reach this state fully within the period with which I am concerned, but the conviction that the universe was orderly and that "uncharted patterns" exist within and without man is visible, in however rough a form, right from the early magazine prose work.

It is evident that Pound believed in the existence of certain truths that govern relationships between bodies, and between the inner and the outer material of human life, and in order to find the most effective terminology to describe this concept he went constantly to the sciences for his definitive terms. Throughout, even from the early *New Age* articles, he made use of scientific or mathematical terms and concepts such as adhere particularly to the field of electro-magnetics and to analytical geometry. Images of magnetic attraction and lines of force were used to indicate his perception of the inevitable attraction between natural objects. His intuition about "right relationship" was probably the force that propelled him into a hunt for a formula, the "permanent metaphor"[11] of which he spoke in *Gaudier-Brzeska*, that best expressed the nature of the connection between man and the universe, the inner and outer truths of being, and the real connection between the world of Plato's *ideos* and the material world. I have used the word "formula" because it is the word that Pound himself used in the fourth number of the *Exile* where he expressed his desire to expose the "root ideas" of his culture as the "legendary sages" have done in "a few sentences" that are left for "the receptive." He claimed, "In the second number of *Exile* (p. 117) I printed a few such basic formulae."[12] Later in the same editorial he admitted, "It takes possibly the labour of a century to find the just equation for any great principle"; one might add that it would take the same amount of time even to identify the great principle. Pound tried to find both the equation and the principle, the *forma* and the *concetto*, during a life that lasted not quite a century. The fact that he failed does not detract from the grandeur of the search.

The possibility that a verbal formula, along the lines of a mathematical equation, could catch and hold the tangle of ideas that he later identified by the term "paideuma,"[13] surfaced explicitly at least twice in his prose writing between 1911 and 1928. The first occurred in the essay "Vorticism," in which he tried to explain the intensive nature of

Vorticism by using mathematical expressions to indicate varying degrees of intensity in a formal relationship of disparate parts. He started with the least intensive form, arithmetic, with the equation 3 x 3 + 4 x 4 = 5 x 5 or, more intensely, $3^2 + 4^2 = 5^2$. Moving into a higher form of mathematics, algebra, he pointed out that, regardless of the actual numbers used, the formula that expressed this relationship was always true, in spite of differences in the numbers chosen. Thus $3^2 + 4^2 = 5^2$ was as true a pattern of relationship as $6^2 + 8^2 = 10^2$; the truth of this was expressed algebraically as $a^2 + b^2 = c^2$, and thus became "the language of philosophy."[14] When we move into geometry, he went on, the formula $a^2 + b^2 = c^2$ applies not only to number but to an implied form, a triangle with a square on its hypoteneuse.

> One still writes it $a^2 + b^2 = c^2$, but one has begun to talk about form. Another property or quality of life has crept into one's matter.[15]

The article then drew out the link between the most intensive form of mathematical expression, analytical geometry ("Space . . . conceived as separated by two or by three axes. . .")[16] and art, pointing to the analytical formulae of Descartian geometry as idioms with whose use "one is able actually to create."[17]

> Thus, we learn that the equation $(x-a)^2 + (y-b)^2 = r^2$ governs the circle. It is the circle. It is not a particular circle, it is any circle and all circles. It is nothing that is not a circle. It is the circle free of space and time limits. It is the universal, existing in perfection, in freedom from space and time.[18]

For Pound, "in analytics we come upon a new way of dealing with form. It is in this way that art handles life."[19] By 1914, the year "Vorticism" was first published, he had learned the valuable lesson that poetry and science involve the same process and are together part of a progression: man's attempts to describe his universe, to reach what Pound later, in talking of Confucian philosophy, called an "Anschauung or disposition toward nature and man and a system for dealing with both."[20]

The second of his important excursions into mathematical formulae occurred in 1924 in a very short article appearing in the *transatlantic review*. By this point, he had become heavily involved in work on music theory, in particular as it pertained to harmony. For example, he wrote the "Treatise on Harmony" and the later "Great Bass" essay, making use of accoustic theory in order to explain tempo and harmony. The short article in the *review*, "The Form (ou 'Je cherche un ami sérieux')" contained a plea from Pound for a like-minded person to step forward and help him to isolate The Form, *the* formula, that would describe accurately the primary matter of music, in the same way that $(x - a)^2 + (y - b)^2$ formulates the circle in analytical geometry.

By the time he arrived at *Guide to Kulchur* in 1938, his concept of what he was searching for had become firmer. *Kulchur* is surely the most important of his prose books, for in it he displayed the synthesis he had reached after sifting the ideas of thirty years. Between 1911 and *Guide to Kulchur*, his search for form took him, via scientific and mathematical terminology, progressively through the image to the vortex to the ideogram to the Paideuma and the Great Bass, the latter two terms coming eventually to best describe the aesthetic that dominated his later years. He described the Paideuma in *Guide to Kulchur* thus: " . . . Frobenius uses the term Paideuma for the tangle or complex of the inrooted ideas of any period," and promised "I shall use Paideuma for the gristly roots of ideas that are in action."[21] This is the same cluster of "root ideas" mentioned ten years earlier in *Exile* 4.

The theory of the Great Bass involved Pound in an attempt to define "a main base in all musical structure,"[22] a base resting on the use of sound frequencies that occur below the lowest note that can be registered by the human ear. Good musical composition, in his opinion, was dependent upon the composer's capacity to understand "the ratio between these frequencies and those written to be executed by instruments," a ratio that "is OBVIOUS in mathematics."[23] In addition, without an understanding that the real pace of a piece of music depended upon "the sense of proportion between all time divisions from 10 to the minute or era up to top harmonic 8vo and 32mo above treble stave,"[24] musicians, said Pound, are bound to play in a manner "molten and doughy." The basic structure in music was, for him, one manifestation of the *forma*.

The progress in his years of prose writing from the analytical formulae of "Vorticism" to the metaphysics of "The Form" and "Great Bass" shows how constant a feature of Pound's thinking the search for form really was.

This study will be as chronological as possible (although there was a time between 1912 and 1920 when he was involved in several of the magazines at the same time) in order to trace the progress of his search for order and the shifts and changes in his ideas. I see the pattern of the search as having been three-fold: first, it involved socio-political concepts, in which the emphasis of the search fell particularly on what he saw to be the corrupt nature of Western contemporary civilization, and that manifested itself in his desire for a re-birth of true civilization; second, it encompassed the field of the arts, in particular literature and music, inasmuch as they were to be considered a civilizing force; and third, his search took in the area of his own personal development into a true "makkar," one of the shapers of the universe for less gifted men. Of course, all three areas are interdependent, and I separate them only in an attempt to facilitate our understanding of the development of Pound's thinking.

In *Guide to Kulchur*, looking back over thirty years, Pound used the term "rappel à l'ordre," borrowed from a Jean Cocteau musical work, *Rappel à l'Ordre*,[25] to describe the process of his thinking, particularly in the twenties. By this term, I think he meant to indicate that he was attempting to call man back to an order now vanished. The idea was certainly not new to his thinking in 1938, for in the several series that he wrote for the *New Age* between 1912 and 1920 he constantly used the terms *re*-naissance and *ri*-sorgimento (interchangeably, as far as I can see) to indicate his increasing desire for the re-establishment in a new form of all the best of an older and far superior civilization. Thus the term "rappel à l'ordre" strikes me as being an excellent description indeed of Pound's metaphysical journey as it is charted in the little magazines.

Throughout his association with the journals, we find numerous examples of occasions when his personal and artistic integrity was outraged by what he considered political, economic, academic and artistic corruption typical of a dying civilization. Starting in the *New Age* and continuing through to the *Exile*, one of the more obvious patterns in his magazine work is the growth of an implacable rage against and hatred for the official institutions such as the Press, the Universities and the Government that promoted mediocrity as a safeguard against thinking so as to keep the populace stupefied but content. On this level of the search, one can see quite clearly the gradual emergence in Pound's work of a focus for change, but not until his discovery of Social Credit did his thinking on these matters develop systematically. Between 1911 and 1928, his sociological thinking exhibits the characteristics of a man with a mission but little method.

The slow but inexorable patterning of his sociological and political concerns was closely connected with the second level of his search, that is his exploration of art. Ideas about the nature of art and of artists led him into examining the political ramifications of the subject and the relationship between society and its artists. By the time he was editing the *Exile*, he had evolved a strong belief in the superiority of the artist not only in his own field but also in politics. In the first number of the *Exile* we find:

> The artist, the maker is always too far ahead of any revolution, or reaction, or counter-revolution or counter-reaction for his vote to have any immediate result; and no party program ever contains enough of his program to give him the least satisfaction. The party that follows him wins; and the speed with which they set about it, is the measure of their practical capacity and intelligence. Blessed are they who pick the right artists and makers.[26]

Almost from his earliest *New Age* articles Pound had laid out the conjunction between honest art and political intelligence, and by 1927 and the *Exile* he had obviously come to believe that the true artist must, by his very nature as a shaper of chaos, be of immense political worth. In the fourth number of the *Exile*, he made it quite clear that he considered it a duty of young artists to become involved in political harassment of Government corruption, saying:

> The present crop of young writers, with perhaps no more talent, are too lazy to occupy themselves with civic affairs, even when these impinge on the writers' own. There are 600 young, who are not yet able to do anything in literature, who could occupy themselves writing articles against contemporary idiocies in administration until such time as they are ripe for original composition.[27]

That Pound himself needed to be relieved of the burden, seemed to be the main point of this passage, but he chose never to relinquish it. From the late twenties into the forties, he wrote constantly of art as a force inseparable from its effects and ideologies.

Even in the early magazine articles, Pound made a very strong connection between a nicety in the use of words and political acumen. He obviously grew to believe passionately that a concise use of language was the duty not simply of the poets but also of all thinking men. In the *Egoist* for February 1917, in an article on James Joyce, he wrote, "A nation that cannot write clearly cannot be trusted to govern nor yet to think." From this position, involving as it does a belief in the right to leadership of those who are most intimately concerned with concise language, the poets, he never wavered all his life. It was one of the recurrent beliefs that provided continuity in his thinking. Indeed, it was the main base underlying all his theories of the artist, no matter in which form these were expressed. Possibly the most telling version appeared in *Guide to Kulchur*, where he presented a short section from the analects of Confucius that expressed perfectly his own feelings on the impact of language.

> Tseu-Lou asked: If the Prince of Mei appointed you head of the government, to what wd. you first set your mind?
>
> Kung: To call people and things by their names, that is by the correct denominations, to see that the terminology was exact.
>
> "You mean that is the first?" said Tseu-leu. "Aren't you dodging the question? What's the use of that?"
>
> Kung: You are a blank. An intelligent man hesitates to talk of what he don't understand, he feels embarrassment.
>
> If the terminology be not exact, if it fit not the thing, the governmental instructions will not be explicit, if the instructions aren't clear and the names don't fit, you can not conduct business properly.
>
> If business is not properly run the rites and music will not be honoured, if the rites and music be not honoured, penalties and punishments will not achieve their intended effects, if penalties and punishments do not produce equity and justice, the people won't know where to put their feet or what to lay hold of or to whom they shd. stretch out their hands.
>
> That is why an intelligent man cares for his terminology and gives instructions that fit. When his orders are clear and explicit they can be put into effect. An intelligent man is neither inconsiderate of others nor futile in his commanding.[28]

Pound's prose exploration of art and culture is hard to pin down in an orderly fashion since there is such a vast amount of material, but there are certain repeated patterns that allow us to see his groping after laws of artistic harmony of whose existence he was convinced. First, of course, there was his reliance on art as a civilizing force, and the notion that a nation beset by mediocre or false artists was a nation betrayed. In the *New Freewoman* series, "The Serious Artist," and the earlier

New Age set, "I Gather the Limbs of Osiris," we see Pound, himself a dedicated "makkar," exploring the nature of his kind. In the *New Age* series he propounded the idea that every so often the human race is fortunate enough to throw up what he called a "donative" artist: that is one whose work, while gathering together the sum of human knowledge already learned, illuminates, by the clarity of its essence that he called its "virtù," concepts previously hidden from the human mind. This is the artist who is the magnet that causes the lines of force lying unpatterned in the universe to spring into the rose pattern, the famous image for the universal form of inevitable shape first expressed in the *New Age* on January 16, 1913, in the series "Through Alien Eyes." Art, thus, is a process whereby certain inevitable laws are set in motion to pattern primal matter, the motion depending upon the true artist for its inception.

His search for artistic pattern and shape is very evident from the shifts he made in poetic experiments throughout the early stages of his development. Working initially according to metric law passed down in medieval poetry, Pound then came to a specialized concept of the image as a means of uncovering universal truths of poetry. He moved from the rather static nature of Imagisme into the dynamic figure of the Vortex that implies both stasis and movement, fixed and unfixed shape, and from there to a perceived order that is at once more primal and yet more sophisticated, the Ideogram. These points are well-known to the readers of his poetry, but the search was also being conducted all the while in his magazine prose, and also through his associations with various groups of artists whose theories and practice of art helped him to shape his own artistic philosophy.

Poetry was not the only art that he explored for form. Besides writing on sculpture and painting, he was also deeply involved in searching out the inner laws of music. From a very early delight in the theory of *motz el son* in medieval lyrics that was mainly based on his poet's appreciation of metre and rhythm, he developed in the twenties and thirties into a considerable music theorist and composer. His *Treatise on Harmony*, published first in Ford Madox Ford's *transatlantic review* in 1924, reveals a man much advanced in his understanding of music fromhim who wrote the William Atheling columns for the *New Age* a few years earlier. The *Treatise*, faulty as it is, shows Pound making a serious attempt to expose the foundations of a universal "right rhythm" whose laws were once common currency among composers. He regarded the vertical chords and the accepted resolutions of the romantic composers as infinitely harmful to a man's appreciation of the true basis of all music: the musical interval. For Pound, an orderly and inevitable sequence of laws dominated music no less than poetry, and we can see an early expression of these beliefs in the Atheling columns of the *New Age*, and their more developed expression in the 1926 book *Antheil and the Treatise on Harmony*, and the opera *Le Testament de Villon*.

The third direction of his search for order concerns his own development as an artist. Since, in Pound's opinion, art was the prime civilizing force, the figure of the artist, his training, behaviour and influences, was given a very high priority in his work. His exploration, both conscious and unconscious, of himself as an artist involved the use of the *persona* as a shaping device, not only in his poetry where its presence is obvious but also in his prose, where it is not so apparent. At one point in *Gaudier-Brzeska*, he defined the search for the true poetic self as a process of mask-casting,[29] in which the artist is trying to discover the most suitable form whereby to express primal poetic emotion in a manner understandable to others. Pound's mask-casting is certainly apparent to anyone reading his poetry, but it is also present in his magazine prose, and here the process involves not only a conscious adoption of *personae* but also an unconscious one as well. He did not always take care, in his magazine writing, of his style, and indeed had no very great opinion of this part of his work, calling it "scrapings from the cracker-barrel"[30] in his last years. I think that there is a link between the extent to which a prose article was presented by a consciously adopted and suitable *persona* and the quality of the prose style. For instance, when he was writing as an academic, in "I Gather the Limbs of Osiris," the consciousness of the professorial role provided him with an orderly prose pattern in which he used formal English in well turned sentences, with strong transitions between ideas, and paragraphs in which core ideas were generally single or at least well coordinated. When he was, again consciously, playing a role that did not truly suit him, as in *Blast*, his style was dictated by what he felt to be the demands of the *persona*, in this case the avant-garde rebel. Hence we find an excess of violent adjectives, unconsidered opinions and a prose style that is, to say the least, uncomfortable.

Pound's *personae* are, for the most part, consciously adopted, particularly in his poetry, but there is one role that, although consciously assumed, also reveals a truth about his life unconsciously expressed in some of the magazine articles; the mask of the exile that the poet willingly adopted early in his stay in England was unnecessary as a revelation of his artistic nature. Pound was, in himself, the exile, and needed no mask to shape his relationship with his country, except inasmuch as the adoption of a *persona* helped him to control thoughts too often made chaotic by the emotions aroused in a love-hate relationship between the man and the country. Although he certainly made use of the conventional distancing from emotion that a deliberately assumed mask allows, nevertheless throughout the prose work written in the years spanned by this thesis, his style is markedly inferior when he is involved with the exile *persona*. This is especially noticeable when we turn to the editorials that he wrote for the *Exile*. Under the pseudonym "The Exile," Pound dominated the magazine with very bitter and rather badly written polemics against the corruption of contemporary America, and in particular the American government. The use of the *persona* takes on an ironic significance here, of course, for when he tried to remove the mask in order to speak with his own editorial voice, he found that the face underneath bore indelibly the print of the mask. In adopting masks through which to express the artistic self, an artist is usually safe in the knowledge that he can take them off at will when another more attractive guise presents itself. In Pound's case, his first exile from the United States was self-imposed at his own pleasure, as were his later removals to London and Paris. After 1945, however, he was to feel the full weight of his government's displeasure when his self-exile was abruptly terminated and replaced by the officially-imposed, nightmare exile from the human race that St. Elizabeth's provided that he could not remove himself from voluntarily.

The relationship between the quality of his prose style and the amount of control available to him by virtue of a specific *persona* is, of course, only one minor way of examining his style, and will be dealt with in the thesis to a much lesser extent than other aspects of his magazine work. He undoubtedly found the process of writing hack articles for a pittance in order to survive economically, a bore, and this may well be responsible for the growing frequency, as the years went by, of ellipses and cryptic remarks in his prose. It may also be that the uneven nature of his style was partly owing to a strong pull in his being between two opposite and conflicting forces: the desire to rebel and to be free to assert the artistic self with integrity; and the desire to invoke order out of chaos that later led to dogmatism and authoritarian pronouncements. The tension that arises from the battle between Pound the apparent radical and Pound the hidden conservative is possibly what invests all of his work with its peculiar vitality. Throughout the magazine work, the two faces are certainly presented to the reader in their turn as the true Pound, without any apparent consciousness of the paradox involved.

I think, then, that in spite of the wide range of subjects and the vast number of articles that he wrote in the little magazines between 1911 and 1928, one can trace in Pound's magazine work a continuous pattern of ideas that reveals the poet to have been on a three-way search to uncover the inner laws governing his art, artists and a cultured, civilized society. Very often in this prose he was revealed as a disappointed or frustrated man, and its tone is then not comfortable for the reader who gets drawn into the bitterness. Nevertheless, without the evidence of the growths and shifts in his sociological and cultural thinking and his art philosophy, made available to us in certain little magazines produced in the first thirty years of this century, our understanding of the processes that went to the making of Pound the artist cannot be complete.

CHAPTER ONE

POUND AND THE *NEW AGE*

Pound's long association with the *New Age* began in 1911 with "I Gather the Limbs of Osiris," a series of twelve prose articles the title of which could well be used to describe the motivating force behind the whole body of his prose work in the little magazines. The presence in the title of his first important prose after *The Spirit of Romance* of the myth concerning the dying and reviving god, shows that Pound had a goal, distant perhaps, but clearly marked out even at the start of his explorations: in the guise of Isis, the protector-sibling,to make himself responsible for gathering together the once orderly but now disorderly unpatterned remnants of poetry that had previously been a unified body shaped by creative energy. It may have been fanciful and exaggerated on Pound's part to have seen himself in this role, but still it describes accurately the motivation behind,if not the reality of,his critical articles.

The process extended far beyond the series on medieval literature. Being convinced from an early age that, in the twentieth century, the Body Poetic lay in a shattered condition, Pound's mission was to instigate the resurrection of the literary and, by implication, the cultural manifestation of the god head that he later called the *forma*. In more down-to-earth terms, Witemeyer sums up Pound's attitude in 1911, emphasizing the poet's vision of his own part in the revivifying effort:

> . . . Pound seems almost to prefer focusing on the *pictor* or *scriptor ignatus*. The very title of the articles in which his first translations of the *Seafarer*, of Arnaut Daniel, and of Cavalcanti appeared --"I Gather the Limbs of Osiris"--reflect this interest. Isis gathered the dismembered limbs of Osiris, whose consequent rebirth was the legendary basis of an Egyptian fertility ritual. By identifying himself with Isis, Pound implied a hope that his translations of lesser-known inventors would assist a rebirth of English poetry.[1]

Witemeyer's comments illuminate the "Osiris" series but surely we can say that the missionary zeal of the Isis *persona* pervaded the entire body of Pound's prose work. It was certainly active throughout the period of his association with the *New Age*. His attempt to discover and to gather up the rent limbs of poetry was matched by his patient efforts to unite the scattered columns of the *Paradiso Terrestre*, the social manifestation of the *forma*, in his many *New Age* articles on civilization and culture. Thus, the *New Age* prose is not only a running commentary on the movement of a lively mind, thoroughly involved in active exploration of contemporary culture; it is also evidence of a pilgrim's progress on the slow journey to the infinite, in the existence of which he believed absolutely, as an act of faith, right from the beginning of a voyage undertaken to prove the truth of the belief.

In the men and women who wrote for the *New Age*, Pound found himself in good company on the pilgrimage. He became acquainted with a fine editor and vital artists and intellectuals such as Shaw, Belloc, Chesterton, Bennett, Wells, Hulme, Flint, Sturge Moore, Cole, Penty, Hobson, Randall, de Maetzu and Rebecca West, who covered in their intellectual reach many of the foremost issues of the day. As long as Alfred Orage was the editor of the journal, so long was the range of its articles very great. Instead of being confined to a particular area, as, for instance, the *English Review* was to literature, the *New Age* combined the best of the specialized little magazines with the range of the daily newspapers, the whole being administered according to a liberal editorial policy whose aim it was to print the best thoughts of the best minds without prejudice or excessive editorial interference. As a result of Orage's influence, Wallace Martin claims, "the *New Age* provides a comprehensive record of the emergence of modern culture from its Victorian and Edwardian antecedents,"[2] and anyone reading the *New Age* back-files would surely agree with this estimate. Pound was certainly not alone in trying to mark out the patterns of his time; the people who wrote for the *New Age* were also engaged in the vast charting of the "uncharted patterns," led by an editor of whom Martin writes:

> The medium of his editorial achievement was technical excellence, a mastery of the manifold skills required in that profession; its foundation was an unwavering commitment to principles and values derived from outside of his immediate historical context. This commitment was, in the best sense, disinterested; it enabled him to discriminate between the transitory and the enduring, and to accept the consequences of any idea or theory that he thought was valid, regardless of the sacrifices that this acceptance entailed.[3]

Here, in one man, were combined several of Pound's requirements for a civilized artist who was also a cultural leader: attention to disciplined technique and accuracy of presentation; critical skills developed out of a reliance on tradition and past models; discriminatory powers; and the willingness to be personally responsible for the consequences of his thinking, an attitude for which Pound was later to praise Mussolini in the *Exile*. In discussing Orage, Martin uses a most interesting quotation from Allen Tate's "The Function of the Critical Quarterly":

> Allen Tate has said that an editor owes his first duty to "his sense of the moral and intellectual order upon which society ought to rest, whether or not society at the moment has an interest in such an order or is even aware of a need for it"; and it was Orage's devotion to this duty which led Tate to name him as one of the great editors of our time.[4]

In Orage, Pound had obviously encountered "un ami sérieux," long before he wrote the *transatlantic review* article "The Form (ou 'Je cherche un ami sérieux')" where he indicated his desire to meet a like-minded artist who would help him with his exploration of the manifestations of the *forma*.

To the *New Age* between 1911 and 1921, Pound contributed over three hundred prose articles, some of them art and music reviews, the former under the pseudonym of B. H. Dias, and the latter under that of William Atheling. The work ranged from book reviews to literary criticism, to literary theory and history, to commentaries on the state of contemporary culture, especially in America. He wrote so much and so often for the *New Age* that he really appears as a journalist during his association with it, rather than as a poet trying to place his work. These articles were usually intended to be placed in the *New Age;* they were written for a specific milieu, the world of the *New Age*, for a particular editor, Orage, who paid him a regular sum of money, four guineas a month, which Pound said "wuz the sinews, by gob, the sinooz."[5]

They included both short, one-page reviews or columns of comment, and series of six, ten, twelve articles; he also took an active part in the mêlée of the correspondence columns, always a lively section in the *New Age*. Until 1917, the articles were submitted more or less free-lance, but between 1917 and 1921, he was a *New Age* staff writer, contributing his alternate weekly columns of art and music criticism. Apart from six weeks spent as the drama critic for the *Athenaeum* in 1920, and eighteen months as the *Dial's* Paris correspondent, a position subsidized by John Quinn, this was Pound's only paid appointment, although the wage was very small and such as was paid only to the most impecunious of the *New Age* writers.

In order to completely explore Pound's *New Age* work, one would have to concentrate on it exclusively, so numerous were his contributions. For the purposes of this study, therefore, only a selection of the articles will be examined, but I think that the series picked give a broad overview of the poet's developing thought over the decade. "I Gather the Limbs of Osiris"[6] shows us the state of Pound's literary philosophy in 1911, just after he joined the magazine and before he had benefited much from exposure to the ideas of other intellectuals working in areas apart from poetry; "Patria Mia," in 1912, sees the early beginnings in his work of political interests; "The Approach to Paris" of 1913 demonstrates his growing awareness of modern French poetry and its links with English poetic theory;[7] "Affirmations," written in 1915, is possibly the most important of the *New Age* series, since it shows him pausing to collect and arrange in orderly fashion the dominant concerns that had surfaced from a mass of newly-received and conceived ideas and impressions and that were to continue dominant for many years; and his art and music reviews, in particular the latter, laid out the groundwork, between 1917 and 1920, of theories (originating in his interest in medieval song) that were to find practical expression during the Paris years, the early twenties.

These articles, and a few others, document Pound's interests in the second decade of the twentieth century, interests that were to appear later in the *Cantos*: among them, American politics, academics, the Press, the state of Poetry, the artist as a political force, economics, painting, sculpture, the critical mind, European history (particularly its economic and cultural nature), literary traditions and contemporary literary experiments. He rarely felt bound by the title of an article to a confined subject area. A review of an art exhibition is scattered with comments about poetic theory, an article on American politics turns into a[7] discussion of the dichotomy between American and English journals,[8] comments on the state of a nation's culture appear in a series of articles on Pound's heritage.[9] He was not capable of functioning on only one level at a time, but in most of his prose articles he was trying to meld his various interests into a cohesive expression. Behind the apparently-random nature of the articles lay a fixed purpose: to examine various reflections of the divine *forma* in an effort to prove the existence of the *forma* itself.

Pound's work in the *New Age* demonstrates that, right from the beginning of his prose commentaries, his instinct was to catalogue and classify, not to erect unshakeable laws but to uncover the inevitable patterns in natural forces, among them the creative energies. In case we think this tendency in him to have been restrictive, we should keep in mind a comment made in 1921 in an article on the sculptor Constantin Brancusi, in which, in talking of Vorticist formulae on sculpture, he said: "I don't mean to imply that vorticist formulae will 'satisfy' Brancusi, or that any formula need ever satisfy any artist, simply the formulae give me certain axes . . . for discrimination."[10] The capacity to discriminate, in the large sense to pick out one thing as being superior to or at least different from another, in the more particular sense to pick out form from mass, was to become one of Pound's basic requirements both for the artist and for the audience fit for great art. It is an important thread in the continuity of his thinking. Earlier in the Brancusi article, he had described the reason why man needs these axes; they were stable points from which "man hurls himself toward the infinite and the works of art are his vestiges, his trace in the manifest." Pound's journey, as it was documented in his prose writing at least, was an attempt to uncover the milestones along the route to the infinite in order to help other travellers find their way. It presumes before the journey starts that there is an infinite to journey towards.

The *New Age* articles are hard to classify, partly because of the range of his interests and partly because of his comprehensive world-picture. In "Osiris," Pound talked of the poet's duty to erect "his microcosmos";[11] his own microcosmos was unified, all its parts inter-related and inter-dependent, and the mind behind the prose articles saw and expressed the relationship between art, nationhood, politics, economics and sociology. It is a tendency that is, at the same time, a weakness and a strength, for while it greatly enriches the texture of the content for the initiated reader, it can also baffle the new reader by a wide range of references, and a style that appears to jump from point to point.

The large amount of cross-reference in the *New Age* work makes it both richer ground and yet more confusing for the reader. Nevertheless, one can see two main directions: there are the socio-political-cultural articles, such as "Through Alien Eyes" and "The Revolt of Intelligence" where the writer was exploring the state of England and of America as possible centres for the restitution of a great, pure civilization whose citizens could recognize the glass out of the water and where the artist would take his rightful place as a leader; and there are the artistic-cultural articles where specialized study of specific art forms was conducted, together with an exploration of the nature of the artist and of the art impulse, with a view to indicating the precious nature of the latter as a manifestation of the divine shaping force, the *concetto*. This type of article included reviews of artists and their work as attempts to echo the *forma*, and of course the concerts and gallery showings that he wrote on as Atheling and Dias. Whatever the directions of an article, the conviction that art was a shaping force of the latent energies in nature lay at the heart of all the work.

The "Osiris" series in 1911 was based on his interpretations of the work of medieval poets and was an extension of *The Spirit of Romance* and his earlier academic work on the troubadours. Beyond that, however, it was an attempt at suggesting new ways of searching out the important points in man's cultural history by concentrating on the "luminous detail," that is those facts that "[govern] knowledge like a switchboard."[12] By these, Pound meant the facts that, being peculiar only to a particular time and place, are the controlling formulae that best express the latent energies of that time. He explained:

> . . . when in Burckhardt we come upon a passage: "In this year the Venetians refused to make war upon the Milanese because they held that any war between buyer and seller must prove profitable to neither," we come upon a portent, the old order changes, one conception of the State and of war declines. The Middle Ages imperceptibly give ground to the Renaissance. A ruler owning a state and wishing to enlarge his possessions could, under one regime, in a manner opposed to sound economy, make war; but commercial sense is sapping this regime. In the history of the development of civilization or of literature, we come upon such interpreting detail. A few dozen facts of this nature give us intelligence of a period--a kind of intelligence not to be gathered from a great array of facts of the other sort. These facts are hard to find. They are swift and easy of transmission. They govern knowledge as the switchboard governs an electric circuit.[13]

The view that certain points best illustrate the nature of an age grew over the years to a conviction, expressed in the *Exile* almost twenty years later, that only a very few formulae, succinctly expressed, were needed to explain the driving force of any age and the guiding principle that shaped and directed its energies.[14] It was a belief that encouraged him to search for the most refined equations possible for catching the magical nature of the *forma*. We find many expressions in the later prose of Pound's conviction that at least the *concetto*, if not the *forma*, could be expressed in a single verbal formula. For instance, in *Guide to Kulchur,* he began his translation of the *Analects* of Confucius with the following exchange:

> Said the philosopher: You think that I have learned a great deal, and kept the whole of it in my memory?
>
> Sse replied with respect: Of course. Isn't that so?
>
> It is not so. I have reduced it all to one principle.

一以貫之[15]

Pound identified the signs to mean "one, by, passing through, emerging,"[16] so that we may interpret the sign, given as the reduction of all thinking to one principle, as the eternal paradox of fixed form and inner, dynamic matter, the whole brought together into the never-ending process of "taking shape."

The twelve articles in the "Osiris" series are partly presentations of translations from the medieval poets, and partly commentaries on the nature of good and bad poetry. They form a sort of *Defense of Poesie* against the proponents of Victorian concepts of good and bad literature, which he identified on February 15, 1912:

> As far as the "living art" goes, I should like to break up cliché, to disintegrate those magnetised groups that stand between the reader of poetry and the drive of it, to escape from lines composed of two very nearly equal sections, each containing a noun, and each noun decorously attended by a carefully selected epithet gleaned apparently from Shakespeare, Pope or Horace. For it is not until poetry lives again "close to the thing" that it will be a vital part of contemporary life. As long as the poet says not what he, at the very crux of a clarified conception, means, but is content to say something ornate and approximate, just so long will serious people, intently alive, consider poetry as balderdash --a sort of embroidery for dilettantes and women.[17]

The "magnetised groups," inimical to great art, are as inevitable, in Pound's way of thinking, as the presence of stupidity makes them.[18]

"Osiris" was one of the first of his attempts to delineate what makes the artist different from the ordinary man, and what separates the great artist from the ordinary artist. Pound believed that, in order to understand literary art as a political, civilizing force, one would do well to study the literary vortices that made "the rose pattern on the lines of the electric force."[19] The use of scientific imagery to indicate his belief in the physical reality of creative energy is striking throughout his work, and "Osiris" was the first noticeable occasion on which he specifically linked the arts and the sciences as part of the same activity, the leap into the infinite. Great artists were like magnets inevitably causing pattern to spring into being where before there had been only primal matter, a chaos of creative energies. These men he termed "donative" artists:

> . . . the "donative" author seems to draw down into his art something which was not in the art of his predecessors. If he also draws from the air about him, he draws latent forces, or things present but

> unnoticed, or things perhaps taken for granted but never examined.

And:

> He discovers, or, better, "he discriminates." We advance by discriminations, by discerning that things hitherto deemed identical or similar are dissimilar; that things hitherto deemed dissimilar, mutually foreign, antagonistic, are similar and harmonic.[20]

This is the very stuff of poetry, the capacity for registering the outer and inner relationships of the universe in terms of the metaphysical conceit, the ability to think in metaphor.

Each artist, in Pound's opinion, was possessed of a peculiar, individual essence or "virtù" which might possibly be copied but never totally reproduced. This "virtù" is a symbol both of form and of content; it is energized shape that is peculiar to each great artist who must, in arranging his world consciousness, account for the "virtù" of other artists.

> Having discovered his own virtue, the artist will be more likely to discern and allow for a peculiar *virtù* in others. The erection of the microcosmos consists in discriminating these other powers and in holding them in orderly arrangement about one's own. The process is uncommon.[21]

This was the process that Pound spent the better part of his life trying to perfect in his own art.

He listed four great "donative" artists who had achieved this balance between their own "virtù" and the received power of others:

> Homer of the Odyssey, man conscious of the world outside him . . .
>
> Dante of the "Divina Commedia," man conscious of the world within himself;

> Chaucer, man conscious of the variety of persons about him. . . .
>
> Shakespeare, man conscious of himself in the world round about him--as Dante had been conscious of the spaces of the mind, its reach and its perspective.[22]

The important word in the above passage is "conscious." Inseparable from Pound's vision of the true artist was the idea that he was a shaping intelligence, working on primary emotion, an idea well-expressed by Gaudier-Brzeska: "Will and consciousness are our VORTEX."[23] Although not fully expressed until the *Blast* venture, the concept, as we see, was important to Pound even in 1911. It was to survive as another of the continuous threads of his thinking.

In "Osiris," he picked on Cavalcanti and Daniel as important because of their capacity to discriminate. In Daniel's case, Pound concentrated mainly on the technique; in Part IX, using him as an example of a technically-perfect artist, he put forward the reasonable case that the artist should be as professional in his approach to technique as a musician. His comment still stands as one of the best short defences of poetic technique:

> . . . the ordinary piano teacher spends more thought on the art of music than does the average "poet" on the art of poetry. No great composer has, so far as I know, boasted an ignorance of musical tradition or thought himself less a musician because he could play Mozart correctly. Yet it is not uncommon to hear practising "poets" speak of "technique" as if it were a thing antipathetic to "poetry."[24]

All his life, Pound fought the widespread notion that poetry was nothing more than emoting, and that it was every man's inherent right to express his emotional states. For him, the art was sacred because it was a manifestation of a universal principle, the inevitable movement of forces and energies into patterned shape.

> Everyone, or nearly everyone, feels at one time or another poetic, and falls to writing verses; but only that man who cares and believes really in the pint of truth that is in him will work, year in and year out, to find the perfect expression.[25]

In 1911, Pound had not yet quite arrived at a full concept of what he meant by emotion in the arts, but in passages such as the above we can see the first stirrings of an interest that was to be expressed a little later in the Imagiste theories about the rendition of emotion.

The ideas in "Osiris" were expounded at greater length in the *New Freewoman* series of 1913, "The Serious Artist," which will be dealt with in the third chapter of this thesis. Together, the two series reveal Pound as an artist dedicated to a craft whose perfect expression was of great importance both as a purifying social force and as a constant reminder of the proportions of the divine *forma*. "Osiris" contained the early expressions of ideas that were to develop fast over the next few years: precision of technique; discrimination; "the latent energy of Nature";[26] the idea that "every masterpiece contains its law within itself";[27] the presentation of "luminous detail," and so on. It is an important series in that it is a demonstration of the early maturity of his thinking. To repeat Witemeyer: "Pound's mind was set at an early age."

The six-part series "The Approach to Paris" that appeared in September and October of 1913 was the first of Pound's attempts[28] to formulate theories on modern French poetry, an attempt that was repeated in *Poetry* in 1913 and 1918, and in the *Little Review* in 1918. In accordance with his belief that the best form of criticism was to let the poetry speak for itself, the major part of each article in the early series was given over to reproducing a poet's work, interspersed with critical comment.

By presenting French writers such as Vildrac, Romains, de Gourmont, Corbière and Tailhade, Pound hoped to awaken English poets to the possibilities of following a well established tradition that might help to lift English poetry in 1913 from the doldrums, a view that he probably inherited partly from Ford and partly from F. S. Flint:

> For the best part of a thousand years English poets have gone to school to the French, or one might as well say that there never were any English poets until they began to study the French.[29]

By 1913, his theories of the image were fairly developed and the principles of Imagisme were being practiced by a few like-minded poets such as F. S. Flint, H.D. and Richard Aldington; but Pound was anxious to promote Imagisme to an even greater extent since, in 1913, it seemed to him to be the best answer to Victorian sentiment and philosophy. He had been attracted to the French work by the "forgotten school" of 1909, and Flint's article of 1912 on modern French poetry which appeared in the *Poetry Review* had been influential. "The Approach to Paris" saw Pound widening his examination of modern culture for the first time in any extensive way to include a non-English literature. Although they were really no more than a first approach to contemporary French literature, and were not in themselves of lasting importance as a study of French literature, these articles demonstrate Pound's growing awareness of a modern art aesthetic that had grown up irrespective of national boundaries. The poets featured in "The Approach to Paris" are French to Pound only inasmuch as their language is French; there is nothing in the articles that indicates Pound to be isolating any specially French characteristics in their work. What he liked in them was their concrete presentation of the object, their directness of imagery, their technical mastery of rhythm and their use of "*le mot juste*," but this is what he approved in the work of the English Imagistes also and indeed in all good poets of any era. The series is important, therefore, not as an examination of French poetry *per se* but as an indication of the widespread nature of a modern approach to poetry. It was Pound's first serious attempt to come to terms with the French party of intelligence, and demonstrated his growing sense that compared to Paris and its literary scene, London was "an easy chair, the most comfortable place in the world."[30] He really wanted to lie on a bed of nails.

The most important of Pound's artistic-cultural articles in the *New Age* was the seven-part series that appeared in January 1915 as "Affirmations." In these articles, he was pausing to "affirm" the main directions of his interests, to sum up for the moment, after seven hectic years in the maelstrom of twentieth century art, those areas in art which held his interest, and why they did so. These were: traditional forms of music; Vorticism; Jacob Epstein and modern sculpture; Imagisme; Gaudier-Brzeska's work and theories; the influence of the Renaissance on twentieth century art; and Irish literature in the twentieth century, in particular the work of James Joyce.

The series reveals a poet who could not stay within the boundaries of his own art, but who, in the manner of the Renaissance man, had to seek for the correspondences between art forms, an awareness of which allows for the well rounded artist. It was a statement of belief in art as a powerful political force that must first be purged of impurities by perfecting its parts. This was to be achieved by a disciplined discrimination of relationships, in order to present the truth of art to the race. Pound hoped that a second Renaissance was at hand when "the vortices of power [would coincide] with the vortices of creative intelligence."[31] Hence his interest, expressed in the many cultural and theoretical articles that he wrote, in a conjunction of poets, Press and professors, working together to identify and describe the new age to itself, and to provide a background where power and intelligence work with and not against each other. "Affirmations" is also a statement of belief in a continuity, throughout all the arts and extending into sociology, wherein primary matter, of whatever substance, seeks relentlessly and inevitably for its pre-ordained, final form.

The first affirmation, "Arnold Dolmetsch," used the musicologist and maker of ancient instruments as the focus for a statement about a type of music that Pound favoured both instinctually and intellectually, that is "pattern music" as opposed to "impressionist or 'emotional' music."[32] Dolmetsch was an expert in medieval and Renaissance music in particular, in lute and viols, and in eighteenth century harpsichord work, notably of Bach; therefore, the "pattern music" is work that involves single notes played in horizontal succession, or fugues where melodic lines are played over and around each other to weave a pattern. Pound commented on Bach:

> . . . the early music starts with the mystery of pattern; if you like, with the vortex of pattern; with something which is, first of all, music, and which is capable of being, after that, many things. What I call emotional, or impressionist music, starts with being emotion or impression and then becomes only approximately music.[33]

One can see here the influence of Pound's experience with the *Blast* group, between 1913 and 1915, in the concentration on form and the primal energy of the Vortex. It shows a considerable advance over the thinking on music expressed in the "Osiris" articles written prior to his contacts with the Vorticists, where the art form is treated only as it relates to song, although even here Pound was very much aware of the inherent "right rhythm" involved in *motz el son*.[34]

Dolmetsch's type of music was evidence, in Pound's opinion, of the return of the Gods among men (with all that this implied about the rising into view of the glass under water),of the Ovidian continuity that involved a belief in metamorphosis where formed states became transmuted to other formed states "by swift and unanalysable process."[35] Form, in Pound's thinking,was never intended to be a static unchangeable shape, but rather the best momentary expression of primal energy which was, however, in a constant state of flux. "Pattern music" was admired because it best expressed the primal emotions connected with sound, and the man who was able to make it deserved to be favoured and honoured:

> When any man is able, by a pattern of notes . . . to throw us back into the age of truth, a certain

> few of us--no, I am wrong, everyone who has ever been cast back into the age of truth for one instant--gives honour to the spell which has worked, to the witch-work or the art-work, or to whatever you like to call it.[36]

"Arnold Dolmetsch" shows us the stage in the search for musical form that Pound had reached by 1915. It also foreshadows his much more intense work on music that was produced during the early twenties in Paris. Oddly enough, very little of this type of metaphysical thought was apparent in his William Atheling articles, where he was "performing" as a music critic rather than thinking about the art. In the latter part of the second decade, the intensity of the intellectual experiments that had brightened the years with the Imagistes and the Vorticists had faded somewhat, and he was not under the special sort of competitive pressure that association with a brilliant group brings. Accordingly, his thinking was less intense, a point that shows up clearly in the Atheling articles.

In the second of the "Affirmation" series, Pound made an attempt to explain Vorticism and the Vorticist. Again, as in the Dolmetsch article, he was concerned mainly with art as the organizing principle of natural creative energies, in this case as they related to the visual arts. As "Dolmetsch" was about form and the ear, "Vorticism" concerned form and the eye.

> And vorticism, especially that part of vorticism having to do with form--to wit, vorticist painting and sculpture--has brought me a new series of apperceptions. It has not brought them solely to me. I have my new and swift perceptions of forms, of possible form-motifs; I have a double or treble or tenfold set of stimulae in going from my home to Piccadily. What was a dull row of houses is become a

> magazine of forms. There are new ways of seeing them. There are ways of seeing the shape of the sky as it juts down between the houses. The tangle of telegraph wires is conceivable not merely as a repetition of lines; one sees the shapes defined by the different branches of wire. The lumber yards, the sidings of railways cease to be dreary.[37]

Later in the article, Pound made a distinction between the type of pattern apparent in nature where the magnet causes shape to spring into the steel dust and the type of pattern that the artist expresses by the operation of his will and consciousness on his primary pigment.

> The vorticist is expressing his complex consciousness. He is not like the iron filings, expressing electrical magnetism; not like the automatist, expressing a state of cell-memory, a vegetable or visceral energy. Not, however, that one despises vegetable energy or wishes to adorn the rose or the cyclamen, which are vegetable energies expressed in form. One, as a human being, cannot pretend fully to express oneself unless one express instinct and intellect together.[38]

The earlier identification in "Osiris" of the artist as a type of natural phenomenon like the magnet had given way by 1915 to a vision of the artist as controlled consciousness and will. Pound was obviously exploring the possibility of bringing the magical properties of creativity out of their mystical state and placing them under conscious control, so that the power of the creative act rests not with the end pattern itself but with the celebrant. The movement away from intuited pattern to deduced pattern was a natural progression in Pound's search for order.

The Epstein article showed more consciousness of the political implications of art than any of the other articles, since it was concerned with an art form recognized by governments for its emotive and decorative value: sculpture. "Instead of being assailed by large, identical, allegorical ladies in night-gowns holding up symbols of Empire or Commerce or Righteousness, and bearing each one a different name, like Manchester or Pittsburg or Justitia,"[39] the public's sense of form, and thereby its taste, should be exposed to the work of Epstein: ". . . a contemplation of Epstein's work would instil a sense of form into the beholder."[40] Constantly, throughout his *New Age* work, Pound vigorously condemned the crassness and mediocrity of public taste, tracing its origin to "British official" standards of art criteria that were bastardized and outdated versions of the Victorian art sensibility. As he said in this article:

> . . . no age can be a great age which does not find its own genius. One sees buildings of a consummate silliness; buildings which are beautiful before they are finished, enchanting when they consist only of foundations and of a few great scaffoldings and cranes towering into the day or into the half-darkness. When they are finished they are a mass of curley-cues and "futile adornments." Because?
>
> Because neither America nor England cares enough to elevate great men to control; because there is no office for the propagation of form; because there is no power to set Epstein, for example, where he should be, to wit, in some place where his work would be so prominent that people, and even British architects, would be forced to think about form.[41]

Poor taste in public architecture was not just a matter of minor irritation for Pound. It was evidence of the conspiracy of the few to prevent the many from seeing into the glass squarely. It was barbarous not simply because it offended the eye but because it was a betrayal of the human's natural capacity for appreciating beauty.

"Affirmations IV" contained one of the most intensive and extensive explanations of Pound's concept of the Image and of the role of emotion in the making of poetry that he ever attempted. It was a summation of points on Imagisme expressed elsewhere in scattered sources, and was his attempt at describing the mysterious process of poetic creativity, whereby "intense emotion causes pattern to arise in the mind--if the mind is strong enough."[42] One of the patterns is the Image which may be either subjective, arising within the mind, or may be a refined expression of an external original seized upon by emotion and carried "intact to the mind."[43] He repeated the definition of the Image that first appeared in 1913 in his Imagiste *credo* "A Few Don'ts by an Imagiste," although using different words: " . . . the Image is more than an idea. It is a vortex or cluster of fused ideas and is endowed with energy."[44] The article was crammed with scientific terms, in particular relating to electronics; this was Pound's way of trying to harness the peculiar moment when artist, subject and form are breathed upon by the god-energy moving into form in the onward search for the Absolute. The problem with "As for Imagisme" is that it is baffling as an explanation of how to produce an image unless one has already experienced the divine moment, in which case one does not need Pound to explain the process. Still, it was entirely typical of his instinct for marking out the signposts for other travellers that he should have written this material.

"Affirmations V," on Gaudier-Brzeska, was reprinted as part of the 1916 memorial book to the sculptor, *Gaudier-Brzeska: a Memoir*. The entire first half was devoted to defending modern art against its detractors, but in the meat of the article, he moved on to a restatement of the well-known Vorticist attitude to the art impulse that found such favour with him because of its assertion of the organizing intellect as the prime shaper of art energies and primal matter:

> Art comes from intellect stirred by will, impulse, emotion, but art is emphatically not any of these others deprived of intellect, and out drunk on its 'lone, saying it is the "that which is beyond the intelligence."45

Gaudier-Brzeska was a timely restatement (perhaps for propaganda purposes since the initial effect of *Blast* had been swallowed up by the war) of Vorticist theories about the art impulse and the creative energies.

The sixth article in the series, "Analysis of this Decade," was a short account of the twentieth century's failure to find its own formulae, its own luminous details, because of its dependence upon a Victorian version of the Renaissance. Pound's view of the Renaissance was that it had been betrayed at the height of a marvellous new intellectual awakening by corrupt terminology. The parallel between that situation and the twentieth century's experience of betrayal through the same corruption of language was a subject that he returned to constantly throughout his life, being desperately anxious that his own era should escape betrayal and should find itself as a new civilization. As he explained here:

> And in the midst of these awakenings Italy went to rot, destroyed by rhetoric, destroyed by the periodic sentence and by the flowing paragraph, as the Roman Empire had been destroyed before her. For when words cease to cling close to things, kingdoms fall, empires wane and diminish. Rome went because it was no longer the fashion to hit the nail on the head. They desired orators. And, curiously enough, in the mid-

> Renaissance, rhetoric and floridity were drawn out of the very Greek and Latin revival that had freed the world from mediaevalism and Aquinas.
>
> Quintilian "did for" the direct sentence. And the Greek language was made an excuse for more adjectives. I know no place where this can be more readily seen than in the Hymns to the Gods appended to Divus' translation of the Odyssey into Latin. The attempt to reproduce Greek by Latin produced a new dialect that was never spoken and had never before been read. The rhetoric got into painting. The habit of having no definite conviction save that it was glorious to reflect life in a given determined costume or decoration "did for" the painters.[46]

The corrupting influence of inexactitude in the arts was a subject he returned to many times, with increasing fervour. The conviction that inaccurate terminology had massive social and moral implications for the health of the race dominated his relations with the little magazines in the hands of which he was hoping the future of the language, and hence the culture, might be safe.

The rest of the article named those artists who appeared to be important in 1915: Ford Madox Ford, Pound himself, Wyndham Lewis, Gaudier-Brzeska and Ernest Fenollosa. All were important because of their concern with matters of form and technique, and with "le mot juste"; all believed in the cultural supremacy of the artist; all were named again, thirteen years later, along with a few additions, in Pound's 1928 set of affirmations, the *Exile*. That they did so indicates that, by 1915, he had succeeded in isolating the most important basis for recognizing a good artist: his continuous search for "right" form in an attempt to gaze directly into the glass.

The seventh and last affirmation is an attack on current Irish writers and Irish attitudes towards art, and a strong defence of James

Joyce, whose *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* had been published by the *Egoist* in 1914. It was a much less intensive piece of work than the other articles in the series, since much of it was literary gossip. There is one paragraph, however, where Joyce was linked firmly to the other artists examined in the series, and where Pound commented on Joyce's technique, on his control over form:

> Mr. Joyce writes the sort of prose I should like to write were I a prose writer. He writes, and one perhaps only heaps up repetitions and epithets in trying to describe any good writing; he writes with a clear hardness, accepting all things, defining all things in clean outline. He is never in haste. He writes as a European, not as a provincial. He is not "a follower in Mr. Wells' school" or in any school whatsoever.[47]

"Affirmations" was an important series because it allowed Pound to pause and make a coherent statement about his position on art in 1915, in much the same way that the "Osiris" series had functioned four years earlier and that the *Exile* was to do thirteen years later. "Affirmations" attempted to gather the limbs of the modern Osiris, being concerned only with twentieth century art. He was declaring his belief that certain "donative" modern art was worth examining for evidence of the universal patterns. We should notice that the series really is about art for the most part; politics and sociology intrude in only a minor way. The contrast between this set of affirmations and those in the *Exile* a dozen years later indicates how Pound the Artist came to be dominated almost entirely by Pound the Politician, to the detriment of his thinking on art and aesthetics.

The *Exile* articles were the result of the accumulated disgust of the years, disgust at government corruption, mediocrity in the arts, the commercial dominance of bad art, crassness of public taste, and the wide-spread refusal of officials and public alike to abandon outmoded cultural forms and to accept the true modern artist as the genius of the age. In the *New Age*, from "Patria Mia" in 1912, one can see the very gradual growth of this disgust through a number of pieces on modern Western culture; and then came the "donative" effect of Major Douglas' Social Credit theories that acted like the magnet in the steel dust.

Between 1917 and 1921, Pound's search for a modern art aesthetic lessened in intensity. The previous ten years had been highly-energized, restless, and contentious, and by 1917, he needed to stand back and sort out his ideas, and attempt to meld them into his own metaphysics so that their energies would invest his own work. The result was that, while still interesting as evidence of the progress of his thinking, most of his magazine prose during these years was a little too obviously didactic to be as attractive as his earlier work, although there were flashes of wit and sardonic humour to lift the pace of the writing.

The Dias and Atheling columns, albeit at times mere recitations of places, dates and works on display or to be played, are useful nevertheless in tracing Pound's charting activities, for they show him engaged in an active search among his contemporaries, in other media than literature, for "donative" artists. In fact, going by the evidence of these articles, he found very few modern artists in paint, plastic or music whose "virtù" stood out in single splendour. For instance, on January 29, 1920, Dias pointed scornfully to a set of artists who not only did not have their own "virtù" but who had shamelessly borrowed someone else's:

> . . . and M. Milne gives us sham-modernised Watts with a coating of Russian-toy-ism; and Stanley Spencer and Gilbert Spencer bourgeon into pseudo-sanctimoniousness (repeatedly) ("la literature religieuse est morte"). However, we have Christ looking like a Café Royal drunk, *aetatis suae LVI*, being hoisted upon his cross by four huskies in pants, who hang upon the bar of the implement instead of lifting (if pants, we query, why not an electric chair or a gibbet or a guillotine? this charming naïveté!). Of course, it may not be Christ at all, but only our old friend S______ from the cafe; but "The Sacrifice of Zacharias" and stray bits of sham pre-Raphaelitism in the vicinity lead one to suspect that the Spencer family has a penchant for "sacred subjects."[48]

On April 8, 1920, he wrote:

> *Alpine Club Gallery*, more dangerous than one would have supposed, the idol in worse condition. No man can make 40 works of art in a season.[49]

The word "dangerous" indicated Pound's position on official art and its inevitable attendant mediocrity as inimical to the progress of civilization. The article, the main point of which was an attack on official monuments and statues, was typical of the way in which his cultural concerns showed up even in weekly reviews of art exhibitions. Here we find expressed Pound's strenuous objections to the commercialism of art in mass production. The exhibits were "dangerous" in that they were the result of a false direction of false art energy into false *formae*, since "no man can make 40 works of art in a season," whatever other kind of goods he might produce.

Every so often in the Dias columns one comes across comments that go beyond the limits of a simple review and that turn the piece into a discussion of art theory. When this happens it is also of interest that Pound used terms usually associated with poetry to examine the paintings. Thus, on November 27, 1919, in an article on a Matisse exhibition, we find a critique that displays his concern with space, structure, rhythm, accuracy of presentation, relationship of parts and attention to the conjunction between form and content, such as he was wont to express in comments on the Imagistes. One could substitute the name of a poet for Matisse, and book titles for names of paintings, and the review would read very much like a piece of literary criticism. He said, for instance:

> The character in "à la toque de Joura" is, like the eyes in the companion pictures, due to great knowledge of structure. . . .

and later:

> In Matisse, the style rises out of the subject; the treatment given Matisse himself, is inevitable; the result is profundity. One finds nothing whatever to question.[50]

At the end of the article, Pound's consistently hostile attitude to attempts to "educate" the public showed:

> In the end the critic can do no more for his public than try to persuade them to fill their eyes with good work, to fill their visual memories with the effects of good work. You cannot explain to a man that a drawing is bad or indifferent or "uninspired"; you can only show him good drawing often enough and hope that in time he may come to know the difference.[51]

Whether or not we agree with Pound's attitude on this subject, this type of trust in a man's inherent good taste indicates that, far from having a contempt for the crowd as might be surmised from his many comments on the mass of humanity, Pound actually had an optimistic attitude about its future development, once it was freed from the weight of the "official" position. He believed,it would seem, in the perfectibility of man, in his instinctive movement towards recognizing the *forma*. Far from despising man, as might appear to be the case from numerous apparently-derogatory remarks scattered throughout his letters and his magazine prose,[52] he pitied the human race because it was being betrayed by its leaders. The pity is surely the source of Pound's unconcealed rage against the conspiracies, underscored by a corrupt use of terminology, that aimed at keeping man fat and happy instead of sending him off, lean and hungry, on the journey to perfection. Noel Stock points out the influence of Confucius over Pound's concept of the perfectibility of man, by quoting from Pound's translation of the *Unwobbling Pivot*:

> He who can totally sweep clean the chalice of himself can carry the inborn nature of others to its fulfillment; getting to the bottom of the natures of men, one can thence understand the nature of material things, and this understanding of the nature of things can aid the transforming and nutritive powers of earth and heaven . . . and can raise man up to be a sort of third partner with heaven and earth.[53]

Pound's instincts, long before he had an intimate knowledge of Confucian thought, were set in this direction. "Getting to the bottom of the nature of men "is what, in "The Serious Artist," he claimed poetry is all about,[54] and the evidence abounds in his early magazine work of his feeling that the human race needed a disciplined leader who would lead it to its fulfillment. This is the role he saw for the serious artist, and its importance is reflected in the amount of prose that he wrote on the subject of an artist's need for discipline and technical perfection. Obviously, Pound's cast of mind was basically religious.

Seeking out the "serious" artists from among the mass of mere artisans was an important part of the art and music reviews. For Pound, the importance of a specific art form and its practitioners rested in how truly they represented the contemporary artistic energies. The art scene was important to him only as a meeting-place for those who saw metaphysical relationships in a similar fashion, regardless of which art they followed. Pound's world was headed by the party of intelligence, a company of the élite whose major concern was adherence to true representation, flexibility in handling time and space, and honesty of technique. Once he had identified this élite, he remained loyal to it as a set of fellow-travellers whose names frequently appeared in his review articles, usually in contrast to artists whom he considered inferior or mediocre. For instance, on January 29, 1920, he said:

> As for the other shows at the Leicester, the less said about Lanteri the better; the Gaudier fawn and even the Reid Dick mask plant the last funereal stone on Lanteri's Westminster Abbey traditions.

And later in the review:

> Of the drawings we can simply say that they are not up to Lewis, and anyone with lingering superstitions or a desire to clear his own mind can learn a great deal about the gap between the two qualities by walking from Pall Mall to Adelphi.[55]

Gaudier-Brzeska, Lewis, Wadsworth and Epstein were commented on frequently, and on several occasions he made them the main subject of an article that not only criticized specific works on display, but also examined the artistic sensibilities of the artist in question. An article on Epstein, on March 4, 1920, goes from being an appreciation of particular pieces of Epstein's sculpture to being a revelation of cultural theory, a progress typical of Pound's method of reviewing. He rarely confined himself to only one subject, and tended to use a particular statement to lead into a general commentary. In this case, his discussion of Epstein's "Christ" was made the occasion for an inflammatory passage on Christianity, going beyond the art to an attack on dogma as an insult to intelligence.

> The world's better intelligences gave up what is called Christianity during the Renaissance, and since that period there has been no religious art in Europe north of the Pyrenees. There has been propaganda; there has been sentimentalisation about religious subjects (so recently as Eric Gill); there have been Sunday-school illustrations of the Bible and innumerable paintings of religious subjects. ("Christ and the Boy Scout," for example.) But there has been no religious art.[56]

In a later article, "The Functions of Criticism,"[57] Pound used a comment on the critic's function, that it was ". . . to see that justice is done, and to prevent or put an end to various forms of injustice," to make another attack on "official" art. This time his target was the memorial statue to Edith Cavell by Frampton, which he called "a parasite on heroism" and a "monstrosity." This led him into an attack on the voice of "official" art, the magazine *Punch*, and its support of "the official and the knutocrat," and from there to an assessment of the Cenotaph as "sufficient confession of official horror." By this stage, his early interest in the link between poor art and a corrupt populace and government had grown sufficiently pressing that his work from this point on was rarely completely free of political comment.

In the series of musical reviews that appeared between December 6, 1917, and January 6, 1921, Pound was not completely sure of himself as a critic. The articles are enjoyable to read because he employed a fairly blasé tone that allowed him to make cynical asides and pungent comments on ineptitude and dishonesty, but they were also limited in range because the majority of the musical evenings that he attended were song recitals, or solo instrumental performances. He covered comparatively few orchestral concerts, and those that he did review were placed in the "satisfying," "interesting," "dissatisfying" category. He had no formal training in music to fall back on,[58] and had to rely on his ear and his long-established interest in folk-song and Renaissance music. Nevertheless, these musical reviews show us his developing interest in musical form and in encouraging public good taste in such matters. The words "intelligence" and "honesty," applied as terms of approbation, were used as frequently in his music columns as in his commentaries on the state of contemporary civilization, and it was one of his strongest criticisms of a musical performer to deny him either of the two qualities. On December 18, 1919, for instance, he condemned a violinist because of a ". . . lack of analytical power expended beforehand," and a failure in his "concentration of intelligence."[59] For Pound, a lack of intelligence was demonstrated both by bad taste and bad technique, and by the way in which unintelligent artists were dominated by what he called the "British official" technique of woodenness.[60] The highest praise he could afford a performer was to attach him to the party of intelligence, a compliment he paid a singer called Doris Montrave in an article on March 25, 1920: her choice of songs "by Scarlatti, Falconieri, and Lulli might 'serve as communication between intelligent beings'--and this compliment is as rare as it is pleasant to give."[61] There was a conscious élitism about Pound's accordance of the title of intelligent which came out strongly in his political and cultural articles, and was present even in the weekly reviews.

These reviews of concerts show, more than the art reviews, Pound tackling one type of art in terms of another. Since he dealt so often with song recitals, he had a good opportunity to talk of the importance and relevance of the words and of the rhythm. On December 18, 1919, he commented:

> Holbrooke's music to "Lake and Fairy Boat" is a prize example of how to spoil a poem in setting, by ignoring the author's climax. E. Martin . . . has set the utter serenity of Wordsworth's opening lines-
>
> I wander'd lonely as a cloud
>
> to a musical St. Vitus' dance, thereby displaying the typical mentality of the average and detestably incult "Younger British Composer."

Later in the same article he spoke of free rhythm as though it were free verse:

> A freedom of detail can only be durably effective if the sense of inner form is strong; one cannot hammer upon this too often; the musician or verse-writer who has the sense of form ingrained may take liberties in some safety, liberties which are fatal if the sense of form is not imminent, hovering, present without being obvious, but still present.[62]

The important point here is that Pound assumed the presence of absolute pattern, inherent in the art form and in the practitioner, clinging to both as part of their inevitable final shape. By this stage, he had been strongly affected by Vorticism in seeking out the basic aesthetic running through all the arts, and was quite far along the deductive process that was leading him back to the basic induction about the *forma*.

Some of the Atheling columns were little more than notes of performers, dates, places, and pieces played. These are of historical interest, if nothing else, since they provide a record of the music in Britain's capital city that shows just how dull Pound thought the musical scene was then. Other commentaries, in more typical Poundian style, he used as excuses to attack the general state of contemporary culture. The same concerns showed up in the Atheling articles as appeared in most of his critical work: order, discipline, training, professionalism, rhythm, space, timing and the proper use of intelligence by artists.

In 1918, Pound's weakness as a musician showed in his weakness as a music critic. He had a finely-tuned ear for song, and could write an interesting and lively appreciation of a recital that would please the literary people reading the *New Age*, concentrating on the artist's aesthetic appeal, the songs chosen, the intelligence (or more usually the lack of it) of the audience, the manner of presentation, and so on. At that point, he was not skilled enough, technically, to write columns that would have interested musicians. Also, before the Paris years and the blossoming of his musical talents, his involvement with song-writing was mainly as an arranger of words set to music by somebody else. The composer of the music for *Le Testament de Villon* was only just on the horizon, in London.

A blind adherence to dead tradition was one of Pound's *bêtes noires*, and in the musical world of the early twentieth century he found enough targets to keep him on the attack for the entire four years that he wrote the Atheling columns for the *New Age*. As he said (and the comment holds true for areas other than music):

> If we were to respect tradition as some people understand that phrase we should have to preserve every idiocy of mankind. . . .
> The stupid and customary traditionalist always stops at a set year, i.e. the year where his teacher taught him to stop. The customary traditionalist never goes to history when history is likely to trouble his stagnation.[63]

Without any special qualifications to write art and music reviews, he relied on his poet's ear and eye, and applied the sense of spatial relations, harmony, texture and technique that governed his poetry, to the other arts. Still, though others would undoubtedly have written better practical and technical critiques of the concerts and exhibitions, Pound brought to the task his unique capacity for synthesizing disparate areas and drawing out relationships among them. Art seen in this way is a response to exterior stimuli expressed through various media. It posits the existence of the art impulse as something separate from the artist, having an objective reality that is not dependent on the human mind for its survival.

From the start of his association with the *New Age*, Pound contributed as many articles of a socio-political nature as he did on art theory, most of them reflections of his search for the order that is of a secondary level of intensity, that is social order resultant from a healthy civilization which, in its balanced proportions and achievement of "rightness," is an earthly model of the *forma*; in other words, the *Paradiso Terrestre* of the Cantos. The purity of any civilization was strongly linked, in Pound's opinion, to the health of its language. Only if he lived within a harmonious society could man hope to realize his inherent potential for recognizing and reflecting the divine, to complete his instinctive movement towards the infinite. A man living within a corrupt society was being cheated and thus was forced to gaze at the *forma* is if through veils, at the glass as if it were under water. To restore man to his birth right by encouraging the restoration of "the principle of good" was the motivating force behind Pound's numerous, often-unsuccessful, excursions into socio-political writing throughout his life.

In the *New Age*, he published many articles of this nature, including those on the United States where his own exile was emphasized. The articles, whatever their ostensible subject (as suggested by the title) gave him an opportunity to attack reactionary elements in the universities, the established press, government, the bureaucracy, the League of Nations (which he vehemently opposed because he saw it as an international police force), Woodrow Wilson, Churchill, and the forces of the literary establishment (characterized for him by Gosse, Saintsbury and the *Quarterly Review*). But in spite of the generally political nature of this type of article, the interest in them is in studying the way in which the figure of the artist functioned in opposition to what Pound saw as the forces of mediocrity and a dead tradition. They are, therefore, connected with his artistic-cultural articles, which shared the same vision of the artist as a positive political force.

Although he deliberately adopted the position of the exile, or I should say because of it, a great many of Pound's *New Age* articles were concerned with examining America, its people, politics and culture, as a possible centre for a future Renaissance. The articles on America that appeared in the *New Age* between 1911 and 1921 showed him to have been intimately concerned with his native land but totally unable to survive its cultural climate, although his tendency was to examine America as it contrasted with England, usually to the detriment of England. He saw, for instance, the possibility of a Risorgimento occurring in the States, if only the barbarian elements could be tamed and the British Empire influence dissolved. Raw as it was, the United States was far better primary material than Britain, because of its enormous energies; all that was missing was an honest shaping element in well run official institutions and a healthy, independent native art.

Between September 5 and November 14, 1912, in an eleven part series, "Patria Mia," Pound made his first attempt at an organized expression of opinion about his native land. Basically, he felt some sort of stirring in America: ". . . I do believe in the imminence of an American Risorgimento,"[64] and he set out in these articles to examine the possibilities of its success, by looking at the areas in which he thought a Renaissance would first come to light: in the arts and in politics, and more specifically in the conjunction of the two in the figure of the artist.

> A Risorgimento means an intellectual awakening. This will have its effect not only in the arts, but in life, in politics, and in economics. If I seem to lay undue stress upon the status of the arts, it is only because the arts respond to an intellectual movement more swiftly and more apparently than do institutions, and not because there is any better reason for discussing them first.[65]

He saw the first positive signs of an awakening in America's architecture, when on September 12, 1912, he wrote:

> And here, perhaps . . . surely in the architecture, is our first sign of the "alba" America, the nation, the embryo of New York. The city has put forth its own expression. The first of the arts has arrived. Architecture that has never wholly perished from the earth, that has scarcely ever slept for so long a period as the other arts, has appeared among us.

And:

> Did not the palaces of the Renaissance have an advertising value? Is it anything but normal that architecture should be the first to answer the summons?

And still later he gave the reason why he was so pleased with the resurrection of architecture:

> And in our architecture the artist may set his hope, for after the people has learned a fineness of beauty from good buildings, after it has thus achieved the habit of discrimination, it will not be long patient of unsound and careless production in the other arts. And the intellectual hunger for beauty, which is begotten of comparisons, will not rest content with one food only.[66]

This early belief in good architecture as a strong influence on public good taste survived throughout his life. Magnificent public buildings were evidence for him that the spirit of an age was healthy. Attention to form taught discrimination about the methods whereby civilization progresses, and refined, fixed form (in stone particularly) was, again, a manifestation of the divine *forma*.

In Pound's opinion, a force inimical to the spirit of the Risorgimento and to be overcome, was to be found in the established press, in the popular magazines like *Harper's* and the

Century. He saw their influence on young writers as destructive and castigated them at considerable length in Part V of the series.

> It is well known that in the year of grace 1870 Jehovah appeared to Messrs. Harper and Co., and to the editors of *The Century, The Atlantic* and certain others, and spake thus; "The style of 1870 is the final and the divine revelation. Keep things just as they are now. "And they being earnest, God-fearing men, did abide by the words of the Almighty, and great credit and honour accrued to them, for had they not divine warrant!
>
> And if you do not believe me, open a number of *Harper's* for 1888 and one for 1908. And I defy you to find any difference, save on the page where the date is.[67]

American editors who clung to old-fashioned literary conventions were condemned because of the numbers of bright young poets ruined by their mediocre and false advice. He considered that the lack of a good technical, poetic education was one of the foremost causes of the current state of mediocrity in which American letters found itself. It is small wonder, when we see how strongly Pound felt about contemporary editors cheating young poets, that he became intensely angry with Harriet Monroe of *Poetry* during his years of contact with her little magazine, for he must have been hoping for much help in achieving the Risorgimento from this non-establishment publication that Miss Monroe was unable to give.

In spite of his frequent later condemnation of the state of American culture, in 1912 Pound was hoping for a Risorgimento that would be brought about through a conspiracy of men of intelligence directing the enthusiasm of the general public. He wanted a College of the Arts, discriminating patronage and above all a coming-together of a reformed University, Press and Poet, to hammer out the new awakening.

This latter idea was more fully examined in the series entitled "America: Chances and Remedies," which appeared between May 1 and June 15, 1913; it was to become one of his life-long pet projects. Defining the spirit of the Renaissance as "one, indiscriminate enthusiasm; two, a propaganda,"[68] he ascribed these elements to North American society. And later he attached the propaganda to "an age of art when men of a certain catholicity of intelligence come into power." Pound defined the twentieth century machinery for promoting propaganda as three-fold and institutional:

> 1. Art schools and their students, creative artists in all the media, from paint to music and literature.
> II. Universities with endowment and with provisions for fellowships in the dissection of every dead matter, and no provision whatever for the fostering of the creative energies.
> III. The Press. The daily and Sunday Press and the ten and fifteen cent magazines.

At that time, he thought none of the three areas was performing honestly, but he set out a proposal for cleansing all three, and for setting them to work in a civilized conjunction of intelligence and power:

> The three applications which I propose to be made of the forces which I have earlier mentioned are, roughly, as follows:-
>
> I. To drive the actual artist upon the university seminary; to restore something like fervour and well-lit discussion, citing as precedent the conditions existing in the University of Paris in the time of Abelard.
> II. To drive the theses and the seminary upon the Press.
> III. The super-college.[69]

Above all, he wanted to end, for all time, the common American vision of the poet as an amateur romantic who dealt only with the sentiments. As far as he was concerned, the poet was both healer and leader, and as such, had an important role to play in restoring civilization. This vision of the artist eventually came to dominate not only his work but also his life, in the thirties and early forties. The artist's duty was to sound the "rappel à l'ordre" for the ordinary man.

The fifth instalment of "Patria Mia" on October 3, was devoted to a full discussion of the deadly enemy, the American magazine. He berated several of them for their contribution to the halt in America's cultural progress.

> One may as well begin by a discussion of ideas, their media of expression, and, in the present case, the means by which they are transported and kept in circulation. Among which latter are these highly respected and very decrepit magazines.
>
> I take their attitude toward poetry as typical of their mental status. I am told that their attitude toward prose articles on exploration is the same--and that by a man who'd been to God-knows-where and back without their assistance.

He blamed hack editors for the destruction of the genius of young American writers:

> When a young man in America, having the instincts and interiors of a poet, begins to write, he finds no one to say to him: "Put down exactly what you feel and mean! Say it as briefly as possible and avoid all sham of ornament. Learn what technical excellence you can from a direct study of the masters, and pay no attention to the suggestions of anyone who has not himself produced notable work in poetry. Think occasionally, as Longinus has aforetime advised, what such or such a master would think if he heard your verses."
>
> On the contrary, he receives from editors such missives as this:--"Dear Mr. ______, Your work, etc.,

> is very interesting, etc., etc., but you will have to pay more attention to conventional form if you want to make a commercial success of it."

In the same article was formulated the basic dichotomy between art and the American Press, at the same time that he castigated himself for having failed to see this simple fact when he was young.

> Of course, art and prosperous magazines are eternally incompatible, for it is the business of the artist to tell the truth whoever mislike it, and it is the business of the magazine editor to maintain his circulation. The thing needful is that the young artist be taught a sufficiently galling contempt for magazines, and publications as such. A good poet is not always an educated man. He is often eager to learn. Too eager. I remember that at twenty I should have counted it some honour to have been printed in the "Atlantic." There are any number of young people in America who know no better.[70]

It was the true artist's business to call mankind back to a full conception of pure civilization, but Pound considered that his job was inevitably hampered by such reflections of false pattern as the commercial magazines. He was all the more enraged by the American situation because the country had tremendous potential for being the *Paradiso Terrestre.*

In spite of having exiled himself thoroughly from his native land, Pound was nevertheless, all his life, as Wyndham Lewis identified him:

> . . . Pound is--was always, is, must always remain, violently American. Tom Sawyer is somewhere in his gait, the 'Leaves of Grass' survive as a manly candour in his broad and bearded face: the 'tough guy' that has made Hemingway famous, and the 'strenuousness' of him of the Big Stock, are modes of the American ethos with which Pound is perfectly in tune.[71]

His anger against the follies of American life was a steady factor in his life, but so too were the unbreakable ties with it as his emotional centre.

The paradoxical repulsion and attraction that he felt for his country provided a great deal of the emotional energy that invested both his prose and his poetry, all his life.

Much of the force of his work on America depends upon the contrast between it and his many articles on England. He touched many times on the increasingly thorny subject of his relationship to England and the English, and his puzzlement is obvious. For instance, writing in 1913 in the series "Through Alien Eyes," we see Pound struggling to give an honest appraisal of his adopted country. He decided that he lived in England because it was "a comfortable, musty old studio where no one runs carpet-sweepers under my easel." Still, this type of freedom from interference was not enough to combat his irritation with what he saw to be the typical Englishman. He was full of indignation at the Englishman's narrowness, coldness and extreme reliance on property and material possessions, saying:

> . . . from the personal side your sense of property is a never-failing source of astonishment to me. The emphasis which the British subject can put on the possessive pronoun strikes us transpontines as at once hateful and barbaric. In a world of flowing phenomena how comes it that this otherwise quiet person can burst into violence with a *my* house, *my* this, *my* that, or the other? We are startled. It is unpleasant, a little gruesome. . . .[72]

This type of rigid adherence to an artificial, imposed order betrayed the world of *panta rei*, the dynamic energies of nature whose movement invests the final form with its electrical creative potential.

He started off the next number of the series by saying, "Of course London is a charming place," but the main body of the article was given over to an attack on the class system and the education of the poor.

The third number was an estimation of the mediocrity of British letters, and the parasitic power of the city of London.

> In my articles on America I compared that country to Spain at the time of the Senecas, saying it was not so much like a nation as like a province without a centre.
>
> London, to carry out the simile, is like Rome of the decadence so far, at least, as letters are concerned. She is a main and vortex drawing strength from the peripheries.[73]

The state of British letters was, in his opinion, dismal:

> Thus the finest authors, in my judgement--Yeats, James, Hudson and Conrad--are all foreigners, and among the prominent English writers vigour of thought, as in the cases of Wells and Bennett, is found only in conjunction with a consummate vulgarity. Among the tub-whackers the Briton fare scarcely better, and the bubbling G. K. C. makes a poor second to the bellowing Hilaire. Perched on the dry rim of the cauldron the naive transpontine observes the "British institutions," Gosse, Thackery, Garnett, and their penumbra, the "power in the world of letters," with Hampstead as a more hideous sort of Boston Massachusetts.

And with crushing sarcasm that can have endeared him to few of the English readers of the *New Age*, he commented:

> Surely "The Sphere" and Mr. Clement Shorter are the real expression of British nationality? I ask it as a stranger, as one seeking for instruction in the peculiar conditions of a charming country wherein I find myself.
>
> In journalism you have Garvin: but I come from the country of Brisbane and Willy Hearst, and you cannot expect me to be épâté by the author of "Doom" and "Gehenna" and "Whang" and all the mighty products of his trade.

British journals and British critics were both anathema to Pound, almost from his first arrival, because of their deadly effect on the cultural life of the entire nation which, in his opinion, had a tendency to depend on received authority for its opinions. Nevertheless, in spite of its faults:

> Why do I live in England? Because I am an artist of a sort--though poetry is not usually counted an art--still I am given to thinking of myself as an artist, so it comes to the same thing so far as I am concerned. And England is a comfortable, musty old studio where no one runs carpet-sweepers under my easel.

In the same article, published on January 16, 1913, he made his famous comment about magnetized steel dust that has come to be accepted as the metaphor for Vorticism. He was applying it here, not to poetry, but to the life of the American nation which he felt had the potential for a natural organization:

> One can write on "America" with what the *New Age* calls "moral indignation" for one has the flickering belief that one might thereby do a little good. Of course, we have just about as much muddle as you have, but our confusion is like a heap of iron filings, partially magnetized; while yours is a dead heap. Let me explain this metaphor.
>
> If you pour a heap of iron filings on to a glass plate they form a heap; no amount of care and thought would make you able to arrange them bit by bit in a beautiful manner. Clap a strong enough magnet to the underside of the plate and at once the filings leap into order. They form a rose pattern on the lines of forcelectric force; move the magnet and they move in unison.
>
> God forbid that I should deny that America is, economically in a mess, but one feels, or believes one feels, some sort of force-call in the spirit of the country, or a belief in the future-moving to its assistance.

Here, explicitly stated, is the link in Pound's thinking between a divine *forma*, preordained and inevitable, and its reflection in the world of men. There could be no better example to illustrate his search for pattern.

Throughout his prose in the *New Age*, Pound conducted a war on mediocrity because he felt that it sapped the vitality of a nation's life and left it defenceless against barbarian attacks. He fought dogma, political or religious, because, as he said in "Axiomata": 'Dogma is bluff based on ignorance.'"[74] He firmly believed in the power of true art to re-awaken the sleeping human spirit, to make people aware of the need for accuracy in representation, for civilized taste, for purity of expression. He saw the need for a healthy art that would lead the Renaissance in the right direction, away from sentiment and false witness towards honesty and intelligence. There was scarcely an article that did not contain his belief in the true artist's integrity, freedom and intelligence, and his condemnation of the conspiracy of bureaucracy to promote mediocrity.

In 1919, in one of his later series, "The Revolt of Intelligence," he showed complete disgust with the party of barbarians. The articles are mainly what one might call "random samples," having no thematic continuity except the rage of the writer. He attacked government, the Church, the Press, the League of Nations, bankers, Shell Oil and credit control; in these articles also appear Pound's first expressed interest in the Social Credit theories of Major Douglas. And on March 11, 1920, he made a general statement that could possibly stand as the belief that pushed him into his life-long role as agitator: "The function of civilization is to depreciate material values and to build up values of intelligence."[75] One can see clearly why the English sense of property so enraged him and why England seemed uncivilized to him. In this instance, he was using the word "intelligence" almost in the manner of a medieval philosopher talking of the "intelligences," the moving spirits of the "spheres," the perfect *formae*. Civilization is too busy itself with directing the movement towards the final shape. It is not, *per se*, to be an end in itself.

On January 13, 1921, Orage published Pound's "Axiomata," calling it his "intellectual will and testament," written before he had finally "shaken the dust of London from his feet with not too emphatic a gesture of disgust, but at least without gratitude to this country." The "Axiomata" is a fairly bitter document, and it sums up the poet's twelve year journey from the joyful anticipation of 1908 that London was *the*[76] centre of intellectual excitement in Europe to the final disillusioned admission that he had been beaten by mediocrity and the sense of righteousness that he saw pervading the cultural establishment, typified for him by men like Saintsbury and Gosse, and by institutions like the Royal Academy and the Universities. At first glance, "Axiomata" appears to have little to do with his attitude to England, since it is a statement of philosophical belief that appears to be aimed solely against theistic religion. He admitted the presence of a creative force in the universe that he labelled with the Greek name for a deity, *theos*, presumably as a basic denial of the One God of both Christians and Jews. He called it the "intimate essence of the universe," located it outside the human consciousness and denied that man can possibly have any detailed knowledge of its characteristics that would allow him to insist on its being worshipped in only one way, under one guise. As he said:

> Concerning the intimate essence of the universe we are utterly ignorant. We have no proof that this God, Theos, is one, or is many, or is divisible or indivisible, or is an ordered hierarchy culminating, or not culminating, in a unity.

Thus far, "Axiomata" was a statement of religious philosophy, and the reader may well wonder why Orage connected it with an attack on England. This, however, becomes clear when one reaches the seventh point in section one: 'Dogma is bluff based upon ignorance," and immediately the entire state of early twentieth century English culture, at least as we know Pound to have conceived it, is brought before us: God (Anglican, of course), King and Country, all three under the ukase of the Church of England. And we know that Pound had England very much in mind (both past and present--one of his *bêtes noires* was Oliver Cromwell) when he wrote:

> The greatest tyrannies have arisen from the dogma that the *theos* is one, or that there is a unity above various strata of *theos* which imposes its will upon the sub-strata, and thence upon human individuals.

It was not the belief in a unified *theos* that he objected to (for indeed he believed in this himself) but a dogmatic insistence on the thinking, and therefore tyrannical,nature of the *theos* imposing itself as an act of aggression on the human consciousness. He showed the organized perpetration of dogma, the church, and therefore, by extension, any secular state that was dominated by a church, as the gaoler of the human spirit, saying 'Historically, the organization of religion has usually been for some ulterior purpose, exploitation, control of the masses, etc." It is certainly true that some of the greatest advances in human thinking, such as were effected by Galileo, Luther, Da Vinci and so on were made in the teeth of the strongest opposition from organized religion; in "Axiomata," Pound suggested that the struggle still continued into the twentieth century.

In "Axiomata" he was attacking the "British official" attitude to religion and belief, in much the same way that he stood out against "British official" in the arts in his Atheling and Dias columns. He finished the article with a statement that may help to explain the basis for his dislike of the Christian religion. Reiterating a sentence from the first part of the article, he said "A belief is, as we have said, a cramp, and thence progressively a paralysis or atrophy of the mind in a given position." It is ironic that the older Pound should himself have been caught in a state of atrophy by his beliefs about economics.

Besides being an expression of his socio-cultural thinking, "Axiomata" was also an important statement of Pound's belief in the existence, separate from man, of a shaping intelligence in the universe. This is the Consciousness that first evoked the basic universal formulae, the patterns that control primal matter by using energy as the link between the magnet and the steel dust.

The quality of Pound's *New Age* articles is uneven, and they are interesting not so much as they represent his best prose but as they demonstrate a lively mind grappling aggressively with its reactions to twentieth century culture, in particular with reference to the importance of poetry and the poet to the *Res Publica*. It is certainly true that, technically, the articles bear the unmistakeable Poundian stamp. The writing is terse, quarrelsome, occasionally witty, occasionally insulting; when he is feeling didactic, the prose becomes pompous, when he is angry, vituperative but he said on several occasions that he made no claim to being a writer of prose,[77] and in comparison to both Ford and Eliot who were masters of the lucid phrase and the complex sentence, Pound was an amateur. Still, the point of these prose articles was that they were propaganda tools, and that the message, the content, the "what," was more important than the "how."

Of the many articles that Pound wrote for Orage, there is none that stands out above the others as an important piece of literature, although most of them contain paragraphs of importance and brilliant, throw-away asides. Their importance is rather in their cumulative effect. They provide consistent evidence of the progress of the poet's mind, and in particular of his tendency towards the 1920s to become diverted from pure art to politics. They also, perhaps, show why his poetry took so long to produce and followed such a diffuse pattern. He *was* the Renaissance man that he wrote about, the jack-of-all-trades, the all-round man, and this shows in the body of his prose as well as in his poetry.

The years spent under Orage's tutelage were vitally important for Pound's future path. On the plus side, he enjoyed ten years of contact with some of the liveliest figures on England's cultural scene and took part in the exploration of the new century. On the minus side, he learned to hate the English cultural establishment, English habits and English compromise, which he called mediocrity. The young Pound who wrote so eagerly about his first love, lyric poetry, in 1911 in "I Gather The Limbs of Osiris" had disappeared by 1921 and "Axiomata." His declaration of war took the form of deserting to another new country, France.

Whatever the ostensible subject of Pound's prose articles in the *New Age*, they were all written as part of a process: a sensitive and unified sensibility, believing intuitively in a final answer, a definitive end carrying within it the seeds of new beginnings, was intent upon proving the unproveable. It perceived a divine order, reflected in a chain of being, a continuity of *materia* formed into pattern, and set out to persuade others that this observation was true by uncovering the earthly manifestations of that pattern, in particular as they occurred in cultural areas such as the arts. As Isis, the poet was attempting to gather the divine body in order to re-fertilize the sterile wastes of his civilization. His anxiety over the fate of that civilization made him shrill, overbearing and arrogant on occasion, but much must be forgiven him, for his goal was nothing less than the spiritual health of the race.

CHAPTER TWO

POUND AND *POETRY*

As Pound's prose in the *New Age* between 1911 and 1920 covered, mainly, two levels of the search for order as the "principle of good," that is the socio-political and the cultural, so did his prose contributions to Harriet Monroe's *Poetry* magazine between 1912 and 1918, cover two, the cultural and the personal. His search, conducted in the pages of *Poetry*, for the milestones marking the road to the final Pattern involved Pound in digging among his contemporaries for the "donative" artists among them; it also drew him into making both analyses of general trends in modern poetry, and qualitative judgements of these, in an attempt to discover whether or not the charting process was proceeding properly. Underlying this exploration lay a subconscious search for personal order: his attempts to "place" himself, nationally and culturally, to find his own spot within the process of identifying the *forma*.

His association with *Poetry*, conducted from the place of his first exile, London, exposed his extreme vulnerability over his relationship with America. Pound as he appeared in all the American magazines in this study was both more defensive of Europe and more arrogant in his attitude to the American reader than he ever was in the English little magazines, indicating his over-anxiety about achieving meaningful contact with America. It mattered to him that he should become a prophet with honour, however much he tried to conceal this desire in studied rudeness and apparent indifference to American opinion, both of which attitudes set the surface tone of his letters to Harriet Monroe and his prose articles in *Poetry*.

Because the major part of Pound's work for Miss Monroe consisted of poetry, not prose, her magazine is of less importance to my purpose than the other magazines under scrutiny. Nevertheless, it carried a certain amount of his prose comment between 1912 and 1918 that is relevant to this study since it relates to the poet's search for the "uncharted patterns." In addition, in spite of my assertion in the introduction that Pound's relationships with editors would not concern me in this study, I will make an exception in the case of Harriet Monroe. The association between Pound and Miss Monroe illuminates the process of one level of his search for order; that is, his exploration of himself as an American, rather than an international, artist. Without his roots, Pound could never expect to reach the full Confucian harmony within, nor did he, finally.

Looking at Pound's response to *Poetry* also helps us to understand his attitude to the little magazines as an integral part of the twentieth century's attempts to return to a lively recognition of the divine *forma*. They were a vital component of the "rappel à l'ordre" in that they provided a meeting-ground, a centre for disparate elements. Also, *Poetry* was the only American magazine, in 1912 at any rate, where the work of recall could be conducted apart from commercial considerations. Pound hoped for a great deal from it because of its freedom from commerce. Its failure, in the end, to achieve its potential seemed to Pound to be a betrayal of the century's great search-and-rescue operation.

Pound's relationship with *Poetry* as its Foreign Correspondent was contemporaneous with his dealings with the *Egoist*, the *New Age* and, from 1917 or so, with the *Little Review*, but he developed a much less respectful attitude towards Miss Monroe than towards any of his other editors. Her personality and editorial philosophy annoyed him from the beginning, and in a major part of his communications with her he was both contemptuous and bullying. There was a reason. He became increasingly dedicated to promoting the growth of an aristocracy of the cultured who would refuse to compromise with the taste of the masses, but Miss Monroe's magazine often seemed to betray the promise made initially in her advertising prospectus, that she would publish only the best of contemporary literature. All too often, it seemed to Pound, Miss Monroe compromised her principles by publishing both mediocre and poor work, so that many times he felt impelled to write, as he did on May 17, 1915:

> My gawddd! This is a ROTTEN number of *Poetry*.
> Dear H.M.: It is, honestly, pretty bad.[1]

Pound's growing disdain is shared by Ian Hamilton, parts of whose book *The Little Magazines: A Study of Six Editors*, originally appeared in issues of the *New Review*, in 1974. In the section concerned with *Poetry*, entitled "Poetry in Porkopolis," he makes abundantly clear his belief that only inasmuch as Pound influenced the choice of work printed in the magazine was it a worthwhile paper. For instance, he says of the magazine after Pound's departure from it:

> *Poetry* from this point on became what it still is today, a verse-printing periodical with no real policy, no special attachments, no enemies. And this was the magazine, after all, which Miss Monroe had originally set out to edit. Pound's intervention and her own wish to win free of his control had altered its course, but once Pound

> had gone and once Miss Monroe realised that her Americanist retort did not supply a vital new polemic, *Poetry* was free to settle back into its original Open Door complacency.[2]

He draws a damning picture of what happened when Miss Monroe's personal taste was let loose on the magazine, using as the most blatant example the occasion when she openly preferred the "Red Indian" poet Lew Sarett to T. S. Eliot, in a piece of "extraordinary philistinism" that Hamilton characterizes thus:

> In March 1923, she reviewed *The Waste Land* alongside Lew Sarett's *The Box of God*. One could hardly wish for a neater summary either of the internal conflict which had distinguished most of *Poetry's* first decade, or of the dismal outcome of that conflict.[3]

Hamilton presents overwhelming evidence that Pound was right to react adversely to Harriet Monroe's editorship, but yet a word should be said on her behalf. Her spirit of compromise allowed the magazine to survive as a very necessary "trade journal," to use Pound's definition in his memorial tribute to her. Indeed he admitted, twenty years after his battles with her: "An exclusive editorial policy would not have done the work of an inclusive policy (however much the inclusiveness may have rankled one and all factions)."[4]

Poetry combined the features of other little magazines and survived. It had the *Egoist's* faith in the men of 1914, and its calm editorial hand; the determination of the *Little Review*; and in part it had the balance of the *New Age*, though not its scope. It had Harriet Monroe, the only one of the editors of the above papers who was truly dedicated to the plodding, often-frustrating, grinding task of bringing the best poetry written to the most cultivated audience. Harriet Shaw

Weaver kept the *Egoist* going because it provided a platform for Joyce and his friends; Margaret Anderson founded the *Little Review* as a weapon of attack against the fortresses of mediocre bourgeois culture; and Orage was running what was virtually a newspaper, so large was its scope. Each was successful (up to a point) in fulfilling his or her purpose, but only Harriet Monroe provided a magazine totally dedicated in a quiet, loving way to the business of poetry. Because she had no particular editorial programme beyond the publication of the best poetry she could find, she was willing to compromise about standards, thus helping to ensure the survival of her magazine. It was, unfortunately, a policy that pushed Pound into often-violent expressions of his belief in the sacred duty of the party of intelligence, and on one occasion he even sent to Miss Monroe a short article on the subject, "The Audience," which she printed along with her own rather wry defence of her position. The nub of the quarrel lay with her use of a quotation from Whitman as *Poetry's* motto--"to have great poets there must be great audiences too" --a statement that enraged Pound.

> I have protested in private, and I now protest more openly, against the motto upon the cover of *Poetry*. The artist is *not* dependent upon his audience. This sentence is Whitman tired. You have only to compare Whitman to my mutton-headed ninth cousin, or to any other American of his time who had the "great audience", to see the difference of result.

And:

> The artist is not dependent upon the multitude of his listeners. Humanity is the rich effluvium, it is the waste and the manure and the soil, and from it grows the tree of the arts. As the plant germ seizes upon the noble particles of the earth, upon the light-

> seeking and the intrepid, so does the artist seize upon those souls which do not fear transfusion and transmutation, which dare become the body of the god.[5]

Here is an explicit statement of the "Osiris" theme, and of the "Ovidian continuity" that Miss Hesse sees in Pound's work. The fertilization images were not used lightly; for Pound, the art process was the eternal regenerative process, and anyone such as Miss Monroe who did not understand this was beyond the pale. Specifically, Pound's concepts of the artist as antenna and magnet were offended by the notion of the artist as mouthpiece of the masses. His view was idealistic, Miss Monroe's practical:

> No small group today can suffice for the poet's immediate audience, as such groups did in the stay-at-home aristocratic ages; and the greatest danger which besets modern art is that of slighting the "great audience" whose response alone can give it authority and volume, and of magnifying the importance of a coterie.[6]

Her view helped her magazine to survive; Pound's guaranteed the doom of his own *Exile* in 1928. Still, his opinion of the artist's need to be independent of the public so as to preserve his artistic integrity survived all his life as one of the continuous points in his thinking.

His relationship with Harriet Monroe and her little magazine points to an important factor in the world of the little magazines. There was a flourishing sense of a world-wide cultural élite in the early twentieth century; a poet of one country could talk to a poet of another in letters and magazines as if they lived in the same circumscribed geographic location. Pound's letters flying around the globe for more than fifty years, and his constant search for good new poets, contributed enormously to knitting up an international brotherhood of culture and art. William Carlos Williams said of the little magazines that they were all, really, one little magazine;[7] that is, a continuous process taking, momentarily, individual forms. The little magazine viewed in this way is an exploratory tool rather than an aesthetic genre. Pound must have felt that, in *Poetry*, the dynamic progress of the search had come to a premature halt in a form of *stasis* that disrupted both the identification of the truly modern art impulse and the process of the recall.

Poetry had a native American character that, paradoxically, both repelled and attracted Pound, for while it spoke to his search for a personal, emotional order, it contradicted his intellectual search for a civilized, social order based on the best of past traditions. He had deliberately exiled himself from America in 1908, believing and saying often and loudly over the years that America had no culture, no taste, no artists of merit, no worthy leaders and showed no signs of improvement. As a new European, he tried many times to promote European culture, and in particular modern French poetry, as the proper model for America to follow in order to effect the desired Renaissance. To the *Little Review*, *Poetry* and the *Dial*, he sent back lavish praise of the European arts, including several articles advertising and analyzing modern French poets.[8] Nevertheless, alongside this determinedly international stance ("Are you for American poetry or for poetry?"),[9] a stance that was preserved defiantly until the last issue of the *Exile*,[10] Pound's face kept turning back to look somewhat wistfully at his native country: "Any agonizing that tends to hurry what I believe in the end to be inevitable, our [note the plural] American Risorgimento, is dear to me,"[11] he commented to Harriet Monroe, and many of his *New Age* articles between 1912 and 1920 were pathetically keen to find a new quattrocento Italy in twentieth century America.

He was certainly not slow to point a critical finger at what he considered to be sources of corruption in modern American life, and his enthusiastic response to Miss Monroe's initial circular was based on more than simple pleasure at a new poetry magazine. It had behind it several years of accumulated bitterness against established American commercial magazines, in particular the *Atlantic*, *Scribner's*, *Harper's* and the *Century*, all of which had, prior to 1912, turned down submissions of work from him, contributing to his growing sense of alienation from a received social order. As far back as 1908, Stock recalls, "he sent off poems to *Harper's* and other magazines and began to write what he hoped was saleable fiction."[12] Without a source of income at this time, Pound was keen to try the commercial outlets but, "As for the money-making side of literature he was failing to make any headway. When *Harper's* informed him that the material he had sent was not suitable he decided to try some ghost stories for the *Ladies' Home Journal*."[13] Even when an American publication did print his poetry, it was minor work that was accepted while more important poems, and more experimental, were rejected. For instance, the *Book News Monthly* refused "La Fraisne" and "Famam Librosque Cano," two of his superior early poems, but published verse translations of the Raphaelite Latinist poets (Castiglione, Capilupi and Angerianus) and a rather dull prose article on Burgos. When we examine the level of Pound's search for his personal harmony, his contacts with the American magazines were important contributing factors in his developing sense of inner chaos. In the second decade of the century, Pound focussed a great deal of his anger at the depressed state of American culture on the American press, as a source of betrayal of the great human potential for perfectibility, but his rage was not entirely objective. His own sense of hurt informed quite a few of his attacks. For instance, when he writes:

> The little old ladies, male and female, of those aged editorial offices, dare not face the fact of individual personality; of writers who will not be *made*[14]

we can guess which individual personality most concerns him.

The disappointed notion that Miss Monroe would provide him with a means of re-entering the culture of his own tribe was a factor contributing to the anger, and in some instances the viciousness,[15] directed against *Poetry* and its editor at intervals. He also, of course, found occasion to praise the magazine, especially when he was "puffing" it in other magazines. For instance, in the *Egoist* for June 1, 1914, he commented:

> This forlorn hope was started in Chicago about a year and a half ago. And in the dark occidental continent its editress raised the quixotic standard, 'We intend to print the best poetry written in English." And the odd thing is that this provincial paper should, to some extent, have done it. I don't mean constantly or consistently, but every now and again some really good poem finds its way to the light in these small pages, and every now and again they print a presentable number. It is also safe to say that they print more important poems than all the rest of the American magazines put together.

Still, in the midst of praise he found room for the barbed comment:

> One must congratulate Miss Monroe on this number and one might even promise her that if she would modernise herself considerably more, and stay modernised, she might find some support from the more intelligent reader who won't be bored to subscribe to her paper as it has been, but who likes an occasional number, which is usually unprocurable in England, because there is no demand for the intermediate numbers.[16]

Nevertheless, in spite of the eventual deterioration in the relationship between Pound and *Poetry*, it was obvious in 1912, at the time of their first contact, that the poet was extremely pleased to have such a publishing source in America. It was a chance to encourage the state of mind among Americans in which true civilization could flourish.

It is typical of Pound's whole-hearted attention to a project he considered worthwhile that by his third letter to Harriet Monroe he should have gone from being an interested contributor to being an outspoken and dominant member of the team running *Poetry*:

> We must be taken seriously *at once*. We must be *the voice* not only for the U.S. but also internationally. . . .[17]

He fell quite naturally into a metaphor that inevitably reminds the reader of the biblical description of the first act of creativity in a chaotic universe, by a shaping force: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was God"; and in the fourth letter, the motif reappears:

> We must be severe if we are to count, and if our voice is going to be, as it should and *must* be, *the* authority.[18]

A year later, Dora Marsden was to react with alarm when Pound showed the same enthusiasm for his new association with the *Egoist*, but Miss Monroe was thrilled and exhilarated by her first contacts with the dynamic poet.[19]

In spite of the later failure of the relationship between Pound and Miss Monroe, at first he was a very great help to her in giving her magazine an international appeal. Within the first two years, he succeeded in procuring for *Poetry* work by Yeats, Tagore, Eliot, H.D., Aldington, Lawrence, Harold Monro and, of course, himself. He helped to give it a really strong start among Western writers, and for that reason alone, if for no other, Harriet Monroe had reason to be grateful to him, as indeed she was:

> Thus began the rather violent, but on the whole salutary, discipline under the lash of which the editor of the new magazine felt herself being rapidly educated, while all incrustations of habit and prejudice were ruthlessly swept away.[20]

Gradually, Pound began to realize that he was dealing not with a radical mind but only with a progressive one, and his frustration grew. Over a period of almost a year, in 1913, he developed a plea for strictness in publishing good material making no compromise with the prevailing spirit of mediocrity that encouraged contentment with the *status quo* of poetry.

> You're subsidized, you don't have to placate the public at once.[21]

> . . . we're in such a beautiful position to save the public's soul by punching its face that it seems a crime not to do so.[22]

> April number depressing. Re. March: I didn't mean you to print that letter to you, and not to *Poetry*, that you quoted. What I did want printed was the note on the *Dial*, and I repeat for the 44444444444444th time that I can not see any sense in your keeping on terms with these old dodders, treacherous decrepit old beasts who would, you know perfectly well, stab

> you in the back the first chance they got, and suppress us all together.[23]
>
> . . . we can and must be strict and INFALLIBLE and the more enemies we make, up to a certain number, the better, for there is nothing reviewers like better than calling each other liars. The thing is to herd the worst fools into the opposition at the start and then the rest can occupy their combative impulses in slaying them.[24]

Finally, on March 30, we get the first real displeasure, when he descended to sarcasm, something that the irascible Pound rarely needed to come down to:

> As to getting out a number that would please me; I think it is a possible feat, tho' I'd probably have to choose the contents myself.[25]

Although Miss Monroe struggled for several years to please him, she eventually grew confident enough of her own editorial abilities to go her own way. From 1913 on, the letters between them grew more and more acrimonious, Pound's containing at least one sardonic or cutting comment per letter on the state of *Poetry*, although it appears that after 1915 he had more or less given up trying to bring the magazine into line. A particularly stringent set of remarks was occasioned by Miss Monroe's refusal to print Eliot's "Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" as soon as Pound had delivered it to her. On November 9, 1914, he said:

> No, most emphatically, I will not ask Eliot to write down to any audience whatsoever. I dare say my instincts were sound enough, when I volunteered to quit the magazine quietly about a year ago. Neither will I send you Eliot's address in order that he may be insulted.[26]

The sheer weight and pungency of Pound's criticism must have been devastating. Only Miss Monroe's inner conviction of her own worth preserved her until she reached a stage where she could take her revenge on him by dismissing his poetry after 1917.[27]

Pound's prose work in *Poetry* was both limited in amount[28] and secondary to his poetry contributions, but it was important as a means of drawing the American audience into the international conversation about the arts. Between 1912 and 1918, for instance, he wrote a number of reviews of work by contemporary artists that acted as advertisements, information sources, and, occasionally, brief critical analyses; and in 1913 and 1916, he sent in a report on how things stood in the literary world in these two years, both reports being titled "Status Rerum." Of the many reviews, four are outstanding in that they are more than just squibs "puffing off" an author; these show that he was actively searching among his contemporaries for evidence of the growing dominance of some of the poetic principles that he supported: exact representation, *le mot juste*, "hardness" of imagery, complexity and richness of internal rhythm and mastery of technique. The four reviews were of Rabindranath Tagore (December 1912), Robert Frost (May 1913), Yeats (May 1914) and T. S. Eliot (August 1917).

The Tagore review praised the poet's technical skill with metre: "These poems are cast, in the original, in metres perhaps the most finished and most subtle of any known to us."[29] As might be expected of Pound in 1912, much of his interest in Tagore lay with the Bengali poet's ability in *motz el son*, the perfect blend of words and music that Pound enjoyed so much in Provençal poetry. The review also bore a hint of Pound's recognition of the "Ovidian continuity" in Tagore's work: "It brings a quiet proclamation of the fellowship between man and the gods; between man and nature." The search for harmony was apparent, in however brief a form, even in the early magazine prose. We also see a hint of his views on the supreme cultural importance of art in "but in the arts alone can we find the inner heart of a people."

His review of *A Boy's Will* was one of the first friendly comments on Frost's work, in which he outlined why he felt a spirit of fellowship with the American poet that had little to do with a shared nationality and everything to do with attention to matters of technique. Frost had written with "utter sincerity," speaking naturally and painting "the thing as he sees it"; he was "without sham and without affectation."[30] Pound was delighted to have found an American poet who was apparently following the same path as himself in matters of technique, because it confirmed his identification of the basic technical formulae of twentieth century poetry. Incidentally, his own writing style in this review revealed a mannerism that was to occur frequently in such articles; that is, the use of the conjunction "and" to start a series of sentences.

> I remember that I was once canoeing and thirsty and I put in to a shanty for water and found a man there who had no water and gave me cold coffee instead. And he didn't understand it, he was from a minor city and he "just set there watchin' the river" and didn't "seem to want to go back," and he didn't much care for anything else. And so I presume he entered into Anunda. And I remember Joseph Campbell telling me of meeting a man on a desolate waste of bogs, and he said to him, "It's rather dull here;" and the man said, "Faith, ye can sit on a middan and dream stars."
>
> And that is the essence of folk poetry with distinction between America and Ireland. And Frost's book reminded me of these things.[31]

The conjunction indicates a breathless, headlong exposition in support of a point whose importance the reader has questioned to the irritation of the writer, and it lacks only the unspoken "And if you don't like it you're a fool and to be pitied," to complete the suggestion of much-tried patience. This tone of voice was common in Pound's critical reviews, and showed him playing games with his audience that almost qualify as one-upmanship.

The same technique and the same feigned impatience was employed in the review of Yeats' *Responsibilities* in May 1914, in which the second paragraph of over two hundred words is one, incomplete sentence each syntactical unit of which begins with "and." Pound was praising Yeats in this review for the recent shifts in his style that he considered a great improvement, the change from Celtic Romanticism to a "quality of hard light."[32] His appreciation of Yeats' work increased in proportion to the appearance of starker imagery and tighter versification. The fact that Pound himself was partly responsible for such a shift in the work of a poet already acknowledged as major by the critics must have helped to confirm him in the equations he was formulating.

The review of Eliot's *Prufrock and Other Observations* was both an advertisement on behalf of Harriet Shaw Weaver's publishing company, the Egoist Press Limited, and a defence of Eliot whose "Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" had brought down critical coals on his head. Pound supported Eliot as a poet fit to stand beside the best of French, English and American poets since Jules Laforgue, who died in 1887. Eliot's work, he claimed, was universal in its portrayal of humanity by particulars. This technique echoed Pound's theories on the concrete image as the bridge between subjective and objective reality that had arisen out of his contacts with the Imagistes and that was further reinforced by the Vorticist group experience. Also from the *Blast* experience came the concept behind the comments, "There is no intelligence without emotion. The emotion may be anterior or concurrent. There may be emotion without much intelligence, but that does not concern us."[33] The intelligence, the shaping agent, comes after, and is dependent for its existence on, the primary poetic emotion which is part of the latent natural forces.

In the segment on versification, Pound, writing in 1917, gave strong hints of the 1924 *Treatise on Harmony*, in his discussion of *vers libre* and the innate rhythms that exist in all good poetry whether regular metre is used or not. This was work that harked back to the *Spirit of Romance* and the early Imagiste articles, also, particularly as these dealt with matters of poetic metre. In the Eliot review he used terminology that was to be much expanded upon in his later discussions of arbitrary musical notation and inherent musical sense.

> On the other hand, I do not believe that Chopin wrote to a metronome. There is undoubtedly a sense of music that takes count of the "shape" of the rhythm in a melody rather than of bar divisions, which came rather late in the history of written music and were certainly not the first or most important thing that musicians tried to record. The creation of such shapes is part of thematic invention. Some musicians have the faculty of invention, rhythmic, melodic. Likewise some poets.
>
> Treatises full of musical notes and long and short marks have never been convincingly useful.[34]

Eliot was obviously one of the lucky people who had a sense of "shape": "Mr. Eliot is one of the very few who have brought in a personal rhythm, an identifiable quality of sound as well as of style."[35] In Pound's view, personal rhythm was integral to the nature of the true artist.

These reviews, however brief, show that Pound was intensely active in seeking out his party of intelligence, and that he was a generous critic of those whose work expressed what he saw to be the true *formae* of the twentieth century's art impulse. They were echoed by similar reviews and critiques in other little magazines, and were of great value as pieces of contemporaraneous criticism and advertising by a working poet. Pound was never one to hold back and make safe evaluations after poets had become generally acceptable, for his aim was not to make pronouncements that would enhance his reputation as a critic but to cut his way through the outer chaos of modern art to the inner structure, later identified by him as the Great Bass and very well interpreted by Murray Schafer as "a basis which exists like the keel of a ship, exercising a centripetal pull over everything above it."[36]

The two sets of "Status Rerum" were attempts to stand back and evaluate the nature of English letters in 1913 and of American letters in 1916. Dated December 1912, the first "Status Rerum" made an arrogant attack upon the English literary scene, leaving unharmed only Yeats, Hueffer, Padraic Colum and the Imagistes. On their knees were Blunt, Rhys, Plarr, Hardy, Kipling, Binyon, Masefield, Sturge Moore, Hewlett, Newbolt and McKail. The rest lay prone in the dust. The article contained a swiftly sketched discrimination between the objective and subjective schools of poetry, using Hueffer and Yeats as representatives of each school, and one is left in no doubt about which Pound would rather support: "I would rather talk about poetry with Ford Madox Hueffer than with any man in London."[37] On the whole, however, he had decided in 1913 that French poetry was the most interesting of all: "The important work of the last twenty-five years has been done in Paris."[38]

"Status Rerum--the Second" indicated an interesting shift in Pound's rating of Western literature. By 1916, after three years of *Poetry*, there were several American poets of enough merit to stand up against the European artists. Using the metaphor of a game, he fielded two teams, one English and the other American, against each other. On the former were Aldington, Monro, Rodker, Flint, Lawrence, Mrs. Wickham and Douglas Goldring; on the latter, Eliot, Frost, H.D., Williams, Sandburg, Bodenheim, Orrick Johns and John Gould Fletcher. Time has proved the American team to contain the greater number of heavy-weights. In addition, in the article, Pound managed to pick out James Joyce in 1916 as "by far the most significant writer of our decade,"[39] in prose at least. Surprisingly, considering the nature of the work that was appearing in the *New Age* and the *Egoist* at this time, the two pieces of "Status Rerum" adhered closely to the area of modern poetry, without excursions into sociology and politics, or even the other arts. Here Pound surely had his eye fixed firmly on the exclusive nature of his audience.

The only series that he wrote for *Poetry* was a three-part comment on the longed-for American Risorgimento, "The Renaissance." It was published early in 1915 and showed an American poet lecturing to an American audience in an American little magazine about a strictly American concern. The first part was a plea for American poets, though, to return to traditional, European models for their "palette." It took the form of a lightning-swift and cocksure survey of the whole of Western literature, cutting the sheep out from the goats according to whether or not the artists were capable of concrete presentation, had the lyric gift and understood the technical matters of rhyme, rhythm and metre. The Vorticist influence of two years previous showed here; Pound talked of "pure colour" and "a new table of values" in his search for those artists who would make a perfect palette of tradition for new American artists to work with. In this article, he returned to the concept of taste based upon the capacity to discriminate: "A sound poetic training is nothing more than the science of being discontented."[40] One must always be on the hunt for new formulae and better equations on the relentless hunt for the Infinite.

The second part of the series, appearing in March 1915, revealed a completely-American Pound advising his American confrères as though he had not exiled himself. He talked of a letter from an American friend

> . . . complaining of desperate loneliness, envying Synge his material, to-wit, the Arran Islands and people, wishing me well with my exotics, and ending with a sort of defiance: "For me nothing exists, *really exists*, outside America."
>
> That writer is not alone in his feeling, nor is he alone in his belief in tomorrow. That emotion and belief are our motive forces, and as to their application we can perhaps best serve it by taking stock of what we have, and devising practical measures. And we must do this without pride, and without parochialism; we have no one to cheat save ourselves. It is not a question of scaring someone else, but of making ourselves efficient. We must learn what we can from the past, we must learn what other nations have done successfully under similar circumstances, we must think how they did it.[41]

In passages like this, Pound revealed his belief in the need for a search that has been consciously undertaken.

The use of the first person plural pronoun dominated the article in a manner very revealing of Pound's true emotional state about his native land at this point in his life. We see here a longing for home that was usually concealed under a range of guises. There was a desperate earnestness about his plans to build a cultural capital and make it the art vortex of his country; to draw the universities and the press into the awakening; and, above all, to make "living conditions for artists," by way of decent patronage, so that artists could be freed from commercial considerations to concentrate on fine art.

"The Renaissance" was almost an anomaly in Pound's *Poetry* prose. It was rare that the magazine was presented with his sociological or cultural thinking, although there was one other occasion, in March 1917, when he sent Miss Monroe an agenda, "Things To Be Done," towards achieving the Risorgimento, that showed the growing importance in his thinking at this time of politics and sociology. He presented a five-part plan that involved banning the tariff on books; obtaining a good copyright law; learning more languages; translating more foreign texts; and thinking more about civilization and its processes as they affect the individual. Both articles were more in the style of the *Little Review* than of *Poetry*.

Pound's most important prose contribution to *Poetry* occurred in fact at the beginning of his association with the magazine. In 1913, Harriet Monroe printed his Imagiste tract "A Few Don'ts by an Imagiste," preceded by F. S. Flint's short article "Imagisme." The two became the manifesto of Imagisme, although neither was intended to be accepted as dogma:

> To begin with, consider the three rules recorded by Mr. Flint, not as dogma--never consider anything as dogma--but as the result of long contemplation, which, even if it is some one else's contemplation, may be worth consideration.[42]

The two articles are important in the development of Pound's poetic thought because, in general, he held to them throughout the years as a basic necessity for good writing. Certainly, in the article signed by Flint, one can hear Pound's concerns with tradition, with the French Medievalists and the classics as models of concreteness, coming through. He said of the Imagistes, for instance:

> They were not a revolutionary school; their only endeavour was to write in accordance with the best tradition, as they found it in the best writers of all time,--in Sappho, Catullus, Villon. They seemed to be absolutely intolerant of all poetry that was not written in such endeavour, ignorance of the best tradition forming no excuse. They had a few rules, drawn up for their own satisfaction only, and they had not published them.[43]

This was followed by the three well known directives of Imagisme concerning direct treatment of the subject, spareness of vocabulary, and the fostering of inherent rather than imposed rhythm. These rules, in particular the third, cut directly at the roots of the poetry acceptable to at least the general reader of the day, yet to Pound they were the eternal verities of all great poetry. These are some of the features that he praised in the work of Homer, Dante, Daniel, Cavalcanti, Chaucer, Shakespeare and Browning; their absence caused his fierce opposition to poets such as Tennyson and Milton. Writing in the first part of The Renaissance," Pound said flatly:

> Chaucer should be on every man's shelf. Milton is the worst sort of poison. He is a thoroughgoing decadent in the worst sense of the term. If he had stopped after writing the short poems one might respect him.[44]

It was in the Imagiste article that he gave for the first time the startling definition of an Image that must have baffled an audience used to thinking of the image as a picture.

> An image is that which presents an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time. I use the term "complex" rather in the technical sense employed by the newer psychologists, such as Hart, though we might not agree absolutely in our application.
>
> It is the presentation of such a "complex" instantaneously which gives that sense of sudden liberation; that sense of freedom from time limits and space limits; that sense of sudden growth which we experience in the presence of the greatest works of art.
>
> It is better to present one Image in a lifetime than to produce voluminous works.[45]

If it does nothing else, this definition points to a tendency in Pound's metaphysical thinking that was to develop to an extreme extent in his later years: the theory that somewhere there exists the perfect answer that can be expressed in the short-hand of a formula. One wonders how many of *Poetry's* readers would have understood his definition of the image, for it was not till *Gaudier-Brzeska* in 1916 that Pound elaborated on the nature of the image as the (to use Eliot's phrase) "objective correlative" of the primary poetic emotions. Even there, the concept is not easy to grasp unless one has read enough of his prose work to appreciate the build-up of metaphysics in Pound's thinking and eventual aesthetic.

In setting up a school of Imagistes, Pound and his associates, Flint, Tancred, Campbell, H.D. and Richard Aldington, were performing a type of archaeological exercise in preserving the bones of the god. Pound's identification of some of the basic, recurrent formulae of all great poetic techniques was an important step in his deductive processes, since it helped to confirm that there was indeed a journey worth undertaking, and a goal worth winning through to at the end of that journey. It also allowed him a period of rest so that he could experiment with respectable ideas about poetic form and artistic creativity before the search for the "permanent metaphor" began again.

Since Pound was appearing in *Poetry* and the *New Age* at the same time, the cross-reference and repetition of items and concerns is quite extensive. Nevertheless, there is a considerable difference in his attitude in the two magazines that relates to his search for a personal mythology. The *New Age* and the culture from which it derived its energies was never native ground for Pound. He rarely used the term "we" in the *New Age* articles, unless discussing mankind as a whole, since he could not talk for the English, in spite of his feelings about the power of internationalism. His character as it is presented to us through the *New Age*, therefore, is much more that of an objective observer than it is in *Poetry*. There, he adopted the *persona* of paternal instructor, talking to reluctant and recalcitrant children, and the use of the first person plural pronoun predominates. The point is that the *Poetry* experience meant much more to Pound than just the chance to appear in print. It involved him in an attempt, at least in the spiritual sense, to return to his native ground, to re-discover the sense of harmony and of "fitting," mythologically, that is an inherent part of a man's relationship with his culture. A feeling of disjointedness is inevitable in one who has separated himself from his roots. It was impossible, after 1907, for Pound to be anything else but adrift, spiritually. That he was aware of this is obvious from his restless and relentless (although often unwilling) search for his connections with the American experience. It may even be that the search for the "permanent metaphor" became compulsive only after it became clear to him that he had alienated himself irrevocably from the mythological pattern of his background.

On the whole, *Poetry's* part in Pound's search for an orderly theory of art was to receive and print his poetry. There, he could be seen trying out in practice the principles that he hammered at in prose elsewhere. Therefore, his prose contributions to *Poetry* were of much less significance in the whole body of his prose work than his articles in other little magazines. Still, until the association with the *Little Review*, begun in 1917, *Poetry* was his only mouthpiece in America, and he needed very badly to make his voice heard at home. In spite of his differences of opinion with the editor, *Poetry* provided him with a place to publish poetry that was difficult to get into print elsewhere; Harriet Monroe got first refusal of all his magazine poetry between 1912 and about 1920 and rarely exercised her right. Pound was of importance to the magazine because he gathered for it some of the best work being done by poets in Europe such as Eliot and Yeats, so that the paper acquired, under his tutelage, an international reputation. On a matter of lesser importance to the poet but perhaps of great importance to the man, *Poetry* might well have been the door back into his own culture had it compromised less with the commercial spirit that Pound saw to be infecting modern American culture. After his experiences with Harriet Monroe and *Poetry*, convinced that where a little magazine had failed to uphold the standards of a decent culture there could be little hope of any general raising of standards, the exile turned his face more resolutely towards Europe.

CHAPTER THREE

POUND AND THE *EGOIST*

At the same time that he was trying to re-establish his connections with American culture through *Poetry*, Pound was also attempting to establish himself with an English audience. However, during Pound's years in England, only two English papers (apart from the two-shot *Blast*), the *New Age* and the *Egoist*, published much of his work. This is not to say that he never appeared in any other English magazines between 1908 and 1921; in fact, he was printed twice in the *Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette*, five times in the *English Review*, four in the *Fortnightly Review*, and on a couple of occasions in such papers as *Future* and *Poetry and Drama*. He even managed, twice, to broach the *Quarterly Review* with two scholarly articles: "Troubadours: Their Sorts and Conditions" in October, 1913, and "The Classical Drama of Japan" in October, 1914. When set beside the hundreds of appearances that he made in the *New Age* and the *Egoist*, however, these few successes in other publications reveal that the *New Age* and the *Egoist* and their editors, Orage and Harriet Shaw Weaver, were of the greatest importance to his promotion before an English audience.

Pound's *Egoist* articles provide us with contemporaneous comment on the process of his hunt for pattern, mainly on the cultural level. His reviews of new poetry, new novels and art exhibitions, for instance, show him attempting seriously to isolate what was important among recent trends, and who was important among the new artists; to cut them out of the ruck and point to them as the important shaping forces of future art.

Thus he wrote about W. C. Williams, Robert Frost, H. D., and Richard Aldington, Joyce, Lewis, Eliot, Epstein, Gaudier-Brzeska and Wadsworth, for instance, picking out the features that qualified these people as superior artists. In addition, at least one of his series, "The Serious Artist," is important to our picture of how Pound's own charting work was progressing in 1913. The *Egoist* was of great value to him, for without it he would not have had the chance to publish work that consciously tried to see the developing shape of art in the second decade of the twentieth century as that art was being produced.

In a letter to Lewis, dated June 28, 1916, Pound said:

> I have never been able to get printed in any English paper save the *New Age* and *Egoist*, and the more august reviews.[1]

Since Pound was indeed largely excluded from other English publications in those days, it is no wonder that his initial response to the *Egoist*, at that time called the *New Freewoman*,[2] was enthusiastic. His effect on the world of the magazine was twofold, one directly concerned with the actual magazine, the other with a publishing venture that grew out of the association of people and ideas. Both had the same basis, Pound's ever-present concern with the struggles of new poets and writers against what he saw to be the conventional publishing block, with finding a sturdy platform for them.

Soon after he began to contribute to the magazine in 1913, Pound became unofficial literary editor when the official editor, Rebecca West, was suffering from ill-health. He presented Dora Marsden, the founder and first editor with a prodigious number of literary contributions from Ford, Aldington, Flint, Williams, Frost and Lawrence, expanding the literary section that was originally only one page long to five, and thereby changing the character of the magazine.

The magazine could pay its contributors very little, so that established writers like Conrad and Bennett stayed away, and certainly the pages of the *New Freewoman* and the *Egoist* could not rival those of the *English Review* under Ford for producing consistently superior work by writers of note. Still, it was fortunate for the *Egoist, Poetry* and the *Little Review* that writers such as Eliot, Joyce, Lewis and Pound had not yet found a commercial market, for the lasting importance of these magazines must surely rest in the fact that they recognized genius and supported it faithfully at a time when none of the established magazines and publishing houses was keen to take a chance on unknown writers.

Ezra Pound was one of those so recognized. A glance at a bibliographical list of his contributions to periodicals between 1911 and 1920 is quite staggering, especially when one considers the amount of creative work that he was doing at the same time; his output was immense, in volume. A general pattern can be seen; he tended to bombard a journal, once discovered, until relations cooled, after which he would contribute the odd article or review or letter to the correspondence columns. Thus, his high point with the *New Freewoman* came in the year 1913 to 1914, in fact the year during which he was, unofficially, literary editor. Nevertheless, he continued to contribute to the paper at intervals until it was suspended in 1919, and a very important connection with Harriet Shaw Weaver, Dora Marsden's successor, had not yet begun in 1914; that is the publishing venture of the Egoist Press, and the introduction to

Miss Weaver and her readers of Joyce, Lewis and Eliot.

Since he tended to use the little magazines to explore whatever subject was most important to him at the moment, Pound's *Egoist* work shows the shifts in his interest over the five years during which he was connected with the paper, as well as indicating the abiding concerns that outlasted the years and the switches in concerns. Three areas stand out, in the light of his later development: the articles where he advertised Vorticism and the men of 1914; the articles on Imagisme and the Imagiste poets that he brought to Miss Weaver's editorial notice; and the series of articles that stands as his *Defense of Poesie,* "The Serious Artist."

In late 1913, Pound had become caught up with Wyndham Lewis and the excitement whirling around a group, mainly of painters, who were to become known as Vorticists and for their little magazine *Blast*. He was, in some ways, swept into someone else's excitement, that is Lewis', and may well have found himself at first a little out of his depth. He was faced with very different frames of references in the work of the Vorticists, who belonged mainly to the pictorial and the plastic arts, but he was tremendously excited at discovering artists whose premises about the basic art impulse seemed to tally with his own. The image of the Vortex was ideal for giving concrete expression to his perceptions about form and content, *stasis* and movement, the *forma* and the *concetto*.

In a number of *Egoist* articles in 1914, the year that *Blast I* was published, we see Pound engaged in working out his approach to the new art forms, an approach that had solidified by 1916 into the book *Gaudier-Brzeska: A Memoir*. In fact, the article of February 16, 1914 admitted plainly that Pound was an amateur in the world of sculpture; but an amateur who was trying hard to see the relevance for modern culture of the new sculptural forms. He said:

> It is not to be denied that Mr. Epstein has brought in a new beauty. Art is to be admired rather than explained. The jargon of these sculptors is beyond me. I do not precisely know why I admire a green granite, female, apparently pregnant monster with one eye going around a square corner.[3]

This article, entitled "The New Sculpture," set out to review a lecture given by T. E. Hulme on the new art forms, and it revealed either the puzzlement of Pound or, if he spoke truly, the general confusion of the speakers. It opened:

> Some nights ago Mr. T. E. Hulme delivered to the Quest Society an almost wholly unintelligible lecture on cubism and new art at large. He was followed by two other speakers equally unintelligible. With the artists themselves fighting through the obscurities of a new convention it is foolish, or very nearly so, to expect a critic--even an amateur critic--to put forth generalities which shall wholly satisfy both artist and public.[4]

He then quickly switched to a discussion of a sculptural convention about which he felt safe talking, that is the Greek, but in doing so he betrayed that his interest in these forms was not sculptural but philosophical. Not until *Gaudier-Brzeska* could he talk with ease about planes and forms.

However, he did pick out two points in the lecture that were to be of major importance to the Vorticists: the contrast between "vital art" and "geometric art," garnered by Hulme from Worringer's *Abstraction and Empathy*, and the modern artist's will-to-form, the divine energies moving inevitably into shape, as opposed to the Romantic concept of the artist as "a sensitized receiver of sensations."[5] Pound was evidently not ready to examine these concepts, however, and the bulk of the article is an off-shoot of another area opened up by Worringer's work, that is "the introduction of Djinns, tribal gods, fetiches, etc. into the arts" which Pound saw as "a happy presage."[6] The next six paragraphs are worth reproducing in full because they show him working himself up to a level of militancy about the nature of the contemporary artist that produced *Blast*, in an attempt to develop in himself the *persona* of the art guerrilla:

> The artist has at last been aroused to the fact that the war between him and the world is a war without truce. That his only remedy is slaughter. This is a mild way to say it. Mr. Hulme was quite right in saying that the difference between the new art and the old was not a difference in degree but a difference in kind; a difference in intention.
>
> The old-fashioned artist was like a gardener who should wish to turn all his garden into trees. The modern artist wishes dung to stay dung, earth to stay earth, and out of this he wishes to grow one or two flowers, which shall be something emphatically *not* dung, *not* earth. The artist has no longer any belief or suspicion that the mass, the half-educated simpering general, the semi-connoisseur, the sometimes collector, and still less the readers of the "Spectator" and the "English Review" can in any way share his delights or understand his pleasure in forces.
>
> He knows he is born to rule but he has no intention of trying to rule by general franchise. He at least is born to the purple. He is not elected by a system of plural voting. There has been a generation of artists who were content to permit a familiarity between themselves and the "cultured" and, even worse, with the "educated," two horrible classes composed of suburban professors and their gentler relations.
>
> This time is fortunately over. The artist recognises his life in the terms of the Tahiytian savage. His chance for existence is equal to that of the bushman. His dangers are as subtle and sudden.
>
> He must live by craft and violence. His gods are violent gods. A religion of fashion plates has little

> to say to him, and that little is nauseous. An art of the fashion plates does not express him.
>
> There is a recognition of this strife in the arts--in the arts of the moment.
>
> Those artists, so called, whose work does not show this strife, are uninteresting. They are uninteresting because they are simply insensible. And being insensible they are not artists.[7]

The idea of the artist as iconoclast was not native to Pound. He was a builder of idols, not a breaker, a gatherer of the limbs of Osiris, not a grinder of bones. In work such as the preceding, he was beating a tom-tom to inspire himself as a match for the militant Lewis. This is what I meant when I suggested that he was, in 1914, caught up in someone else's excitement. The *persona* of art guerrilla never suited Pound, and it was especially unsuitable for him as a means of examining the nature of the artist. When he wrote "The Serious Artist" in 1913, the *persona* that dominated the writing was that of the artist as maker, not as warrior or breaker of idols, or as a worshipper of "violent gods"; the series conveyed in very powerful prose the idea of the artist as shaper of the "permanent metaphor." It was all the more persuasive for having been written from an objective and analytical point of view that was far from the determined rabble-rousing of the *Blast* period, a year or so later.

On March 16, he had a review[8] of the exhibition at the Goupil Gallery that was so important in demonstrating Vorticism to the public. Here, Pound listed work by Epstein, Gaudier-Brzeska, Lewis, Etchells and Wadsworth, indicating his growing interest in the plastic and pictorial arts. He was still clumsy as a reviewer of sculpture and painting, getting very quickly away from technical details of the work reviewed into comments about art philosophy that could apply in a general way to almost any of the arts. For instance, of Gaudier-Brzeska's group of animal sculptures, he could only comment:

> Brzeska is in a formative stage, he is abundant and pleasing. His animals have what one can only call a "snuggly," comfortable feeling, that might appeal to a child. A very young child would like them to play with if they were not stone and too heavy.

When he came to discuss the paintings, he first apologised for his inadequacies:

> It is much more difficult to speak of the painting. It is perhaps further from one's literary habit, or it is perhaps so close to one's poetic habit of creation that prose is ill got to fit it.

His subsequent comments on Lewis, Etchells and Wadsworth were very short and scarcely enlightening, although some of his statements on Epstein indicate a connection with his search for the *forma*.

> Jacob Epstein has sent in three pieces: a "Group of birds" placid with an eternal placidity, existing in the permanent places. They have that greatest quality of art, to wit: certitude.

The "certitude" of which he spoke relates to the artist's correct use of the "primary pigment." A true artist intent on manifesting accurately the divine *forma* will, by marking out the proper blend of pigment and technique, be able to produce a work that is "right" in its proportions and that will, therefore, be certain.

Pound was more obviously confident in writing a review of Joyce's *Dubliners* that appeared on July 15, 1914;[9] he was at home in his own art form, and it shows by contrast to the uncertain reviews on the plastic arts. He saw Joyce as an admirable writer, and the review was a plea for more of his type of clear, hard, concrete prose, of his exact use of language based on the tradition of Stendhal and Flaubert.

> Mr. Joyce writes a clear hard prose. He deals with subjective things, but he presents them with such clarity of outline that he might be dealing with locomotives or with builders' specifications.

And:

> There is a school of prose writers, and of verse writers for that matter, whose forerunner was Stendhal and whose founder was Flaubert. The followers of Flaubert deal in exact presentation. They are often so intent on exact presentation that they neglect intensity, selection, and concentration. They are perhaps the most clarifying and they have been perhaps the most beneficial force in modern writing.

By linking Joyce with the tradition of Stendhal and Flaubert, Pound placed him in the first ranks of the new writers among those who understood the concept that he later called "just terminology." These artists were celebrants of pattern and shape as bridges to the world of the emotions. Joyce outdoes impressionist writers, he said, in "his more rigorous selection" and his "exclusion of all unnecessary detail" that marked him "as belonging to my own generation, that is, to the 'nineteen-tens,' not to the decade between the 'nineties' and today." Obviously, for Pound, modern writing was developing into a "them-and-us" situation, with writers of the concrete on our side and impressionists on theirs. His Joyce review was noteworthy for a number of reasons, including the important fact that it was one of the first to accord the Irish writer his due as an important author.

In August of 1914, Pound was back at the pictorial arts with "An authorized appreciation by Ezra Pound" of Edward Wadsworth.[10] Judging from the difference in terminology and references between this article and the February article on "The New Sculpture," the new art had coalesced for Pound over the summer of 1914, since the publication of *Blast* with its many pages on the technical points of Vorticism. He could now write of Severini and Balla, the Futurists, introduce the name of Kandinsky into the discussion, and comment on the difference between a Sargent and a John. He used terms familiar to readers of *Blast* in describing Wadsworth's work; for instance:

> "It is no more ridiculous that one should receive or convey an emotion by an arrangement of planes, or by an arrangement of lines and colours than that one should convey or receive such an emotion by an arrangement of musical notes."
>
> That proposition is self-evident to all save the more retarded types of mentality.

By this point, Pound had won through to an appreciation of the moving energies passing among apparently static shapes, the external flux, "everything flows," as they manifest themselves in the pictorial and plastic arts. The article was a comparison of Wadsworth the gentle and Lewis the angry that emphasized Vorticism as a movement of individuals:

> The vorticist movement is a movement of individuals, for individuals, for the protection of individuality. If there is such a process as evolution it is closely associated with the differentiation of species. Humanity has been interesting, more interesting than the rest of the animal kingdom, because the individual has been more easily discernible from the herd. The idiosyncrasy is more salient.
>
> The vorticist movement is not less unanimous because its two best known painters, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Wadsworth, are quite different, both in their works and in their modus vivendi.

While it really renders one art in terms of another, a fact that Pound acknowledged towards the end of the article, this essay is nonetheless interesting as it shows the direction that his thinking was to take for quite a few years, at least in the area of art theory. It also displayed in him a new authority in talking of form and design, a bonus from the Vorticist period.

Another of his centres of interest in these early years of contact with the *Egoist* was Imagism or Imagisme, as he eventually spelled it to differentiate his group of poets from Amy Lowell's. While it was *Poetry* that was first concerned with Imagisme, publishing articles on the subject in 1913, the *Egoist* was the only English magazine, apart from the *New Age*, in which Imagisme was promoted. The *Egoist's* connections with Imagisme were initially second-hand, consisting of a reprint in the August issue of the *New Freewoman* of material that had appeared in the March 1913 edition of *Poetry*: the two articles embodying the principles of Imagisme, one by F. S. Flint, and the other by Pound, "A Few Don'ts by an Imagiste." These articles were prefaced in the *New Freewoman* with an introduction by Rebecca West that gave the *raison d'être* for the new school and set out the basics of Imagisme in a neatly turned piece of prose.

> But because the public will not pay for poetry it has become the occupation of learned persons, given to soft living among veiled things and unaccustomed to being sacked for talking too much. This is why from the beautiful stark bride of Blake it has become the idle hussy hung with ornament kept by Lord Tennyson, handed on to Stephen Phillips and now supported at Devonshire Street by the Georgian School. But there has arisen a little band who desire the poet to be as disciplined and efficient at his job as the stevedore. Just as Taylor and Gilbreth want to introduce scientific management into industry so

> the *imagistes* want to discover the most puissant way
> of whirling the scattered star dust of words into
> a new star of passion. . . .[11]

The "chaos-into-form" metaphor contained in the last sentence no doubt appealed to Pound. Besides printing the *credo,* the *Egoist* also printed a good selection of Imagiste poetry, so that the English audience was bombarded as heavily by Imagisme as the American. The whole Imagisme exercise in the little magazines is a lesson in the power of propaganda and advertising.

Apart from his introduction and promotion of Imagiste writers, Pound's contributions to the *Egoist* included book reviews, art reviews, articles on the state of contemporary literature, on the nature of the artist, on the art of translation, on the Classical poets such as Ovid and Homer, and on Elizabethan versions of the Latin poets. They tended to come in clusters, that is he might contribute a series of articles lasting several weeks and then disappear from the paper for months. His most active association as a contributor occurred in the period between 1913 and 1914, when Dora Marsden was still editor and when Rebecca West was attempting to include literature in what hitherto had been exclusively a philosophical magazine. For instance, between September 1, 1913 and April 1, 1914, he appeared in the paper on twenty-five occasions, at least once a month and usually more. Between April and June, he was busy with the publication of *Blast* and contributed nothing to the *Egoist*, but took it up again on June 1 and contributed steadily until the first issue for January, 1915. Throughout 1915 he appeared only once, in October, in a column of quotations, headed "Inconsiderable Imbecilities," taken from the *Times Literary*

Supplement, a favourite target. Not until March of 1916 do we again find a contribution of any length, the first instalment of a series of prose translations, "Dialogues of Fontenelle," that continued at monthly intervals until June, 1917. After this date, Pound became very involved in the *Little Review*, and the pages of the *Egoist* saw him only rarely. His search for form at this time in his life saw him engaged on many fronts.

By 1918, Pound's search for order in art had crystallized into a recognizable *credo* which appears repeatedly from now on in his work, whether in prose, poetry or letters. Briefly, this included a belief in using the best of already established tradition, cutting out superfluous adjectives, omitting abstractions (". . . the natural object is always the adequate symbol"),[12] and concentrating on the inherent rhythm in words to provide the flow that had previously been handled by a regular, imposed metre in earlier conventions. Discipline and austerity, poetry stripped to the bone in order to render the world and its affairs as representations of the *forma* in the most honest fashion possible: these are what Pound was attempting to promote, and his statement "I believe in technique as a test of man's sincerity,"[13] is the basic tenet of his work. If a man were intent on truly manifesting the divine in his art, he would instinctively as well as consciously echo the proportions of the external pattern.

Stylistically, there is an immediacy about his prose articles in the *Egoist*, a controlled use of conversational speech patterns, that delivers a punch every time, however trivial the subject, and that indicates how much in control of his material he was. To read Pound's *Egoist* work, though, whether humorous or savage, is a little like listening to an organ playing, with great power, a limited number of tunes. Time and again throughout the *Egoist* articles his dominant concerns emerge:

a) to support the best of past cultures and uphold great traditions in order to best direct the modern "rappel-à l'ordre "

b) to promote the study of the French medieval jongleurs, Latin poets such as Catullus and Ovid, Dante, and modern French writers such as Rémy de Gourmont because of their technical skills and the strength of their "virtù "

c) to further the interests of the men of 1914 because they were the "donative" artists of the twentieth century

d) to condemn totally scholars such as Gosse and Saintsbury who were, in Pound's opinion, doing immense damage to the twentieth century by preserving Victorian notions of culture that prevented man from reaching his true capacity to see squarely into the glass

e) to encourage young writers to discipline their techniques so that they might more easily approach the god

f) to promote the art of translation

g) to promote the arts of music, sculpture and painting, after poetry, as limbs of the one body, the god.

Pound talked to the reader as though he were a member of his intimate circle of friends and therefore roughly conversant with the current battles in the literary world. He thus managed to create the "café clique" atmosphere that dominated so many of the little magazines. He was a master of the phrase, dropped in midstream, that bound his readers in a conspiracy of the élite. For instance, on December 15, 1913, in an article on Ford Madox Hueffer, he said of prose and Hueffer, "There is no one else with whom one can discuss it,"[14] and then went on to attack a favourite set of targets:

> One is thankful for Mr. Hueffer in a land full of indigenous institutions like Gosse, and Saintsbury, and the "Daily Mail" professor at Cambridge for the reluctance of Abraham to take these three upholders of obsolete British taste to his once commodious bosom is a recurring irritation to nearly every young artist.
>
> Mr. Hueffer having set himself against them and their numerous spiritual progeny, it is but natural that he is "not taken seriously" in Institutional quarters.

And later on the same page, he casually dropped in a one-sentence paragraph that implied a circle of initiates:

> Naturalness of speech can of course be learned from Francis Jammes and other French writers, but it is new and refreshing in contemporary English.

Pound had the trick, when writing critical reviews, of combining a long, perfectly turned academic sentence with a series of short, conversational comments. The effect is to lull the reader into acquiescence with measured prose and then to set off the fireworks under his feet. For instance, in a review of a mediocre new biography of John Synge, published in the *Egoist* for February 2, 1914,[15] he commented:

> It is a comment on the general passion for the perfectly innocuous that this writer of theses should have listened to all witnesses irrespective of their vigour or sympathy or intelligence, and that he should have taken, not those salient details which are in accord with, or in a sort of complimentary antithesis to the man Synge as manifest in his works, but that he should have presented a sort of drab least common denominator.

Having fairly entangled his reader in haughty academicism, he then proceeded to demolish the book in three short sentences:

> It is not important. It is not surprising. It will do no particular harm to Synge's memory.

It was Pound's habit to generalize from the particular. Thus, a critical review of the Synge biography turns into a criticism of the art of biography:

> Rousseau in the hands of his disciples has become as pestilent almost, as Christ in the hands of the empire created christians [sic]. The "Confessions" having done their work have left a field for Bergson and for a democracy of commentators who believe not only that every man is created free and equal with a divine right to become an insignificant part of a social system but that all books are created equal and all minds are created equal and that any distinct and distinguished faculty should be curtailed and restricted.

The democratizing principle, with its emphasis on the lowest common denominator, is seen here as the enemy of the god. The article went on to become a much more serious comment on the nature of the contemporary critics of literature who were "everywhere at work obscuring the vitality of literature," the *concetto*. Constantly, throughout his work and letters, we are brought face to face with one of his greatest concerns, the effect of a dull, mediocre, critical press on the vital juices of literature. Repeatedly, he damned men such as Gosse because he considered them to be a "pestilence," attacking the beautiful tree of literature that was his passion. "The mediocre have set up a cult of mediocrity and deal in disparagement." His contempt for humanity en masse, and for the agents of mediocrity who attempt to please the crowd, found ample expression throughout his work, and was the main reason why his relationship with Harriet Monroe of *Poetry* was so stormy. To Pound, mediocrity was obviously a far greater enemy of the arts than direct attack, since it sapped slowly and secretly their vitality. In the same article, he continued:

> The oppressed have never set a hand against their artists but the half-taught have always done so, the bureaucracy have always done so, and a bureaucracy is not only political but literary, it demands the semi-efficient.
>
> There is a bond between the artist and the inventor and the able man in a system. Each is feared by the inefficient man who holds the administrative grade just above him.

Of the many articles that he wrote for the *Egoist*, there are two that stand out particularly from the rest because they incorporated so many of his passionately held beliefs about art and the artist. One is his prospectus for a College of Art which appeared on November 2, 1914, and the other is the three-part essay on "The Serious Artist" which ran in the *New Freewoman* for October 1913. The prospectus suggests that Pound was very much a professor at heart, with education as one of his abiding interests. In his letters too, he was constantly instructing, leading, scolding and encouraging, spending a considerable amount of time on a young poet for whom he had some hopes. The correspondence that passed between Pound and Iris Barry, for instance, in which he outlined the education that he considered necessary to building a sound poet, showed a typical Poundian eagerness to pass on to others what he himself had found to work. It was his way of trying to point out the markers of the road to the Infinite. He and Eliot shared a concern with preserving and studying the best of tradition in order to build a firm foundation for achieving poetic discipline.

The prospectus for the College of Arts was aimed mainly at young

Americans in exile in Europe, and was an attempt to formalize his ideas. Slightly pompous and pedantic in its tone, it nevertheless sounds like the kind of programme that is being introduced into more and more colleges sixty years later, concentrating as it does on cross-disciplines. He said:

> The College of Arts offers contact with artists of established position, creative minds, men for the most part who have already suffered in the cause of their art.
>
> Recognizing the interaction of the arts, the inter-stimulous and inter-alignment, we have gathered the arts together, we recommend that each student shall undertake some second or auxiliary subject, though this is in all cases left to his own inclination. We recognize that certain genius runs deep and often in one groove only, and that some minds move in the language of one medium only. But this does not hold true for the general student. For him and for many of the masters one art is the constant illuminator of another, a constant refreshment.[16]

Nothing came of the proposed College of Arts, but the prospectus indicated what he thought necessary to educate young minds outside the University system, another of his targets for attack. It was in moments like these that the academic in Pound looked out from behind the artist; in fact, his instinct for academicism is one of the more easily discernible continuous features in his prose.

The series of articles entitled "The Serious Artist" is one of Pound's most extensive statements of artistic beliefs, and shows that he had a handy way with argument and defense when he felt the subject was important. There are no histrionics here and he confined himself to only a few of the throw-away comments that tended to gather the élite into an exclusive circle of knowledge. He was writing in defense of his *raison d'être*, and accorded it due deference in terms of the development of his argument. Pound's prose always tended to be elliptical, sometimes to the detriment of meaning, but in these articles his sentence structure is under tight control that gives his argument cohesive force and allows the reader to follow easily the explosive method that is hard to follow in other places. Any one of the paragraphs could stand alone as an expression of his beliefs, but together they make a philosophy of art that has considerable force and persuasion.

The main attack on art against which Pound was defending it was the twentieth century argument that art should be related to the moral side of politics and economics and sociology. The basis of his defense was that art was, in fact, a science:

> The arts, literature, poesy, are a science; just as chemistry is a science. Their subject is man, mankind and the individual. The subject of chemistry is matter considered as to its composition.
>
> The arts give us a great percentage of the lasting and unassailable data regarding the nature of man, of immaterial man, of man considered as a thinking and sentient creature. They begin where the science of medicine leaves off or rather they overlap that science. The borders of the two arts overcross.[17]

Here, Pound had not yet made the final, conscious leap into seeing the subject of art as "matter considered as to its composition," so that when he talked of poetry and chemistry as sciences he was viewing them as parallel, rather than tangential, expressions of universal truths. Not until the Vorticist experience had introduced the possibilities inherent in verbal formulae along the lines of mathematical formulae as short-hand for metaphysical, universal, relationships, did Pound extend himself in examining the psychological-philosophical nature of the art impulse. He was also, at this stage, concerned with the ethical nature of art "based on the nature of man," ascribing to art the duty to discover where the happiness of man lies. After 1915, this concept, with its origins in pre-twentieth century social philosophy, disappeared from his discussions of art. After the Vorticist years, happiness as an end of art seemed irrelevant; art's duty, then, was to be accurate in expressing the eternal proportions, as a revelation of "right relationship."

Pound moved in "The Serious Artist " into an examination of the old problem, the divergence between what an artist would call immoral and what the critics of art (such as the Webbs) would call immoral. He defined bad art as "inaccurate art," art that "makes false reports," and good art as "art that bears true witness" and is "the most precise." To critics of art, immorality usually meant that a work was concerned with the sexual or with a deviant set of values, thus D. H. Lawrence and James Joyce were deemed "immoral." To Pound and Eliot, immorality in art consisted solely in lying about that which was presented:

> If an artist falsifies his report as to the nature of man, as to his own nature, as to the nature of his ideal of the perfect, as to the nature of his ideal of this, that or the other, of god, if god exist, of the life force, of the nature of good and evil, if good and evil exist, of the force with which he believes or disbelieves this, that or the other, or the degree in which he suffers or is made glad; if the artist falsifies his report on these matters or on any other matter in order that he may conform to the taste of his time, to the proprieties of a sovereign, to the conveniences of a preconceived code of ethics, then that artist lies. If he lies out of deliberate will to lie, if he lies out of carelessness, out of laziness, out of cowardice, out of any sort of negligence whatsoever, he nevertheless lies and he should be punished or despised in proportion to the seriousness of his offence. His offence is of the same nature as a

> physician's and according to his position and the nature of his lie he is responsible for future oppressions and for future misconceptions. Albeit his lies are known to only a few, or his truth-telling to only a few. Albeit he may pass without censure for one and without praise for the other. Albeit he can only be punished on the plane of his crime and by nothing save the contempt of those who know of his crime. Perhaps it is caddishness rather than crime. However there is perhaps nothing worse for a man than to know that he is a cur and to know that someone else, if only one person, knows it.[18]

The paragraph is a powerful expression of the poet's belief in the sacred nature of art. The point is that this type of artist has either failed to recognize the true patterns, in which case he is to be pitied as one automatically excluded from Pound's party of intelligence; or else he is guilty of misleading the public into false perceptions about the nature of the universal formulae, in which case he is a criminal.

He extended the initial analogy between art and medicine by likening the poet to a physician who diagnoses society's ills by the "cult of ugliness" such as may be found in Joyce's *Ulysses*:

> As there are in medicine the art of diagnosis and the art of cure, so in the arts, so in the particular arts of poetry and of literature. There is the art of diagnosis and there is the art of cure. They call one the cult of ugliness and the other the cult of beauty.
>
> The cult of beauty is the hygiene, it is sun, air and the sea and the rain and the lake bathing. The cult of ugliness, Villon, Baudelaire, Corbière, Beardsley are diagnosis. Flaubert is diagnosis. Satire, if we are to ride this metaphor to staggers, satire is surgery, insertions and amputations.[19]

The business of the doctor-poet was to work on the Body Poetic, to keep it healthy and functioning correctly.

In this series, as in others, Pound claimed that good art was good, regardless of its subject, only inasmuch as it adhered to the truth. A fidelity of representation was required of the modern artist, an instinctive awareness, too, of austerity, discipline and technical precision to echo the clean, austere lines of the final pattern. Square vision and apt technique ensured the survival of all great art work.

> The serious artist is scientific in that he presents the image of his desire, of his hate, of his indifference as precisely that, as precisely the image of his own desire, hate or indifference. The more precise his record, the more lasting and unassailable for his work of art.[20]

In the *Preface to the Lyrical Ballads,* Wordsworth wrote of the day when the poet and the scientist would work together to interpret the universe for man. For Pound, the time had come:

> The permanent property, the property given to the race at large is precisely these data of the serious scientist and of the serious artist; of the scientist as touching the relations of abstract numbers, of molecular energy, of the composition of matter, etc.; of the serious artist, as touching the nature of man, of individuals.[21]

By 1913, he had certainly moved to the perception of a definitive relationship between science and the arts, but he was missing the chance to advance his concept of universal metamorphoses by limiting poetry to a confined area.

It might seem that Pound cared only for the dry bones of technique and that he was working in a desert atmosphere; but in the third section of "The Serious Artist" we come across an illuminating paragraph that sets the skeleton dancing:

> We might come to believe that the thing that matters in art is a sort of energy, something more or less like electricity or radio-activity, a force transfusing, welding and unifying.[22]

This is his way of talking about inspiration in 1913 that finds a more vivid expression in the principles of Vorticism a year later, and as the *concetto* later still. And in case we think that he was only concerned with the good and not the great, he made an attempt at a definition:

> It is about as useless to search for a definition of "great art" as it is to search for a scientific definition of life. One knows fairly well what one means. One means something more or less proportionate to one's experience.
>
> . . . I find I mean something like "maximum efficiency of expression"; I mean that the writer has expressed something interesting in such a way that one cannot re-say it more effectively. I also mean something associated with discovery. The artist must have discovered something--either of life itself or of the means of expression.[23]

Here is an early groping towards the concept of the inevitability of final form, expressed a year later in the essay "Vorticism."

The closing shots in Pound's defence of poetry are fired against his old enemies, the Saintsburys and the Gosses of criticism. He finished in grand style:

> And who is to judge? The critic, the reviewer, however stupid or ignorant, must judge for himself. The only really viscious [sic] criticism is the academic criticism of those who make the grand abnegation, who refuse to say what they think, if they do think, and who quote accepted opinions; these men are the vermin, their treachery to the great work of the past is as great as that of the false artists to the present. If they do not care enough for the heritage to have a personal conviction, then they have no licence to write.[24]

The "grand abnegation" is seen as a direct betrayal of the creative energies, as an assertion of the basic absurdity of "nothingness" in a material universe.

Apart from his personal contributions to the magazine, one of the most important points in his association with the *Egoist* was his championship of Joyce that brought the Irish writer a most devoted patron in Harriet Shaw Weaver. While lying a little outside the main area of the thesis, the process whereby Pound promoted Joyce's interests shows how his constant search for order extended itself far beyond his own work; his entrepreneurial activities for other artists were, in fact, part of his attempt to track down the emergent patterns in the art world at large, and to promote "makkars" other than himself in order to achieve a new order of civilization. The Joyce/Pound/*Egoist* association stands as a paradigm for Pound's contact with other artists, much of which was centred upon the little magazines; however, there would be little point in re-telling details that Lidderdale and Nicholson handle fully in their biography of Harriet Shaw Weaver, *Dear Miss Weaver*. I would simply point the reader to the fact that discovering and promoting *Portrait of the Artist* and *Ulysses* in the face of stern and strong opposition from printers and publishers showed the extent of Pound's dedication to the task of isolating the twentieth century's "donative" artists. The same can be said of Miss Weaver, who not only published Joyce for the first time in England, but also reprinted back files of *Egoist* articles under the title of *The Poets' Translation Series*, edited by Richard Aldington; and, in book form, Eliot's *Prufrock and Other Observations* (1917), Pound's *Dialogues of Fontenelle* (1917) and *Quia Pauper Amavi* (1919), and Lewis' *Tarr* and *The Caliph's Design* (1919). Their publication was Miss Weaver's personal contribution to the "rappel à l'ordre."

The *Egoist* was closed down in 1919, and with its closure, Pound's close association with Harriet Shaw Weaver and her circle wound down also. He had supplied the paper, from 1913 onwards, with the works of important young artists, who had been glad to appear there in spite of the lack of financial rewards. He had seen the magazine transformed from being a doctrinaire journal, concerned with the politics and ethics of Women's Suffrage, to being one of the leading literary magazines of the day, albeit one with a small circulation. The adjective "leading" is justified in the light of the list of contributors, many of whom have now earned the faith placed in them by the editors. Certainly, the *Egoist* had a limited appeal, and many of its issues were unredeemable, but nevertheless, it was one of the few magazines that could claim as contributors, at the same time, Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, James Joyce and Wyndham Lewis, not to mention the occasional poem or article by H. G. Wells, D. H. Lawrence, Marianne Moore, Robert Frost and William Carlos Williams. The *Egoist* published poetry, novels, prose pieces, and critical articles, besides a considerable amount of philosophy and ethics, and although not as sweeping in its scope as the *New Age*, nor as sophisticated as the *English Review*, nevertheless functioned admirably as a platform for the new writers of the day.

Pound's effect on the *Egoist* and Harriet Shaw Weaver was considerable. He provided her with copy, helped in setting up the Egoist Press and sent her two editorial assistants, Richard Aldington and T. S. Eliot. Without Pound, and in particular his introduction of James Joyce into Miss Weaver's life, the *Egoist* would likely have disappeared after a very few years; the original editor, Dora Marsden, had only a narrow interest in philosophy and none at all in the arts, so that it is doubtful whether she could have kept a magazine going for long.

The evidence of much of his work in the *Egoist* shows that Pound was very deeply involved in evolving a *persona* for the twentieth century artist, and was particularly caught up in the definition of the modern art impulse as it appeared in group activity. Two groups in particular, the Imagistes and the Vorticists, were important to him but his uneasy relationship with the group syndrome showed clearly in his fast and perhaps facile adoption of "in-terms" and in his short-lived contact with these groups as groups, although he did not abandon either the individual members of the groups or their basic theories. In fact, he assimilated many of these theories into his later art. Particularly in the case of Vorticism, though, the gap between the theory and the practice (at least at first) may be a sign that he could not distance himself far enough from theories that were adopted rather than evolved, to use them immediately in his poetry. Nevertheless, Vorticism helped him with the process of deducing the intuited *forma*, and opened up a world of metaphysical relationships that had previously only been hovering in the background of his mind.

Without the *Egoist*, Pound would have had to rely on the *New Age* as his magazine platform in England, and the *New Age* preferred his socio-political articles to those on art, in keeping with the editor's interests. The *Egoist* was a means of carrying on a conversation with other artists in England, in much the same way that *Poetry* performed this function for Pound in America, and it spans the years of intense exploration of his art and the nature of the artist that was important to his search for form.

In the *Egoist* articles, we can see Pound exploring, progressively, metaphysical concepts of art, brought into his ken by other artists' energies. He learned to expand and develop his grasp of the nature of the "permanent metaphor," particularly through the influence of the Vorticists, at the same time that he preserved his contacts with academicism in his recurrent explorations of past literatures. The *Egoist* years were a time of new seeing, for Pound, of tracking down other artists' dedication to and convictions about art as an objective manifestation of the proportions of the *forma*. On the whole, the face Pound showed to the world in the *Egoist* was confident and optimistic, mainly because he managed to avoid the kind of socio-political article that promoted pessimism in him about the future of civilization.

CHAPTER FOUR

POUND AND *BLAST*

Pound's contributions to the *New Age*, the *Egoist* and *Poetry* fell off in 1914 because he had discovered a group of artists in London whose ideas about the nature of art seemed to express his own intuitions. The Vorticists and their magazine *Blast* demanded Pound's full attention for about a year, and represented the most intense example of group activity and organized expression of creative energies that he had yet encountered in England. In a very brief period, he experienced the concrete manifestation of both the *forma* and the *concetto* in the figure of the Vortex, beside which all other interests palled. The experience was necessarily brief, although it left a lifelong residue; the Vortex carries within it the seeds both of its destruction and of its resurrection. If the whirlpool spins hard enough, its defined form disappears in a blur before another shape becomes visible. It is thus an ideal image for defining the eternal flux and *stasis* of the universal condition, the repeated cycles of life and death.

Blast, appearing first on June 20, 1914, provided an art movement that was peculiarly English with a voice and a set of manifestoes. Vorticism was the result of collaboration between artists in various media who came together for a brief time, between 1913 and 1915, to work out a new philosophy of art and put it into practice. The magazine, produced mainly in the Rebel Art Centre in Great Ormond Street, London, set up by Wyndham Lewis to counter the work of Roger Fry's Omega

Workshop, gave Lewis and his friends a focus, and helped to promote the idea that they were a collected group or movement.

According to Lewis and Noel Stock, the term "vorticism" was coined by Pound.[1] Its application was intended to demonstrate that individual artists, working in disparate media, with different ideas on art theory, had common ground that separated them as a body from other artists of the day. As Pound said:

> It cannot be made too clear that the work of the vorticists and the "feeling of inner need" existed before the general noise about vorticism. We worked separately, we found an underlying agreement, we decided to stand together.[2]

Without the term and the manifestoes defining it, *Blast* would have been without a centre or a structure, and would have been much less effective as a weapon in the fight against already established art conventions. Pound, therefore, can be said to have been essential to the success of Vorticism as a publicly acknowledged art movement.

Nevertheless, although *Blast*, with its iconoclastic philosophy and its radically different layout of over-sized pages, unconventional typography and bright pink covers, was, and is, accepted as an avant-garde magazine, Pound was not naturally avant-garde or even truly iconoclastic, his natural bent being expressed in the phrase "make it new." Certainly he was rebellious and outspoken in his letters and his magazine articles, and obviously thought of himself as one of the new men, but the content of his poetry, at least in 1914, owed a great deal to earlier conventions belonging to earlier civilizations. At this stage in his thinking, although experimenting continuously with metre, Pound was working with fairly conventional ideas in his search for artistic forms. It took a few years before he was able to put into practice in his poetry the intensely perceived art philosophy of Vorticism although even then, as Stock points out, the intellectual process was at war with the way he felt about poetry. Speaking of the poet's mind in 1917, Stock suggests:

> It was at this stage that Pound began to have doubts about the turn his work was taking. While Joyce and Eliot were already producing work that was of the modern world he was playing behind ancient masks, translating Arnaut Daniel again, and in his early cantos worrying out aloud about the construction of a suitable 'rag-bag' in which to stuff the 'modern world' but obviously happier when dreaming about the past and his own explorations into the past by way of Venice. His problem was that in his ideas he had consciously developed a modernist programme which seemed to run counter to the ideas and feelings of his sensitive self out of which came his poetry.[3]

The pull in Pound's nature between his intellectual and his emotional perceptions about art may well have been the reason why the guerrilla *persona* required by *Blast* was not a success in Pound's case, at least from the evidence of his contributions to the magazine. The Pound who speaks to us in *Blast* does so only from the head; his avant-gardism is intellectual, not emotional, and for that reason it is not persuasive.

Vorticism was important for Pound mainly because it gave him a new *forma*, the Vortex, and a new insight into matters of physical relationships between material objects. The spirit of Vorticism, being basically iconoclastic, was of little use to his artistic development, although he tried hard in *Blast* to match Lewis, in particular, in avant-garde attitudes. Certainly, he never wrote any prose as radically new as Lewis' *The Enemy of the Stars* or *The Childermass*, Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake*, Stein's *The Making of Americans* or Marinetti's strange novel

The Untamables and his *Great Traditional and Futurist Milan.* All of these writers experimented with syntax, punctuation, the elimination of conventional grammatical structures and relationships, repetition of phrases, running ideas together, onomatopoeia, and so on. Their use of language was deliberately unconventional in an attempt to find a new prose style for the age. Pound's prose style, although it later grew highly elliptical and made use of the ideogrammic technique whereby ideas were juxtaposed without explanation,[4] never played with language forms or syntax, and maintained the conventional forms of the English subject-verb-object sentence, although parts of the syntax might be elided on occasion. His search for the principle of good, inner harmony, could not stand up to the dismembering effect of truly radical writing that inevitably hovers on the brink of chaos while bursting the old forms apart. Pound's association with *Blast* and Vorticism, therefore, while of immense importance to the deductive process of identifying the "uncharted patterns" and the "permanent metaphor," was an anomaly in his life.

When *Blast* first appeared, its promotion of Vorticism evoked a puzzled response. Apart from being startled by its covers, its size and its strange typography, the reader had also to decide in what way Vorticism differed from Impressionism, Futurism, Cubism and any of the other avant-garde movements that had found their way into the British consciousness partly as a result of Roger Fry's 1910 Post-Impressionist Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries,where canvasses by Manet, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Cézanne, Matisse and Picasso, among others, were shown. Fry's exhibition was not the first to show the new French art in England,[5] but it was the first to make serious inroads on the British art scene. The Grafton exhibition, the second Post-Impressionist Show in 1912, and the full-scale exposition in the press of Marinetti's Futurism, following his visits to London in 1910 and 1912, had spread a knowledge of the names of art movements among the public, although few could have differentiated between them. The words Impressionism, Expressionism, Cubism, Futurism and Vorticism tended to be used interchangeably, the movements being denoted mainly by their non-representational character.

In one very important way, Vorticism and Futurism were indeed allied, as were all the modern art movements. Pound expressed the basic impulse behind all avant-garde art when he quoted Guillaume Apollinaire: 'We are all futurists to the extent of believing with Guillaume Apollonaire [sic] that "On ne peut pas porter *partoût* avec soi le cadavre de son père."'[6] It is as well that he emphasized the word "*partoût*," since his poetry demonstrated quite clearly that he did, indeed, carry the corpse around quite a bit of the time, and his prose also showed him employed in gathering up the torn limbs.

In spite of both being avant-garde forms of art, Vorticism and Futurism disagreed on all the major points in their philosophies, even when those points concerned the same area. The points of difference reveal why Pound was attracted to the one and not the other, for Vorticism was concerned with identifying stable patterns, whereas Futurism rejoiced in the flux. For instance, both movements went to machines for inspiration but their attitudes were very different.

Futurism worshipped the moving machine, its speed, its violence, its dynamism. The fourth and fifth tenets of the first Futurist manifesto read:

> 4. We affirm that the world's magnificence has been enriched by a new beauty: the beauty of speed. A racing car whose hood is adorned with great pipes, like serpents of explosive breath--a roaring car that seems to ride on grapeshot is more beautiful than the *Victory of Samothrace*.
>
> 5. We want to hymn the man at the wheel, who hurls the lance of his spirit across the Earth, along the circle of its orbit.[7]

The Futurist wanted to lose his individual human nature in the power of the speeding machine, to be carried by speed and movement beyond himself into a collective frenzy.

For the Vorticists, Lewis said:

> A machine in violent motion ceases to look like a machine. It looks, perhaps, like a rose, or like a sponge. For in violent enough displacement the hardest thing takes on the appearance of the softest.[8]

Here we have the crux of the Vorticists' objections to Futurism. In movement, an object ceased to be a single form, and they were intent on catching the absolute nature of the object. After all Vorticism was "cheerfully and dogmatically external," a phrase that Lewis explained thus:

> In the case of Vorticism--and this is what I wish to stress--the "inner world of the imagination" was not an asylum from the brutality of mechanical life. On the contrary it identified itself with that brutality, in a stoical embrace, though of course without propagandist fuss.
>
> It did not sentimentalize machines, as did the Italians, (the pictorial fascists who preceded the political fascists): it took them as a matter of course:

> just as we take trees, hills, rivers, coal deposits, oil-wells, rubber-trees, as a matter of course. It was a stoic creed: it was not an *uplift*.
>
> Also Vorticism, unlike its contemporary rivals, was visual, not functional. That is to say, it did not identify the artist with the machine. The artist *observed* the machine from the outside. But he did not observe the machine *impressionistically*: he did not attempt to represent it in violent movement. For to represent a machine in violent movement is to arrive at a blur, or a kaleidoscope. And a blur was as abhorrent to a vorticist as a vacuum is to nature.[9]

This displays the principle in Vorticism that probably attracted Pound the most, since it promoted the dominance of form over primal matter. One can see clearly, in Lewis' assertion of the continuity between man and the objects outside himself, and in his insistence on the individualizing power of the artist, why Pound found his association with the *Blast* group helpful to his search for pattern.

Futurism expressed the political tendencies of the age towards propaganda and crowd control, the dominance and yet manipulation of the mob through the arousal of emotion. Vorticism, on the other hand, was an art of individuals, for individuals, an aristocratic art form that aimed at the rule of the separating, controlling intellect. The difference between the two movements was expressed by Lewis in the images of the puppet-master and the crowd in *The Childermass*, pre-figured by the excerpt called "The Crowdmaster" that appeared in *Blast* 2. Both Lewis and Pound held to the conviction that modern art, to be truly of its age, ought to be shaped by the intellect and not by the emotions, although they saw the art impulse itself as a form of primal emotion. In articles in the *New Age* and the *Egoist*, Pound made continual reference to the need for an intellectual aristocracy, believing that, without such a power group, a nation would inevitably fall into the hands of the Press barons and the captains of commerce. In his opinion, the dominance in England of stupid men was a *fait accompli* against which he and a very few like-minded men were fighting. This is why he was so keen on cleansing and protecting the language, for he could see an unwary public as an easy target for both political and cultural propaganda, unless the ears of the listeners and the tongues of the speakers could be sharpened and cleaned. In the *Egoist* for February, 1917, he stated firmly, "A nation that cannot write clearly cannot be trusted to govern nor yet to think."[10] One can see him moving, in comments like this, towards the appreciation of the political nature of terminology that came to full expression in *Guide to Kulchur*, twenty years later.

In the *Egoist* for June 15, 1914, while defending Lewis' art work, Pound was goaded into saying:

> The "man in the street" cannot be expected to understand "Timon" at first sight. Damn the man in the street, once and for all, damn the man in the street who is only in the street because he hasn't intelligence enough to be let in anywhere else, and who does not respect himself for being in the street, any more than an artist would respect himself for being hung in the Royal Academy.

And later in the same article:

> The rabble and the bureaucracy have built a god in their own image and that god is Mediocrity. The great mass of mankind are mediocre, that is axiomatic, it is a definition of the word mediocre. The race is however divided into disproportionate segments: those who worship their own belly-buttons and those who do not.[11]

By building a god in their own image, the mass are guilty of betraying the true god, the one-and-only final pattern. Pound's often expressed dislike for the mass of human beings was based on his perception of it as unshaped chaos. He wanted to avoid the drowning in the mass that undisciplined chaos evokes and to search for harmonious, controlled patterning. This is finely exemplified in the few lines of *haiku* that he wrote at about this time on that most chaotic of all human masses, the subway crowd, where out of the shapeless mêlée emerge a few beautiful, single faces:

> The apparition of these faces in the crowd:
> Petals, on a wet, black bough.[12]

This delight in the forming intellect did not mean that he had no time for emotion, but his interest was aroused only inasmuch as emotion was turned, by artistic process, from its subjective nature as inner reality to its twin state as outer, objective reality. In the 1914 "Vorticism" essay, he formulated his perceptions on emotion in this way: "I believe that every emotion and every phase of emotion has some toneless phrase, some rhythm-phrase to express it,"[13] and went on to define the image's part in the translation of poetic emotion into its objective counterpart, the poem:

> . . . the author must use his *image* because he sees it or feels it, *not* because he thinks he can use it to back up some creed or some system of ethics or economics.
> An *image*, in our sense, is real because we know it directly.[14]

In *Blast*, battle was joined between the individualizing intellect and the emotional crowd, and in *The Enemy of the Stars* the war was waged between the figures of Arghol and Hanp. In *The Caliph's Design*, also, published in 1918, Lewis applauded the intellect:

> We know that all intellectual effort indicates a desire to perfect and continue to create; to order, regulate, disinfect and stabilize our life.[15]

Gaudier-Brzeska, too, believed in the superiority of the conscious artist over the unconscious, closing his first piece in *Blast* 1, "Vortex," with a declaration of the source of the twentieth century's creative impulse: "Will and consciousness are our VORTEX."[16] And Pound quite specifically linked art and intellect in an article on Gaudier-Brzeska that appeared in the *New Age* for February 4, 1915, where he attacked

> . . . another shibboleth of the artistic-slop crowd. It is the old cry about intellect being inartistic, or about art being "above," saving the word, "above" intellect. Art comes from intellect stirred by will, impulse, emotion, but art is emphatically not any of these others deprived of intellect, and out drunk on its 'lone, saying it is the "that which is beyond intelligence."[17]

He took comfort, in 1916, that there seemed to be an awakening of intelligence among his contemporaries:

> There is another phase of "the revolt" as they call it, which is also traceable to Whistler. I mean to say "art for the intelligent."
>
> We are, I think getting sick of the glorification of energetic stupidity. Vienna, Mestrovic, etc., etc. (there are worse forms). The art of the stupid, by the stupid, for the stupid is not all-sufficient. Whistler was almost the first man, at least the first painter of the last century to suggest that intelligent and not wholly uncultivated men had a right to art. Their art is always opposed and always triumphant. Of this art was Gaudier-Brzeska, in this sense he was "of the movement." By "the movement" I mean something wider than the association of certain artists a year or since in Ormond Street.
>
> After an intolerable generation we find again this awakening, not in one spot but in several. Lewis, Brzeska, James Joyce, T. S. Eliot all proving independently and sporadically that the possession of a certain measure of intellect, education, enlightenment does not absolutely unfit a man for artistic composition.
>
> In this awakening I find very great comfort.[18]

This was Pound's first consciously expressed identification of what he later termed the "rappel à l'ordre," the process of holding encroaching chaos at bay by an effort of will.

For both Pound and Lewis, artists fell into the two basic categories: receptive and projective. In the former state, the artist is a receptacle for impressions coming at him from the outer world, while in the latter state, the artist projects himself positively into the outer world, creating impressions rather than receiving them. Pound put it this way:

> There are two opposed ways of thinking of a man: firstly, you may think of him as that toward which perception moves, as the toy of circumstance, as the plastic substance *receiving* impressions; secondly, you may think of him as directing a certain fluid force against circumstance, as *conceiving* instead of merely reflecting and observing.[19]

He was very careful to go on: "One does not claim that one way is better than the other, one notes a diversity of the temperament. The two camps always exist." However, since he nominated Futurism as "a kind of accelerated impressionism," where the will to create is smothered in the sensuous appreciation of the shining moment, his preference was obvious. Lewis, too, preferred the projective artist, saying, in *The Caliph's Design:*

> An artist can Interpret or he can Create. There is, for him, according to his temperament, and kind, the alternative of the Receptive attitude or the Active and Changing One.[20]

Since he had previously stated in the same work that "The artist's function is to create--to make something . . .," we are in no doubt of Lewis' preferences, either.

In discussing these views of the artist's nature, reference should be made to Wilhelm Worringer's *Abstraction and Empathy*, in which the author identified the basic artistic impulse as "will-to-form." Worringer's work was introduced to the Vorticists before 1914 by T. E. Hulme[21] who had attended a Worringer lecture in Berlin 1912. In writing about the two great art trends visible in man's cultural history, Worringer was unwittingly providing future painters of the abstract with a pretty solid defence against detractors. The art era immediately preceding the twentieth century was dedicated to the worship of empathetic art, where man gloried in material beauty; therefore, the geometric, abstract, machine-based work of a painter of Lewis' type found no very receptive audience. Nineteenth century painting, in general, with a few exceptions such as Turner and Whistler, was representational, idealizing and romanticizing the human form and the natural world. The new art challenged the concept that art should be representational. As Pound said:

> It is no more ridiculous that a person should receive or convey an emotion by means of an arrangement of shapes, or planes, or colours, than that they should receive or convey such emotion by an arrangement of musical notes.[22]

Worringer identified the sources of abstract and empathetic art in the psychic conditions of human culture, saying:

> Whereas the precondition for the urge to empathy is a happy pantheistic relationship of confidence between man and the phenomena of the external world, the urge to abstraction is the outcome of a great inner unrest inspired in man by the phenomena of the outside world; in a religious respect it corresponds to a strongly transcendental tinge to all notions. We might describe this state as an immense spiritual dread of space.

> When Tibullus says: *primum in mundo fecit deus timor,* this same sensation of fear may also be assumed as the root of artistic creation.[23]

This leads us to one of the basic concepts behind the figure of the vortex--that an inner necessity activates the art impulse, that certain forms and certain media come together in a kind of pre-ordained "rightness" to create the true work of art. In *Blast* 2, Lewis commented:

> IN THE SAME WAY THAT SAVAGES, ANIMALS AND CHILDREN HAVE A "RIGHTNESS,"SO HAVE OBJECTS CO-ORDINATED BY UNCONSCIOUS LIFE AND USEFUL ACTIONS.[24]

And later on the same page:

> This quality of ACCIDENTAL RIGHTNESS, is one of the principal elements in a good picture.

He referred the reader back to Leonardo da Vinci:

> Da Vinci recommends you to watch and be observant of the grains and markings of wood, the patterns found in Nature everywhere.

And:

> The patterned grains of stones, marble, etc., the fibres of wood, have a rightness and inevitability that is similar to the rightness with which objects arrange themselves in life.

The same recognition of the inevitability of universal forms pervaded Pound's work, also, a fact that helps to explain his definition of the image as "an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time," and his later theories of musical harmony and notation.[25] There is a magic moment when artist, perception, "will-to-form" and outer material come together inevitably and produce the mighty work of art that best expresses a particular moment. In *Blast* 1, Pound talked of the primary pigment, that medium which is absolutely "right" for the expression of a particular emotion.

> EVERY CONCEPT, EVERY EMOTION PRESENTS ITSELF TO THE VIVID CONSCIOUSNESS IN SOME PRIMARY FORM. IT BELONGS TO THE ART OF THIS FORM. IF SOUND, TO MUSIC; IF FORMED WORDS, TO LITERATURE; THE IMAGE, TO POETRY: FORM, TO DESIGN; COLOUR IN POSITION, TO PAINTING: FORM OR DESIGN IN THREE PLANES, TO SCULPTURE; MOVEMENT TO THE DANCE OR TO THE RHYTHM OF MUSIC OR OF VERSES.[26]

And he asserted:

> The vorticist relies on this alone; on the primary pigment of his art, nothing else.
>
> Every conception, every emotion presents itself to the vivid consciousness in some primary form.
>
> It is the picture that means a hundred poems, the music that means a hundred pictures, the most highly energized statement, the statement that has not yet SPENT itself in expression, but which is the most capable of expressing.[27]

Here, once again, is the concept of "the Word made flesh." And, in defining the "rightness" of subject, he stated:

> A given subject or emotion belongs to that artist, or to that sort of artist who must *know* it most intimately and most intensely before he can render it adequately in his art. A painter must know much more about a sunset than a writer, if he is to put it on canvas. But when the poet speaks of "Dawn in russet mantle clad," he presents something which the painter cannot present.[28]

Worringer distinguished quite clearly between the true art impulse and the imitation impulse, both of which he said could exist in a culture side by side. The imitation impulse, "the playful delight in copying the natural model"[29] can never gratify the deep psychic needs from which art arises. That can only be gratified by an appeal to an austere type of art, "eschewing realism." This is not a condemnation of true empathetic art, where a glorious naturalism does best express the psychic needs of a culture, for he was careful to separate naturalism and the imitative impulse. The latter is an elemental need of man that "stands outside aesthetics proper and . . . in principle its gratification has nothing to do with art," being "a history of manual dexterity, devoid of aesthetic significance."[30] It is, in fact, false art that leads man to false gods.

For Pound and Lewis, the empathetic art of the nineteenth century obviously did not meet the psychic needs of their age, nor did they consider the literary or symbolic content of a painting to be material in the twentieth century. Pound quoted Whistler on this point:

> Whistler said somewhere in the *Gentle Art*: "The picture is interesting not because it is Trotty Veg, but because it is an arrangement in colour." The minute you have admitted that, you let in the jungle, you let in nature and truth and abundance and cubism and Kandinsky, and the lot of us. Whistler and Kandinsky and some cubists were set to getting extraneous matter out of their art; they are ousting literary values. The Flaubertians talk a good deal about "constatation." The 'nineties' saw a movement against rhetoric. I think all these things move together, though they do not, of course, move in step."[31]

Beauty for the Vorticists had no reference point in literary or symbolic meaning; it lay in the "right" relationship of planes or forms. As Pound said:

> The pine-tree in mist upon the far hill looks like a fragment of Japanese armour.
>
> The beauty of this pine-tree in the mist is not caused by its resemblance to the plates of the armour.
>
> The armour, if it be beautiful at all, is not beautiful *because* of its resemblance to the pine in the mist.
>
> In either case the beauty, in so far as it is beauty of form, is the result of "planes in relation."

> The tree and the armour are beautiful because their diverse planes overlie in a certain manner.[32]

In the first number of *Blast*, he discussed the common background of the Vorticists under the heading ANCESTRY. It was identified as follows:

> All arts approach the conditions of music. - Pater
>
> An image is that which presents an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time. - Pound
>
> You are interested in a certain painting because it is an arrangement of lines and colours. - Whistler
>
> Picasso, Kandinski [sic], father and mother, classicism and romanticism of the movement.[33]

The Pater quotation, from "The School of Giorgione," should read, "all art constantly aspires toward the condition of music," a comment on the inseparability of form and content. Music here is seen as the ideal art, in which there is a complete fusion of form (the arrangement of the notes) and content (sound), but Pater was also concerned with finding a theory of the formal elements of art that would be applicable to all the arts. Each art has its special mode; in painting, for instance, a way of arranging line and colour, but for its own sake rather than for any "message." He said:

> In its primary aspect, a great picture has no more definite message for us than an accidental play of sunlight and shadow for a few moments on the wall or floor. . . .[34]

This is art stripped of its representational qualities, its symbolic significances, the need to be imitative. In *Gaudier-Brzeska,* while defending the abstract nature of Vorticism, Pound quoted Whistler on the same point.

> We return again and again to Pater's "All arts approach the conditions of music," and in Whistler's "Gentle Art" we find sentence after sentence full of matter--
>
> "Art should be independent of all claptrap, should stand alone and appeal to the artistic sense of eye or ear without confounding this with emotions entirely foreign to it.
> The imitator is a poor kind of creature. If the man who paints only the tree, or flower, or other surface he sees before him were an artist, the king of artists would be the photographer. It is for the artist to do something beyond this in portrait painting, to put on canvas something more than the face the model wears for that day; to paint the man, in short, as well as his features; in arrangement of colours to treat a flower *as his key, not as his model.*"[35]

This concept of an object being a key not a symbol or a model found favour with Pound as a means of conveying the reality of the bridge between the unconscious and the conscious worlds. For Pater, every art responded in a particular way to its material, there being an obligation between artist, form, media and content. Pound took this up in *Blast* 1 in his theory of primary pigment, the primary form that best expresses human emotion; in spite of all the theories on the abstract nature of art, Pound nevertheless believed that poetry was "a sort of inspired mathematics which gives us equations, not for abstract figures, triangles, spheres and the like, but equations for the human emotions."[36] Gaudier-Brzeska, in his turn, writing from the trenches to *Blast* 2, re-affirmed his belief in the primary pigment of his art form, sculpture:

> I SHALL DERIVE MY EMOTIONS SOLELY FROM THE *ARRANGEMENT OF SURFACES*, I shall present my emotions by the ARRANGEMENT OF MY SURFACES, THE PLANES AND LINES BY WHICH THEY ARE DEFINED.

> Just as this hill where the Germans are solidly entrenched, gives me a nasty feeling, solely because its gentle slopes are broken up by earthworks, which throw long shadows at sunset. Just so shall I get feeling, of whatsoever definition, from a statue ACCORDING TO ITS SLOPES, varied to infinity.[37]

This is a typical Vorticist statement, searching for the ideal fusion of form and content that allows an art form to approach "the condition of music," and that bears within it, in the phrase "varied to infinity," the idea of an eternity of flux and *stasis*.

The reference in Pound's initial statement on the origins of Vorticism to Kandinsky as the romantic mother of the movement was also related to the idea that art need not be representational but could surely be an abstract form expressing emotion. A review of, and extract from, Kandinsky's *The Art of Spiritual Harmony* (otherwise translated as *Concerning the Spiritual in Art*) was printed in *Blast* 1,[38] and it was accorded great respect by the reviewer, Wadsworth. The principle of Inner Necessity, very similar to Worringer's "will-to-form," is identified by Kandinsky as a three-fold impulse to artistic creativity: the artist must express himself, the age in which he works, and most importantly of all, Art, in its eternal nature, unrelated to specific artists and times. He gathered these into three major points:

1. Every artist, as a creator, has to express himself (Element of Personality).

2. Every artist, as the child of his epoch, has to express what is particular to this epoch (Element of Style--in an inner sense, composed of the speech of the epoch, and the speech of the nation, as long as the nation exists as such).

3. Every artist, as the servant of art, has to express what is particular to all art. (Element of the pure and eternal qualities of the art of all men, of all peoples and of all

> times, which are to be seen in the works of art and of all artists of every nation and of every epoch, and which, as the principal elements of art, know neither time nor space).[39]

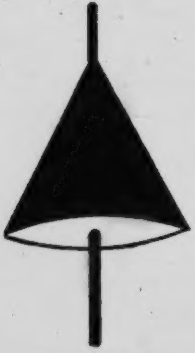
Here, expressed by another artist are the three directions that I see in Pound's search for order. According to these concepts, there is a pure and eternal Art that transcends the subjectivity of the artist: "the effect of Inner Necessity, or the development of art, is a progressive expression of the eternally objective within the temporarily subjective. Or otherwise the subjugation of the subjective by the objective."[40] In talking of Imagist poetry, Pound expressed the same movement: "one is trying to record the precise instant when a thing outward and objective transforms itself or darts into a thing inward and subjective,"[41] and thus subjugates it.

Kandinsky argued that line and colour had the power to summon up in people a deep psychological response, quite apart from their representational effects. Colour and form could surely be arranged to form an expression of pure emotion, without reference to symbolic value, in the same way that music is non-representational, usually. He acknowledged in form a psychic energy, an "inner necessity," "a spiritual perfume"; an inevitability that Pound also saw:

> Form alone, even if it is quite abstract and geometrical, has its inner timbre, and is a spiritual entity with qualities that are identical with this form: a triangle (whether it be acute-angled, obtuse-angled or equilateral) is an entity of this sort with a spiritual perfume proper to itself alone. In combination with other forms this perfume becomes differentiated, acquires accompanying nuances, but remains radically unalterable, like the smell of the rose which can never be mistaken for that of the violet.[42]

Pound's references to these artists, Kandinsky, Whistler, Pater and Picasso, were meant to link Vorticism very firmly with art groups moving away from the concept of art as empathetic and representational towards a state of perception in which form, colour and sound were in themselves expressive, by virtue of relationships, of pure emotion, and could arouse a response in the human observer.

Vorticism was a term intended to define a basic attitude to artistic creativity, to describe what is really a mystical experience, that magic state that the Greeks attributed to the gods breathing inspiration into the artist. The figure of the Vortex itself, the cone, the whirlpool, the whirlwind that appeared at strategic intervals throughout *Blast* in this form



was an acknowledgement of the god at the centre trying to become conscious, the great still pool of dynamic creative energy, chaos trying to take shape. It is a basic process evident in the best work of great artists, the divine magnetism of the artist operating, as Pound said, to make the rose pattern in the dead filings of the steel dust. The Vorticist artist was like the "donative" artist, and Vorticism, for Pound, was a means of identifying a timeless art instinct rather than simply a terminal art movement of a particular historical period. It was the paradigm for the paradoxical nature of creativity that must first destroy in order to create.

Throughout *Blast*, the figure of the Vorticist artist was defined. His aim was to make of his art a conscious expression of his creative will, self-expression to be attained by seizing, not one, but multiple points of view, whirled and blended into the still point of creative potential. He was double-faceted, not a single Ego in fixed form. As Lewis admonished his audience in *Blast* 2:

> You must talk with two tongues, if you do not wish to cause confusion.
>
> You must also learn . . . to change tongues in mid-career without falling to Earth.
>
> You must give the impression of two persuaders, standing each on a different hip--left hip, right hip--with four eyes vacillating concentrically at different angles upon the object chosen for subjugation.
>
> There is nothing so impressive as the number TWO.
>
> You must be a duet in everything.
>
> For, the Individual, the single object, and the isolated, is, you will admit, an absurdity.
>
> Why try and give the impression of a consistent and indivisible personality?[43]

For Lewis, recognizing the universal paradoxes was essential to the true artist. The Vorticist artist wished to project his self outward into an external structure to see if it was real, "realness" being judged by how closely form and content fit together. Here we have Pound's ideas on the *personae*, the masks into which the poet projected himself, not in an effort to hide the true self and protect it, but in order to find the true self. After all, he had said:

> In the "search for oneself," in the search for "sincere self-expression," one gropes, one finds some seeming verity. One says "I am" this, that, or the other, and with the words scarcely uttered one ceases to be that thing.
>
> I began this search for the real in a book called *Personae*, casting off, as it were, complete masks of the self in each poem. I continued in long series of translations, which were but more elaborate masks.[44]

As the painter uses colour and line as his primary pigment, so the poet uses rhythm and images, as did Pound during the many years spent experimenting with rhythm and metre, practising the lessons learned in his study of medieval and classical forms, trying to apply them to the basic patterns of the English language. In "A Retrospect," he advised the young poet to "fill his mind with the finest cadences he can discover, preferably in a foreign language, so that the meaning of the words may be less likely to divert his attention from the movement. . . ."[45] He was convinced there was such a thing as an "absolute rhythm, a rhythm, that is, in poetry which corresponds exactly to the emotion or shade of emotion to be expressed."[46] The other form of the poet's primary pigment, the image, he defined in various ways that showed him looking far beyond this outward sign of poetry, trying to define the god-like moment when the poet is liberated from his human limits by an illumination about the universe that allows him "sudden growth," and makes of him, for the moment, a god, a creator.

Vorticism was an art philosophy more suitably expressed in paint than in words, and indeed, in *Rude Assignment*, Lewis condemned the magazine's literary content as "soft and highly impure."[47] It was far easier to express the principles on canvas or in stone than in words. Catching the moment of intensity and fixing its inner nature by the use of an outer "right" form is really the still-photographer's art. It is very hard to avoid a sense of movement when using words, if for no other reason than that the eye must itself move in registering the sense. Even if a Vorticist writer were to eliminate all words suggestive of movement and change, not just verbs, but also all adjectives, adverbs and even nouns (such as "speed" or "movement," for instance) that indicate change, he would not be successful. Even a series of word pictures, complete and intact in themselves, would not succeed in catching and fixing the moment, since words operate referentially on the human brain. Language that refers solely to an object or situation without multiple meaning is probably an impossibility.

In *Blast*, the literary content for the most part involved writing *about* Vorticism, as opposed to writing Vorticistically, or else it stemmed from a conscious recognition of where the Vorticist creative impulse came from. The type of words used throughout *Blast*, being of an explosive nature, descriptively at least, tended to give the impression of the vortex, the great whirling mass of pure energy. After all, if one subjects one's readers to words like "blast," "explode," "gunshot," "crack," "blaze," "attack," "plough," "scour," and so on, they are bound to feel themselves exploded, spun around in the vortex and flung off the circumference to smash themselves on landing back in the plain world.

Pound was supposed to be the source of the literary vortex in *Blast*, but on only one or two occasions did he manage to pull off an example of Vorticist style. He wrote *about* Vorticism, explaining the movement, in a very important section titled "Vortex," and he wrote in what he thought was the Vorticist spirit in a number of poems intended to be iconoclastic. But we have to wait until the later *Cantos* before we get a Vorticist style of poetry, where he takes an image, the still, unmoving centre, and spirals it out and away from the centre in a dynamic movement.[48]

The Pound poems in *Blast* 1 were intended to be an attack on the forces of the British establishment, in particular the press, and on contemporary, but antipathetic, poets. In embarrassingly childish howl, he attacked "the gagged reviewers of 'The Times,'" the "slut-bellied [why the female image?] obstructionist[s]" who, being "sworn foe[s] to free speech and good letters" are "fungus," "continuous gangrene."[49] He sounded here like a mild man who had fallen in with more violent people and felt he must try to match their excesses. The heavy use of capitals to emphasize certain words gives the poem called "Salutation the Third" a decidedly spinsterish air:

> I wish you JOY, I proffer you ALL my assistance.
> It has been your HABIT for long to do away with true
> poets.

The effect is unfortunate, pulling the poem down to the level of a children's slanging match, and the poem shows how clumsy Pound was, at this point, at least compared to Lewis, in the writing of satire when the attitude demanded was not native to him.

The last of his contributions to *Blast* 1, "Fratres Minores," achieved a certain amount of notoriety that may have persuaded Pound that it was very avant-garde, for the first line and the last two were heavily censored. The restored poem reads:

> With minds still hovering above their testicles
> Certain poets here and in France
> Still sigh over established and natural fact
> Long since fully discussed by Ovid.
> They howl. They complain in delicate and
> exhausted metres
> That the twitching of three abdominal nerves
> Is incapable of producing a lasting Nirvana.[50]

There is nothing Vorticist about the poem; it merely reinforced Pound's vision of himself as a liberated sexual being.

However, in "Come My Cantilations," he managed to achieve two lines whose images might be called Vorticist in that they caught and held a natural moment in machine images and presented a "still" shot of a civilization of artifacts. The metaphor of air as metal is intensely scientific, if we think of atomic structures.

> We speak of burnished lakes
> And of dry air, as clear as metal.[51]

And in *Blast* 2, although most of the poems by Pound were again childishly polemical, there was one important exception, "Dogmatic Statement On the Game and Play of Chess," where he was trying to express the patterns of a chess game. Because he was discussing the dynamics of the game, he was forced to capture the moves, and while he almost succeeded in investing the chessmen with whirlpool movements, the images tended to acknowledge the sequential and linear movements in a chess game rather than the energetic vortex. There is one fine image, however, in the last four lines that succeeded in capturing the very figure of the Vortex itself, and it must be one of Pound's most successful attempts at

Vorticist writing:

> Red Knights, brown bishops, bright queens
> Striking the board, falling in strong "L's" of colour,
> Reaching and striking in angles,
> Holding lines of one colour:
> This board is alive with light
> These pieces are living in form,
> Their moves break and reform the pattern:
> Luminous green from the rooks
> Clashing with "x's" of queens,
> Looped with the knight-leaps.
> "Y" pawns, cleaving, embanking,
> Whirl, centripetal, mate, King down in the vortex:
> Clash, leaping of bands, straight strips of hard colour
> Blocked lights working in, escapes, renewing of contest.[52]

Pound's lack of success in writing vorticistically as opposed to writing about Vorticism is made clear by contrasting his work to Lewis' all-but-successful attempts in *The Enemy of the Stars*, a play which, in bursts, almost manages to render the fixed moment. Whereas Pound had not yet assimilated Vorticism (which after all was thrust on him by another sensibility) to an extent that allowed him to use it as a shaping force for his own creative energy, Lewis, from whose thinking the basic principles arose, was almost in control of the technique in his play.

Unless the reader is familiar with Lewis' theories of the Self versus the Crowd, the Intellect versus the Emotions, and his Machine People, the content of the play is liable to appear very avant-garde indeed, because of the style. The two main characters, Arghol, the hero, and Hanp, the villain, demonstrate the eternal battle between the Self, the only reality, and the Not-Self, that is anything outside the artist, created by him *into* reality. As Hugh Kenner points out, when discussing Hanp, "His grudge against Arghol is that Arghol doesn't merge into his crowd-life," and that "Arghol's grudge against Hanp is that, being in a sense Arghol's creation, he is Arghol's Ape."[53] Both characters spring from the same root, they are the double-faced individual that Lewis encouraged the artist to be, but they are inevitably at war.

The scene is set in a circle, the circus ring, so the limits are drawn with a Vorticist figure. The crowd is there "silent and expectant," posterity "silent, like the dead, and more pathetic," waiting to swallow up the unwary actors, gathered with the protagonist into a "CLOSE ATMOSPHERE OF TERROR AND NECESSITY," of universal inevitability, of chaos shaped arbitrarily. Arghol enters, fixed form, "CENTRAL AS STONE. POISED MAGNET OF SUBTLE, VAST, SELFISH THINGS," containing in his fixed outline all potential, "INVESTMENT OF RED UNIVERSE."[54] Arghol proceeds calmly, monumentally, through the dialogue; Hanp gibbers, shouts, rages, attacks:

> He was strong and insolent with consciousness
> stuffed in him in anonymous form of vastness of Humanity:
> full of rage at gigantic insolence and superiority,
> combined with utter uncleanness and despicableness--
> all back to physical parallel--of his Master.[55]

There is little action in the play, only the anonymous attack on Arghol at the beginning (the artist under daily attack by the barbarians), and the death struggle at the end between the two parts of the artist, where the baser Crowd-Self knifes the noble Individual-Self and eventually drowns himself in despair. It is an allegory of the True and the False inside one artist, fighting for mastery.

Every so often Lewis almost succeeded in stopping and catching the moment, and at these points he came very close to writing Vorticist prose. There is, for instance, the very effective opening line of the description of the Yard, where the image is almost Vorticist because of its pictorial qualities:

> The Earth has burst, a granite flower, and disclosed the scene.
>
> A wheelwright's yard.[56]

The image of the exploded flower, disclosing the seat of the blast, the centre of all energy, gives the figure of the whirlwind, the cone, all matter separate from, but revolving around, a centre, where there is, not empty space, but the cartwheel, in itself a Vorticist image. Later, there is another scene that, in its clever use of static verbs, provides us with an excellent example of the fixed moment:

> The stars shone madly in the archaic blank wilderness of the universe, machines of prey.
> Mastodons, placid in electric atmosphere, white rivers of power.
> They stood in eternal black sunlight.[57]

The verbs "shone" and "stood" indicate fixity, and the use of the "white rivers of power" is an excellent way to indicate a moving yet fixed object. Nevertheless, although *The Enemy of the Stars* incorporated many of Lewis' Vorticist theories on the nature of the artist and art, there were few other occasions in *Blast* when he could truly be said to write in a Vorticist style. It is possible, though, that the typographical arrangements of the words on the "Blast" and "Bless" pages, written mostly by Lewis, might qualify as Vorticist.[58] They appear in architectural patterns on the page, making little houses of vertical and horizontal planes, and the eye is forced at first to take in whole sections rather than individual words. But these were a painter's creation, owing their effect to graphics, rather than a poet's.

Undoubtedly, although he failed to write vorticistically, his writing about Vorticism, "The Vortex," was Pound's most important contribution to *Blast*. Under the pressure of belonging to a group of highly energized and creative artists, he brought together his random thoughts on the creative impulse and managed to transform them into an orderly exposition of a movement. The whole of *Blast* is a Vorticist act, but for a short description of the movement itself one has to go to Pound's definitions of primary pigment, the image, the point of maximum energy and so on, in order to see the principles separated from the sometimes confusing practice. In 1916, he made the effort to gather together a book on Vorticism, using the sculptor Gaudier-Brzeska as a pivot. It still stands as the best explanation of not only Vorticism and Gaudier-Brzeska but also Pound's own thoughts on the art impulse in the second decade of the twentieth century.

Gaudier-Brzeska's work on sculptural history, with *The Enemy of the Stars* and Pound's "Vortex," are probably those parts of *Blast* that have had lasting significance. Of importance at the time as explanations or expressions of the Vorticist art impulse were Lewis' "Vortices and Notes," comments on Vorticism and contemporary civilization, the manifestoes and, of course, the pages of "Blasts" and "Blesses." The work by Ford and Rebecca West in the first number, and the two Eliot poems ("Preludes" and "Rhapsody on a Windy NIght") in the second, are examples of fine art, but seem out of place in *Blast*, having no observable link with Vorticism.

Of the two numbers, *Blast* 1 is obviously of much greater power and importance than *Blast* 2. The extraordinary typography and the colourful language was largely eliminated from the second *Blast,* perhaps for practical reasons of economy because of the war. The type is not just normal-sized, it is actually much smaller than usual, apart from a few over-size pages, and the number of pages is almost halved. The pink cover has gone from *Blast* 2 and with it much of the zest. Even the plates are of an inferior quality (and quantity) when compared to the many excellent reproductions of Vorticist art scattered generously through *Blast* 1.

The magazine, in its first issue, was new to English culture, and much of its effect stemmed from its shock value. The reader was assailed, ears, eyes and mind, by new concepts presented in architectural structures across outsize, high-quality paper. Every page aimed a punch, although some were admittedly more telling than others, and the sheer energy of the magazine probably helped to prevent the reader noting the numerous typographical errors that were the result of careless and hasty editing. When it appeared on June 20, 1914, it immediately became a talking-point, a seven day wonder. By 1915, and the second number, the magazine had outlived its usefulness. It was the weapon of an avant-garde whose teeth were drawn by the war.

Blast was both an attack on the *status quo* of English culture and a projection of an art philosophy, so it was both destructive and constructive in aim and intention. The vigour of the attack, and the humour, masked a more serious moral purpose, to whose effectiveness Aldington was a witness:

> I am not an art critic, so I suppose I have no right to praise or dispraise these works, still it seems to

> me, as an outsider, that these Vorticist painters have created something like a new form of art.

And:

> What Vorticism does kill is any lingering feeling for imitative art--I mean art which was not the expression of anything of its own time but merely a copy of some earlier period. Thus, the sculpture of the eighteenth century and the paintings of most of the pre-Raphaelites have no longer the least meaning for me.
>
> Vorticism is the death of necrology in art.[59]

This must have afforded great satisfaction to the man who wrote:

> Our Vortex is proud of its polished sides.
>
> Our Vortex will not hear of anything but its disastrous polished dance.[60]

Without Pound, *Blast* would not have had the structural unity imposed by the word "vorticism," and would have been a collection (albeit an interesting one) of disparate opinion on modern art. The grouping of individual talents under the semblance of a central philosophy that was expressed in various articles throughout the two issues of the magazine gave it a focus and a tight structure that would have been missing otherwise. It was a short but vital association of men and ideas, and was Pound's second and last serious attempt to find his artistic shape within a group. As he wrote to R. P. Blackmur in 1926, "at the start a man must work in a group; later in life he becomes gradually incapable of working in a group."[61] After World War I, Pound was set on an increasingly lonely path, for a variety of reasons, one of which was his lonely task of construction as Isis in the midst of destruction.

Working with the Vorticists and *Blast* was most important for Pound's development, although at the time it was not apparent how important.

In the first place, he was introduced, as he acknowledged, to a new way of seeing form and a new conception of planes and spatial relationships which he transferred from the plastic arts to literature. Then, he was forced, by the intense pressure of the genius investing the Vorticist group, to synthesize in writing points that had been no more than movings in him of instinctual perceptions. The metaphor of the Vortex as a natural form expressing the pure energy patterns of the creative act was of immense importance to his later poetry, and stood for some time as one of the permanent metaphors he was searching for.

After the *Blast* experience, however, a curious phenomenon can be observed in his magazine prose, at least until the "Treatise on Harmony" in 1924. With the Vortex, Pound appears to have arrived at a point in his metaphysical thinking beyond which he could not or would not go, for after gathering together his ideas on form and pattern in *Gaudier-Brzeska*, he retreated from high-powered thinking about the *forma*. It is true that the Fenollosa material on the ideogram was not published until 1919 in the *Little Review*, but according to Stock the essay had been finished for several years but had just not been accepted for publication.[62] After 1915, and before 1924, the intensity of the search for form seems to have become dispersed in an abundance of socio-political articles and in didactic reviews of contemporary artists. One feels that Pound took to passing on the limits of the journey as he had defined them, rather than pushing the exploration further along the road.

Several explanations occur. In the first place, he was working seriously on his *Cantos*, and perhaps reserved his most intense energies for that most important form of work; or perhaps he needed time to assimilate the new patterns and put them to use. A third possibility suggests itself that is connected with the figure of the Vortex itself. It may be that, although the Vortex presented Pound with an ideal manifestation of the "permanent metaphor" it also led him into dangerous perceptions about what he called the "theos" in "Axiomata," the creative consciousness outside man. The Vortex, as I said, carries with it its own destruction and resurrection, to an infinite number of times; therefore it is an adequate symbol of the eternal life and death cycles. The problem is that it is an explanation of an observable fact of physical phenomena that is without any perceivable meaning since it never alters; it simply *is*. By this token, *stasis* has as little meaning as flux, and therefore there may be no such thing as a meaningful divine *forma*. As Pater said:

> In its primary aspect, a great picture has no more definite message for us than an accidental play of sunlight and shadow for a few moments on the wall or floor. . . .

Applying this to the concept of a divine *forma*, we can see that the only meaning in the "permanent metaphor" would rest, not with the final pattern itself, but with the human as observer. In other words, the *forma*, the creating *Word* is so, not by any divine intelligence, but by the operation of a meaningless inner necessity. Thinking along these lines leads one to the idea that the divine form exhibits nothing but divine stupidity to the man who can finally gaze directly into the glass, and that way perhaps madness, or silence, lies for one who believed so fervently in the intelligence as a shaping force. Pound managed to escape from direct recognition of the true nature of the *forma* for more than thirty years, but perhaps the sublime, unconscious god could not be denied in the end, taking his full measure of silent inaction from the poet who had spent his life searching for a meaningful pattern.

CHAPTER FIVE

POUND AND THE *LITTLE REVIEW*

By 1917, the year of Pound's first appearance in the *Little Review*,[1] he was contributing articles intermittently to three other journals: the *New Age*, which received mainly his socio-political prose; the *Egoist*, which published his tracing of the emergent patterns among "donative" artists in the twentieth century; and *Poetry*, in which he placed almost all of his poetry and a very few reviews. By this year, therefore, he had achieved a fair amount of exposure in both English and American cultural circles and had influenced (through his entrepreneurial activities) the type of literature being published in the little magazines.

The energizing effects of the Vortex and the Ideogram, both of which first entered his conscious thinking between 1913 and 1914, had settled into a steady pulse, by 1917, and had become assimilated both into his art philosophy and into his vision of the universal formulae to an extent that allowed him to write confidently about both images. One might have expected, therefore, that he would be ready in 1917 either to start his explorations again, seeking to push out the limits of his metaphysical thinking, or to settle down exclusively to his craft as a poet. In fact, he did neither, while appearing to do both. The task of analyzing the first *Cantos*, which appeared in *Poetry* in 1917, is well beyond the scope of this thesis; suffice to say that none of them survived for long in the original version and cannot, therefore, be examples of successful poetry-making. Of the many prose articles in the little magazines, there was none that truly challenged the outer limits of his ideas on the "permanent metaphor," except the Fenollosa essay, "The Chinese Written Character as a Medium for Poetry," but this, although printed in the *Little Review* in 1919, had been completed several years before and was therefore a product of the earlier energized period of his life, that is 1913 to 1915. Pound's prose work in all the little magazines post-1917 and before the advent in 1919 of Major Douglas' economic theories, was characterized by its extensive rather than its intensive character. He wrote a great deal but none of it (always excepting the Fenollosa essay) was exploratory: there were many short articles in defence of his chosen artists; there were academic articles, sometimes involving translations, on the Elizabethan Classicists, on Fontenelle, on the French poets, on Henry James and on the early translators of Homer; and there were repetitions of his socio-political concerns in studies of the modern press and of cultural attitudes such as provincialism. Even his music and art reviews in the *New Age* showed him consolidating a position, most of the time. That his search for the universal formulae had lessened in intensity becomes very clear, when one reads the work chronologically. The reason this happened is more difficult to arrive at and had better be left to the developing nature of this study to suggest before a final attempt at a conclusion is made.

In 1917, however, his personal disillusionment with both England and America as possible centres for the new civilization was growing, and was permeating his socio-cultural articles. Scathing attacks on mediocrity and stupidity studded his prose as he came to realize the inefficacy of attacking the party of conspiracy. He was beginning to believe that he would never be a success in England, and had acknowledged fully, by 1917, that *Poetry* would never be the magazine he wanted to fight the battle for the new art forms and ideological concepts. His relationship with both countries had sagged into gloom, but in 1917 he asserted himself once more to make the attempt on American cultural mediocrity by accepting the foreign editorship of the *Little Review*, a little magazine that had been produced from Chicago during the previous three years by Margaret Anderson, assisted latterly by Jane Heap.

After three years of publishing soulful editorials on the sublimity of art and life, of printing passionate declarations of revolution (both artistic and political), local American poetry of a romantic nature and columns of reader-editor exchanges about the nature of art, Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap published a blank *Little Review*. They were ostensibly protesting the lack of good copy,although, as Ian Hamilton points out, their gesture was ruined by the fact that it was made from a holiday retreat in California:

> The blank pages (in fact, there were only thirteen of them) made a striking gesture, but most readers probably realised that it derived more from holiday enervation than from any real access of high standards. The 'maddening' conversation of Jane Heap (Miss Heap was an altogether sharper and more rough-tongued figure than her colleague) no doubt encouraged Miss Anderson to adopt her new, haughtily severe, tone, but it is likely that both ladies realised that the trouble with *The Little Review* was that it had run out of both ideas and enthusiasm.[2]

Pound pounced on the opportunity:

> He had been enormously impressed by the 'blank' issue; impressed not only by its appearance of fierce

> intransigence but also by the opportunity it so enticingly revealed to him--he, after all, knew of first-rate work which could have filled those pages.[3]

Here was a great chance to establish himself and other artists before the American public, a chance unhampered by any editorial trepidations. He was made foreign editor and at once electrified the hitherto rather aimlessly defiant magazine. As Hamilton says, in a description of the take-over process that cannot be bettered:

> And sure enough, Pound transformed the magazine. His first issue carried the first part of Eliot's *Eeldrop and Appleplex, Imaginary Letters* by Wyndham Lewis and his own *Jodinranath Mawhor's Occupation*; his second a group of Yeats poems including 'Wild Swans at Coole,' 'A Deep Sworn Vow' and 'Broken Dreams,' as well as more work from himself and Lewis. *The Little Review's* subscribers must have wondered what had hit them. *The Reader Critic* column and Jane Heap's usual jottings were both ousted, and so too were several of the magazine's formerly revered contributors. . . . Pound's third issue (Vol. 4 No. 3) carried further lumps of prose from Wyndham Lewis, and four poems (including 'The Hippopotamus') from Eliot. His fourth offered seven more Yeats poems, a book review section written entirely by himself (Joyce, Japanese plays and *Prufrock*--'the book buyer can not do better'--were his subjects) and poems by two of his newer protégés, John Rodker and Iris Barry. Miss Anderson had to capitulate. Anarchism, she had finally decided, had become 'uninteresting.' She could now see that 'only sensibility matters':
>
> ". . . after working through unbelievable aridness, *The Little Review* has at last arrived at the place from which I wanted it to start. At last we are printing stuff which is creative and inventive, and, thank heaven, not purely local."
>
> Pound's take-over was complete.[4]

Whereas he had felt hampered by Harriet Monroe's cautious editing, he now felt much freer to carry on with his charting operation, and this is the reason why the *Little Review* was important for him. For two years, his prose search for the inherent patterns of twentieth century art was allowed to proceed before an American audience, and with no editorial control at all; it was the ideal vehicle whereby he could continue his conversations with fellow artists about all areas of art, with a few expeditions into sociology. This magazine, more than the others studied in this thesis, was the true platform from which to declare "agenda," things to be done. In fact, as Jane Heap said, "We have given space in the *Little Review* to 23 new systems of art (all now dead), representing 19 countries."[5] Anyone reading the *Little Review* during its fifteen years of existence would have finished up in 1929 having at least a passing acquaintance with contemporary art movements. It was good hunting ground for Pound in his search for "les amis sérieux."

Between 1917 and 1919, Pound contributed to the magazine two sets of poems, three letters, about a dozen reviews, four attempts at prose fiction, a couple of dozen short commentaries on the state of contemporary culture, the Henry James number and the Fenollosa essay on the Chinese written character. This seems, at first glance, an impressive list for such a short period, but in fact, in keeping with the character of the *Review*, Pound's contributions, although numerous, were largely ephemeral, for they were, after all, part of a continuous conversation. This does not detract from their importance, at the time they appeared, as immediate comment by an important poet on contemporary culture and art. In fact, their very temporary nature suitably fulfilled one of the basic principles of the genre of the little magazines: that they be employed as "agenda," notices of things to be done, and "propaganda," promotion of ideas into action. Many of Pound's *Little Review* contributions were either shots fired in the war against mediocrity or were attempts to advertise other contemporary artists. Nevertheless, the four-part edition of Fenollosa's manuscript, the prose fiction, the essay on contemporary French poets, and the issue on Henry James all provide evidence that the search in the latter part of the second decade for the "uncharted patterns" still continued, although at a lesser intensity, and of a spreading, rather than penetrating, character.

There are three major areas into which the *Little Review* prose can be divided: prose fiction that included "Jodindranath Mawhwor's Occupation," "An Anachronism at Chinon," "Aux Etuves de Weisbaden," and "Imaginary Letters"; numerous scattered squibs of the socio-political type against, for instance, the tariff on books; and the work that pivoted around the identification of the true art impulse, and that included the Henry James number and the Fenollosa essay. All can be seen as evidence of Pound's continuing search on the sociological, aesthetic and personal levels for the manifestations of the godhead that he identified in "Religio" as "[eternal] states of mind [that have taken] form."[6]

His first contribution to the *Review*, "Jodindranath Mawhwor's Occupation," concerns a man who, in his lifestyle, manifests an eternal state of mind. He is a living example of the "principle of good," that is inner harmony, made manifest. Here is a man who is able to recognize the divine *forma* and to live his life accordingly:

> The soul of Jodindranath Mawhwor clove to the god of this universe and he meditated the law of the Shastras.[7]

Because he feels and acknowledges the magnetic pull between the human soul and the divine soul, and lives according to received authority based on a recognition of divine law and order, Mawhwor's life is pleasant, even-tenored, orderly and harmonious, governed by a strong pattern both of behaviour and of belief. Pound gives us detailed, gentle descriptions of his physical surroundings, "a case for unguents, and perfumes to be used during the night," "a stand for flowers and pots of cosmetic and other odoriferous substances," "new cut slices of lemon peel," and "such things as were fitting." His room is simply but harmoniously furnished: "There was also a drawing table, a bowl of perfume, a few books and a garland of amaranths." In the midst of physical propriety and understatement, the man himself lives a life of fixed, but pleasant habit; we are presented with a long, detailed description of his daily habits that draws a most vivid picture of equilibrium and harmony, in which nothing untoward or unexpected occurs to destroy the peace or the pace.

Pound is giving us his ideal picture of a completely happy human being, one who is so because he has acknowledged the divine pattern in his own living, and by doing so has undertaken one of the lasting states of the universal mind: "This sort of thing has gone on for thirty five hundred years and there have been no disastrous consequences."[8] There *is* a point to received tradition, Pound tells us, a point that goes far beyond a simple chronological passing on of habits, and we would do well to link ourselves with the principles of true civilization. What may at first reading seem a curious anomaly in Pound's prose writing proves to be right in the mainstream of his thinking about order.

"An Anachronism at Chinon," although employing devices from prose fiction such as setting, characterization and dialogue, is more obviously connected to Pound's socio-cultural work on modern society's *mores* and attitudes. The work is disguised sociological comment, but the *personae* are strong enough and the situation clearly-enough delineated that the enjoyable pretence of fiction is quite well maintained. The conversation between the ghost of Rabelais (chosen presumably as the prototype of all obscenely-humorous, and therefore "dangerous," surgeons of human frailty) and a young American student (Pound, himself, the twentieth century's surgeon) revolves around a comparison of general standards and attitudes in two widely-separated centuries, the emphasis being placed on the modern age's problems. Here, in one essay, were gathered most of the sources of Pound's discontent with his age: the universities as dead centres of learning, for instance, because of the dominance of the German academic system of philological studies; the hypocrisy of modern censorship that allowed classical pornography because of its age; the stranglehold of Christianity over the power sources such as the journals; human stupidity from which only a few who belong to the party of intelligence ever emerge; a deliberate corruption of language, a rejection of the "just terminology"; and sexual prudery that is a symptom of a general trend to interfere with individual freedom. This is the material of hundreds of squibs scattered throughout the little magazines. Would that he had expressed his concerns in more of this type of fiction. He delights the reader at the same time as he is getting his point across, and the work is all the more persuasive for the fictitious elements. The later articles in the *Exile* on the same themes seem dreary in comparison to "An Anachronism" because by 1928 he had lost the power, displayed in the *Little Review* work, of objectifying the narrative voice as it detailed the betrayal of the "principle of good" by the twentieth century.

In the third piece of prose fiction, "Aux Etuves de Weisbaden," a dialogue between two fifteenth century clerics, Le Sieur de Maunsier and Poggio, (the latter deserving Pound's great admiration for having discovered many of the Latin texts that illuminated the first Renaissance), imperfectly conceals Pound's attack on certain features of Christianity that he holds responsible for the deterioration of the twentieth century's civilization. The conversation, set ironically in a spa, opens with a discussion of the Church's attitude to bodily hygiene that symbolizes its failure in matters of mental hygiene, one of Pound's pet subjects when presenting his blueprints for the Risorgimento. The two clerics are openly sceptical about the Church's attitude to morals and ideals, and Poggio reveals himself to be Poundian man in his worship of beauty, not as an ideal but as a manifestation of the Real:

> Is beauty an ideal like the rest? I confess I see the need of no other. When I read that from the breast of the Princess Hellene there was cast a cup of "white gold," the sculptor finding no better model. . . or when I read . . . first of the cup and then of its origin, there comes upon me a discontent with human imperfection. I am no longer left in the "slough of the senses," but am full of heroic life for the instant.[9]

This leads us back to Pound's earlier descriptions of the Image as a key to, rather than a symbol of, Reality, as a bridge between the known and the unknown, and as a source of liberation in the reader. In case we doubt the nature of the beauty that Poggio revels in, he states quite flatly, "I do not count myself among Plato's disciples,"[10] indicating that his kind of beauty is closer to the real than to the ideal. Throughout the "Weisbaden" essay runs Pound's contempt for systems of behaviour enforced on all individuals by dogma, a point that would re-appear very strongly in "Axiomata" in 1921 and in the *Exile*. His characters rejoice in the Renaissance but sadly admit that the end is in sight, brought on by fanaticism and systems:

> Our blessing is to live in an age when some can hold a fair balance. It can not last; many are half-drunk with freedom; a greed for taxes at Rome will raise up envy, a cultivated court will disappear in the ensuing reaction. We are fortunate to live in the wink, the eye of mankind is open; for an instant, hardly more than an instant.[11]

The last jibe in the essay is aimed, in passing, at the true source of the failure of the Roman empire (and by association the Renaissance) that Pound had already commented on in the "Renaissance" series in *Poetry* and that was linked to his constant devotion to the principle of a healthy language as a necessity for a civilized society. Rhetoric, in which the language moves away from the "thingness" into the abstract, thereby rendering the real manifestation of the "permanent metaphor" impossible, has betrayed the human's potential for perfectibility that rests with his capacity to look squarely into the glass now unfortunately under water. Pound says firmly and bluntly: "The rhetoricians ruined the empire."[12]

Perhaps the most ambitious, though not the most successful, of his fictitious articles were the "Imaginary Letters," written under the name of Walter Villerant. These were Pound's response to six imaginary letters sent to the *Review* by Wyndham Lewis as Mr. Bland Burn; the two series were a ruse whereby the writers could carry on a conversation about their own culture and its frailties while at the same time entertaining the reader with characterization and a barely-perceptible "story." The two "authors" use Bland Burn's wife (soon-to-be ex-wife), Lydia as a whipping-boy, alternately cajoling, denouncing, bullying and patronizing her as the symbol of all twentieth century stupidity. From a great height, Walter Villerant lectures Lydia/Everyman on a number of issues familiar to Pound's readers: "There is no truce between art and the public"; "Art that sells on production is bad art, essentially"; "the taste of the public is bad. The taste of the public is always bad," and so on.[13] To one who had followed Pound's attention to matters of individual freedom, the stupidity of the masses, the desired centres of civilization, internationalism, and the efficacy of a great literary tradition in helping modern man to reach a harmonious state of being, these letters would have been entertaining extensions of Pound's charting operations. To the casual reader of the *Review*, or even the dedicated but uninitiated, they must surely have seemed incomprehensible, beyond the "story" level. Their success depends upon the reader's width of reference, rather than upon their own strengths, an increasingly significant point about Pound's prose work post-1917.

The four pieces of prose fiction are enjoyable reading because, while presenting Pound's serious lasting concerns about society, they compromise with the average reader's need to have sugar-coating on the pill; not so those *Little Review* articles that contain explicit and dogmatic statements on political and social corruption, articles that hint at the vituperation that was to mar much of his writing in the *Exile* ten years later. Nevertheless, in spite of their unattractive nature, these *Little Review* articles are important to our understanding of the divergence of Pound's creative energies into areas of secondary importance to the working artist. Political rectitude should underlie, not dominate, art. By allowing himself to be sidetracked by sociological issues, Pound was, in his own way, betraying the *forma*. There are many demagogues but very few "makkars."

Nevertheless, two of the concerns that were to develop over the years and to become central to Pound's attack on government interference in the progress of culture, appeared for the first time in the *Little Review*: the tariff imposed by the American government on imported books, and censorship, imposed under Section 211 of the Criminal Code. The article on the latter, appearing in the issue for March 1918 under the heading "The Classics 'Escape'," was obviously prompted by the trial under Section 211 of the *Little Review* editors for the publication, late the previous year, of James Joyce's *Ulysses*, and was only the first of many indictments of the law that Pound was to make. Sexual prudery in an age that was seeing scandalous political and business corruption was unforgiveable to his way of thinking, and in his article he attacked the stupidity and ambiguity of the law. He reprinted it and the cynical judgement of Judge Hands who excused the classics from falling under the law because they "have the sanction of age and fame and usually appeal to a comparatively limited number of readers."[14] He also attacked the immoral stupidity that made "one hundred and twenty millions of inhabitants desire [to have] their literature sifted for them by one individual selected without any examination of his literary qualifications." Ten years later in the *Exile* he was still fighting the same battle with censorship, in almost exactly the same terms. It was one of his continuous themes, after 1917.

In the issue for November, he had two articles on import tariffs, the first, "Tariff and Copyright," a rewrite of a *New Age* article. As he saw it, tariffs were a needless hindrance to international communication, and as such were immoral and led to barbarism:

> Among the present hindrances to communication two at least are utterly needless; the first, America's demoded and mediaeval import duty on books, an atavism which the city of Paris had dispensed with in the sixteenth century, and the elimination of which aided in no small degree to keep Paris a centre of civilization;[15]

The protective element in tariffs he dismissed summarily, indicating that in fact they did not protect but rather harmed the American writer:

> The government's income from import duty on serious literature is negligible. The sole result is to handicap American authors and to preserve a provincial tone in American literature to its invalidation.
>
> The expression of thought is a process capable of improvements as complex and as important as the improvements of material mechanical processes.
>
> The American writer hears of such improvements ten years late, and begins with that handicap.

These views about the influence on American letters of international communication had faded by the last issue of the *Exile* where a thoroughly-disillusioned Pound cautioned America against going to Europe for its models. In the *Little Review*, Pound was still trying to Europeanize himself; by the *Exile*, he had become fully, if angrily, American, albeit in exile.

Later in the same article, he picked up an earlier comment on French civilization and the ready accessibility for the French of good books from all nations. He commented that the import duty on books was "part of the old obstructionism; part of an old hatred of intercommunication." It was one with other "tyrannies and oppressions" that ought to end up on "the dung-heap." He then made a statement on France that pulled together ideas expressed in other little magazines on the political significance of a good literary culture that reflects national intelligence as a shaping element of the national consciousness.

> French resistance to the Prussian demonstrates the value of a national consciousness, of an intelligent national consciousness; this comes only from clear thought,freeely and clearly expresed. The French defence proves that literature *pays* a nation.
>
> The stamina of France is due in part to Theophile Gautier, to the Academie de Goncourt; to the French care for art and letters.

And of the artist as a political force he said:

> The man who states the fact as he sees it is of more "value to the state" than the man who receives a salary for uttering a set programme (religious, economic, political or literary, or "educational"). His value is proportionate to the clarity and precision of his statement; to the closeness of correspondence between his statement and fact.

Only the artist with the capacity to reflect the true proportions of the "permanent metaphor" could be called one of the "unacknowledged legislators." In such articles as these can be seen Pound's growing conviction that he knew what was wrong with his society and how to put it right. It was a conviction that was to harden into dogmatism by the thirties.

In February 1918, almost the entire issue was given over to Pound's "A Study in French Poets," that was basically an expanded re-write of the series "The Approach to Paris," published in 1913 in the *New Age*. As with the earlier series, this essay was taken up, for the most part, with reprints of selected poems, in the original French. Pound's comments are minimal because, as he said: "There is no use gassing about these differences; the reader can see the thing itself in the poems." The idea is, of course, completely in accordance with his theories on the nature of the critic. He was out to educate Americans about the state of contemporary French poetry, as part of the charting process, and claimed:

> The time when the intellectual affairs of America could be conducted on a monolingual basis is over. It has been irksome for long. We offer no apology for printing most of this number in French. The intellectual life of London is dependent on people who understand this language about as well as their own. America's part in contemporary culture is based chiefly upon two men familiar with Paris: Whistler and Henry James. It is something in the nature of a national disgrace that a New Zealand paper, *The Triad*, should be more alert to, and have better regular criticism of, contemporary French publications than any American periodical has yet had.[16]

International peace as a result of international understanding was obviously very much on his mind in this last year of the war. Of his own essay he commented:

> I aim at a sort of qualitative analysis. If the reader familiarizes himself with the work of Gautier,

> Baudelaire, Verlaine, Mallarmé, Samain, Heredia, and of the authors I quote here, I think he will have a pretty fair idea of the sort of poetry that has been written in France during the last half century, or at least the last forty years, and, for what my opinion is worth, he will know most of the best,--and a certain amount of the half-good. He may also purchase Van Bever and Leautaud's anthology and find samples of some forty or fifty more poets.

Considering the extensive nature of the article (sixty one pages), Pound's comment was probably justified, although one wonders, in the light of his criticism of the American tendency to national isolation, how many readers of the *Little Review* could read French adequately enough to make much of the poetry.

In August 1918, he was responsible for an issue devoted to Henry James who had died two years before. It included articles by Ethel Coburn Mayne of the *Yellow Book* group close to James in the nineties, by Orage, by Eliot, by Rodker and by Theodora Bosanquet. The major part of the issue was written, however, by Pound, and it is clear that his admiration for James was of an unusual kind. He dismissed the subject of James' style ("I am tired of hearing pettiness talked about Henry James's style")[17] and moved on quickly to what, for him, were the author's most important characteristics. We are then presented with an example of what happens to a fine critical mind when it gets diverted into the sociological aspects of biography. It was James as a political and ideological force, rather than James as an artist, with whom Pound concerned himself in the issue, and we see him transferring his own anxieties about modern civilization onto James. For instance, Pound's passionate concern, in 1918, after four years of international aggression during which individual rights were deemed irrelevant, with the individual's liberty, showed in his vision of James as

> . . . the hater of tyranny: book after early book against oppression, against all the sordid petty personal crushing oppression, the domination of modern life, not worked out in the diagrams of Greek tragedy, not labelled "epos" or "Aeschylus." The outbursts in *The Tragic Muse*, the whole of *The Turn of the Screw*, human liberty, personal liberty, the rights of the individual against all sorts of intangible bondage. The passion of it, the continual passion of it in this man who, fools said, didn't "feel." I have never yet found a man or emotion against whom idiots didn't raise this cry.[18]

James was valuable as an American writer inasmuch as he acted as the bard of the tribe, the "makkar" of the tribal consciousness that communicated itself strongly to other tribes. His great task was

> . . . this labour of translation, of making America intelligible, of making it possible for individuals to meet across national borders. I think half the American idiom is recorded in Henry James's writing, and whole decades of American life that otherwise would have been utterly lost, wasted, rotting in the unhermetic jars of bad writing, of inaccurate writing.[19]

His greatness was linked to his attempts to facilitate international communication that aimed at peace, at a harmonious Renaissance of the human spirit. Anything set in the way of this revival was "evil."

> Peace comes of communication. No man of our time has so laboured to create means of communication as did the late Henry Jaems. [sic] The whole of great art is a struggle for communication. All things set against this are evil whether they be silly scoffing or obstructive tariffs.[20]

The major part of Pound's contributions to this issue were concerned with the artist as a political and sociological force, although there were scattered references to style and there was one complete section on

James' stylistic methods. The sections written by others were short and mainly of a reminiscent character, and it was Pound who, because he wrote the most, set the dominant, sociological tone throughout. Still, in spite of the minor amount of literary analysis, Pound's work on James, scattered throughout the issue but later reprinted as one long essay in "Literary Essays," provided considerable insights into James as a social force, as one of the true "makkars" of the race consciousness. As such, the essay was certainly part of Pound's explorations of the modern art impulse.

In September 1919, the most important of his *Little Review* contributions was printed: the four part essay by Ernest Fenollosa, edited by Pound, entitled "The Chinese Written Character as a Medium for Poetry." According to Stock, Fenollosa's widow had first approached Pound in 1913, after reading some of his Imagiste poetry, with the request that he edit her husband's papers on Chinese and Japanese literature.[21] It was a fortunate meeting both for the manuscripts and for Pound; Fenollosa's work could scarcely have found a more suitable editor, and Pound's own work was to benefit greatly from the exposure he underwent to Japanese drama and Chinese poetry. In particular, the long essay on the Chinese ideograph gave fresh impetus to Pound's work on the image and on his search for form. From 1913, he worked intermittently on the manuscripts, producing polished versions of Fenollosa's translations of "Noh" drama and the poetry of Rihaku that appeared in *Poetry* and the *New Age*. Between 1916 and 1919, the work went on, but nothing more was published until the September 1919 issue of the *Little Review*.

Pound's part in Fenollosa's essay was to edit it: "I have done little more than remove a few repetitions and shape a few sentences," and to insert comments in footnotes linking points raised in the essay with his own concerns. For the most part, it was Fenollosa's unaided voice that spoke, giving developed expression to the metaphysics of language as a model of the universal processes involved in the *panta rei* theory. In this essay, Pound found a startling catalytic force for the rather dimly seen elements in his own thinking that had tentatively surfaced in his work on the Image. In the introduction to the essay, Pound refers to Fenollosa as a man on a search, intent upon discerning "principles of writing" and with a mind "constantly filled with parallels and comparisons." Fenollosa's method was Pound's method of "luminous detail," and that Pound felt a strong affinity for him as one of "les amis sérieux" who was hunting down the uncharted patterns was made very clear in the introduction, and in comments in letters and articles.

Using concrete analogies, ideographs that are verbs in Chinese but have become nouns in English, Fenollosa took Pound forward a stage on his search for the "permanent metaphor" by identifying its inner structure, the essentially active nature of "thingness." Having identified relationships in the natural world as a set of successive operations, occupying time, that needed to be accorded the chance to record that time element in their linguistic counters, he said: "Chinese notation is something much more than arbitrary symbols. It is based upon a vivid shorthand picture of the operations of nature."[22] This succinct summation of the facts of an oriental language caused in Pound great excitement and a growth in confidence, because it expressed, almost as a foregone commonplace, ideas about language towards which he had been groping uncertainly. The authority of the Fenollosa essay, the firm tone and the strong convictions based on the practices of a very ancient literary tradition, encouraged Pound at the time he edited the essay to go forward boldly with his investigations.

Fenollosa was intent upon denying that *stasis* was natural to the universal order:

> A true noun, an isolated thing does not exist in nature. Things are only the terminal points, or rather the meeting points of actions, cross-selections cut through actions, snap-shots. Neither can a pure verb, an abstract motion, be possible in nature. The eye sees noun and verb as one: things in motion, motion in things, and so the Chinese conception tends to represent them.[23]

One can see clearly why, after 1914, under the influence of the Vortex and the Ideogram, Pound moved past the rather static nature of Imagisme into figures that better represented the inevitable and inseparable natures of the god-energies and the god-form.

Pound's opening statement, "We have here not a bare philological discussion but a study of the fundamentals of all esthetics" indicated why the work was so important to him. Even in his very early work in *motz el son*, his instinctively based belief in a universal "right rhythm," of an unending pattern of relationships between natural objects, was revealed. This was to become clearer in his later work, particularly with regard to music, where he analysed and synthesized concepts of harmony and design that had first seen groping expression in the *Blast* days. We see very clearly how important Fenollosa was for Pound when we read in Part Three:

> The whole delicate substance of speech is built upon substrata of metaphor. Abstract terms, pressed by etymology, reveal their ancient roots still embedded in direct action. But the primitive metaphors do not spring from arbitrary subjective processes. They are possible only because they follow objective lines of relations in nature herself. Relations are more real and more important than the things which they relate. The forces which produce the branch-angles of an oak lay potent in the acorn. Similar lines of resistance, half curbing the out-pressing vitalities, govern the branching of rivers and of nations. Thus a nerve, a wire, a roadway, and a clearing-house are only varying channels which communications forces for itself. This is more than analogy, it is identity of structure.[24]

Fenollosa expressed in a few sentences ideas that had appeared briefly throughout Pound's work in the little magazines. The direct link between language and action, and the independence of shape and energy in a universe devoid of the human's shaping mind, were concepts that had struggled for expression in the *New Age* articles in particular; and the affirmation of a continuity throughout all the aspects of the natural universe, including "the branching of rivers and of nations," confirmed Pound's search among the affairs of civilization for what Fenollosa called "identity of structure."

> Nature furnishes her own clues. Had the world not been full of homologies, sympathies, and identities, thought would have been starved and language chained to the obvious. There would have been no bridge whereby to cross from the minor truth of the seen to the major truth of the unseen. Not more than a few hundred roots out of our large vocabularies could have dealt directly with physical processes. These we can fairly well identify in primitive Sanskrit. They are, almost without exception, vivid verbs. The wealth of European speech grew, following slowly the intricate maze of nature's suggestions and affinities. Metaphor was piled upon metaphor in quasigeological strata.[25]

Here, in one paragraph, lies the meat of Pound's *Guide to Kulchur*. It brings together in one coherent, rich unit, the references to lines of force and inherent relationships in nature that lie scattered throughout Pound's early prose work in the little magazines, in particular in the *New Age*.

For Fenollosa, as for Pound, the task of the poet was to deal with concrete truth rather than abstractions, in expressing the bridge between the inner and outer realities.

> Metaphor, the revealer of nature, is the very substance of poetry. The known interprets the obscure, the universe is alive with myth. The beauty and freedom of the observed world furnish a model, and life is pregnant with art. It is a mistake to suppose, with some philosophers of aesthetics, that art and poetry aim to deal with the general and the abstract. This misconception has been foisted upon us by mediaeval logic. Art and poetry deal with the concrete of nature, not with rows of separate "particulars," for such rows do not exist. Poetry is finer than prose because it gives us more concrete truth in the same compass of words. Metaphor, its chief device, is at once the substance of nature and of language. Poetry only does consciously what the primitive races did unconsciously.[26]

The assertion that metaphor is "at once the substance of nature and of language" indicated a belief in a natural and inevitable process of relationships in which language, and therefore poetry, took an equal part.

The universe of Fenollosa's essay was alive and in perpetual motion, but it was a democratic universe; that is, there was no final *forma*, no superior godhead, no inevitable point towards which all things moved. Only in this lack of a single focal point in the universe would his theories not have satisfied Pound's intuitions. Pound was looking for the final expression of all meaning that other men would call God. A universe without a god, or at least a "permanent metaphor" was unthinkable for Pound.

Apart from this, Fenollosa's essay did some of Pound's thinking for him. For instance, the criticism of the anemia engendered in language by modern philological concepts expressed in one tight paragraph what Pound went back to continually in his work.

> Our ancestors built the accumulations of metaphor into structures of language and into systems of thought. Languages to-day are thin and cold because we think less and less into them. We are forced, for the sake of quickness and sharpness, to file down each word to its narrowest edge of meaning. Nature would seem to have become less like a paradise and more and more like a factory. We are content to accept the vulgar misuse of the moment. A late stage of decay is arrested and embalmed in the dictionary. Only scholars and poets feel painfully back along the thread of our etymologies and piece together our diction, as best they may, from forgotten fragments. This anemia of modern speech is only too well encouraged by the feeble cohesive force of our phonetic symbols. There is little or nothing in a phonetic word to exhibit the embryonic stages of growth. It does not bear metaphor on its face. We forget that personality once meant, not the soul, but the soul's mask. This is the sort of thing one can not possibly forget in using the Chinese symbols.[27]

And, possibly, the origins of Pound's identification of the poets' task as a "rappel à l'ordre" lie in Fenollosa's statement:

> The chief work of literary men in dealing with language, and of poets especially, lies in feeling back along the ancient lines of advance.[28]

There is a negative side to Fenollosa's effects on Pound, the same as was present in the figure of the Vortex. Fenollosa's basic ideas on the connection between the eternal activity in the natural world and language (" . . . the great number of these ideographic roots carry in them a *verbal idea of action*")[29] may have pushed Pound close to a dangerous point. A man on a hunt for order is searching for stability, however temporary. The idea of the "verbness of thingness" identifies the universe as being only constant flux taking momentary form. Acknowledging to the full the metaphysical ramifications of both the Vortex and the Ideogram would have involved Pound in chasing after meaningless meaning, patternless pattern. If one follows the image through, the constant, unconscious movement of energies into apparently meaningful but truly meaningless shape would, by repetition, indicate the futile nature of the search. Pound was not ready to admit defeat, yet, and thus he chose to use the Ideogram and the Vortex on the level of intensity at which he understood them in 1916 or so. Both figures, however, can lead to a dangerous comprehension, particularly for the "makkar" who is consciously seeking to apprehend and pass on meaningful natural patterns.

Still, in spite of the problems inherent in the essay, it would be difficult to overemphasize its importance to the progress of Pound's thinking on the universal formulae.[30] He had found a rich and coherent expression of concepts about poetic language of which he had been aware, however crudely, for years. It provided a catalyst for his thinking just as, in a similar fashion, the genius of the *Blast* group had helped him to pull together his previously intuited intimations of aesthetic truths. It was a question, in both cases, of being in the right place at the right time.

In general, Pound's work in the *Little Review* tended to be abrasive reading for the public of even such a progressive magazine. On several occasions, after there had been a spate of Pound in its pages, the paper's editors were flooded with protests from their readers protesting strenuously what one of them called "an Ezraized *Little Review*"; another wailed, "The *Little Review* is flourishing only decadent blunderings under the magical wand of the grand dervish, Mr. Ezra Pound." Between 1917 and 1919 the readers were indeed expected to listen to him on many occasions, but by 1919 it was a slightly weary Pound who wrote a summation note for the fifth volume of the review:

> Creation is a very slow process. It is possible, by doing a certain amount of well-paid but unimportant work, for me to buy leisure sufficient for whatever creative processes are possible to me. It is not sufficient for me to add to that dual existence a third function. Leaving polysyllables, either the editing of the foreign section of the *Little Review* has got to pay my board and rent, etc., and leave me sufficient leisure for my own compositions, or I have got to spend my half time on something more lucrative.

His writing output was always prodigious, but it is almost a relief to hear him acknowledge a weariness with the hugger-mugger of the magazine world and express concern for his own creative work. After this date, he contributed very little to the *Little Review*, since the first burst of enthusiasm had died. Besides, his work in the *New Age* was taking precedence at this stage, perhaps because it brought him in a regular income but more likely because it involved him increasingly in music, the art form towards which the next years would incline him.

The astonishing amount of time and creative energy that Pound devoted to the little magazines is an indication of how strong in him was the desire to teach, to communicate, to stand at the centre of the New Era and direct operations. None of the little magazines suffered immediately from an absence of Pound when he drifted to other sources of publication, but on the other hand, without him, they might not have been able to publish much of the important literature of the early twentieth century. If Pound owed a debt to the little magazines' editors for providing him with a platform, they in turn owed to him the direct concentration on important writers that distinguishes the little magazines dealt with in this study from the great mass of other publications that appeared and died almost unnoticed during the first thirty years of the twentieth century. The *Little Review* was certainly no exception.

There was an element of the elder statesman about Pound's association with the magazine. One feels that he was engaged in passing on ideas rather than exploring them, as he had with *Blast*. Harriet Monroe of *Poetry* had enough respect for native American writers to fight hard against allowing Pound to be too condescending in his attitudes. In the *Little Review*, he was allowed to occupy the position of instructor, and there is little in his contributions to indicate great progress in his thinking between 1917 and 1919. He was beginning to harden into a "position" on the arts and culture that became defensive by the early twenties.

Pound's prose in the *Little Review* shows him settling into a *persona*, the Guide and Mentor, that suited one side of his nature quite well. As an escape from the intensive nature of the search, however, it did him a disservice, since it provided too easy a distraction. Until he started to work seriously on music theory, thereby shifting rather than advancing his thinking, Pound's prose reveals him continually re-covering old ground. Even Douglas' Social Credit theories did not help to advance his search for the *forma*; they rather extended his territory in an outward, not upward, direction.

CHAPTER SIX

POUND AND THE *DIAL*

Between 1919 and 1921, Pound found yet another catalyst for his ideas in Major Douglas' Social Credit theories. His puzzlement over modern society's inability to perfect itself after the divine model was, for a time at least, answered by Douglas' readings of economic corruption and its effects on society's morals. Although a pedestrian subject, economics came to exercise a magnetic pull over Pound's thinking in the twenties and thirties, especially (and unfortunately) as they related to matters of culture and art. Failures in civilization were inevitably traced back to the corrupting power, over both institutions and individuals, of credit and false money. Thus, the "rappel à l'ordre" became a matter for dogmatism and narrow-mindedness, and revealed an inferior type of thinking about the search, compared to the potentially powerful ideas on the Vortex and the Ideogram. There was enough cynicism and brooding in his prose during the 1919 to 1921 period to demonstrate Pound's discontent with his setting and his life-style and that he was ready for new horizons. Between 1920 and 1921, he exchanged London for Paris in the hope that he would find there a closer attention to the business of running a civilized centre for the Risorgimento, and that Paris would be the great Vortex of twentieth century art.

The problem with Paris in 1921, for the English-speaking artist, was the lack of an English magazine to act as a platform for new work. Pound was forced to turn once more to America for publishing space, in spite of his growing conviction that there was a "blood poison"[1] there, and in spite of his naming himself explicitly "a middle-aged European."[2] The magazine to which he attached himself was the very successful *Dial*.

The history of the *Dial* goes back to 1840 when it was first set up as a transcendentalist publication. Its fortunes fluctuated until 1917 at which time it was bought by two wealthy men, Scofield Thayer and James Sibley Watson. Under their ownership, the magazine had financial stability, strong editorial direction and an enlightened board of directors. In its financial security, the *Dial* was quite different from most of the other little magazines in this study, enjoying the backing of wealthy men who were also men of taste; instead of a single editor, it had an editorial board to help out the nominal editor (Marianne Moore held this position under Thayer and Watson for several years); it had no specific policy except for a deliberate eclecticism that was part of the heritage from the nineteenth century editors; it had a managing editor, Gilbert Seldes, to administer the daily executive functions of the company; and lastly, for ten years or so, it had a steady circulation of between thirty and forty thousand readers.[3] In addition, it awarded a prize of two thousand dollars annually to the best writer,[4] and paid its contributors a steady rate of two cents a word for prose or twenty dollars a page for poetry.[5] The *Dial* was a much greater commercial success than any other little magazine of the day.

The magazine was a cultural success also. Among its contributors were Ford, Eliot, Lawrence, Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Hemingway, Santayana, Julien Benda, Paul Morand, Gide, and Middleton Murry, and, of course, Pound himself. It was a conservative magazine but it published Pound's *Cantos* and was the first magazine to accept Eliot's *The Waste Land*, although Thayer and Watson agreed to hold back on its publication so that Eliot's own little magazine, the *Criterion*, could have the very first publication anywhere of the poem. The *Dial* was a solidly respectable little magazine and yet it managed to publish almost all of the best writers of the early twentieth century, claiming to have discovered no one, but willing to take the best when given it.

Pound was really no more than a contributor to this paper because the owners had no need of help or advice in selecting contributors and seemed to have discovered a successful technique for producing a worthwhile magazine. He was never asked for advice and may even have been a little in awe of the easy management of the paper, although his recorded comments in letters are slightly derogatory.[6] His association with the *Dial* lasted intermittently for ten years, as long as his previous association with Orage's *New Age*, although the relationship between the poet and the editor of these two papers was very different. The *Dial* published "Mauberley," some of the Cantos, two sets of translations (one of De Gourmont and the other on music), a "traduction" with notes of Cavalcanti's *Donna Mi Prega*, another essay on Cavalcanti and a series of letters sent from Paris when Pound was being paid by the magazine as their Paris Correspondent. This latter position was obtained for him through the influence of John Quinn and Eliot, and brought him a most welcome income of $750 a year, although it lasted for only three years.

Of the work that Pound placed in the *Dial*, only the "Paris Letters" and the Cavalcanti essay, "Medievalism and Medievalism," are relevant to our consideration of his search for order. Occurring close to the beginning and the end of his association with the magazine, they present interesting information about his personal search for the inner harmonies, as well as revealing the distracted nature of his search on the socio-political and cultural levels in the twenties.

The "Paris Letters" appeared irregularly between September 1920 and May 1923, and were, for the most part, re-workings of old areas of concern invested with a new angle because of Pound's awakening interest in economics. Some of them were comments on contemporary French art, others commentaries on English and American art. They were very similar to the commentaries in the *Little Review* and the *New Age*, being investigations of the modern art impulse, which used particular occasions as excuses for a general attack on cultural mediocrity. Perhaps the most famous of the letters was that of June 1922, (headed May[7]) on Joyce's *Ulysses*, but for the most part they are rather erratic productions, although Pound himself thought they were important. In a letter to R. P. Blackmur, written from Rapallo on March 26, 1925, he commented:

> There is the question of whether the eight[8] *Dial* letters, which I happen to have reread this a.m. are more useful than Paulito's recollection of having sat on Sarah's lap.[9]

That they are useful is true, but not in the way Pound thought. They are far too obviously dominated by the idiosyncracies of the writer to be useful commentaries on the contemporary scene, but they certainly are illuminative of Pound's state at the time of writing.

Stylistically, the "Paris Letters" are uneven, showing, as did some of the *New Age* articles, how Pound was incapable at times of sticking to only one point in his prose writing. Only in the first two, dated September and October of 1920, was the writing consistently focussed on a single subject, modern French letters and French culture; but even here he could not resist the urge to comment on matters strictly beyond the boundaries of his purpose. For instance, when talking of Paris as a literary centre, he slipped in an attack on English and American letters:

> PARIS, the paradise of artists irrespective of their merit or demerit, lying like the background of Rodenbach's portrait, invites one to anything but a critical attitude. Conversation still exists there, and at least one "salon où l'on cause" continues so naturally and with so little flurry and waving of semaphores that one is skeptical about its being the last. There might be one in the next garden; for gardens--not back-gardens, but gardens--still exist within two stones-throw of the river, as do fifteenth century stairs and remnants of sixteenth century classic ornament, and sphinxes, in the styles of both before and after the Egyptian campaign. There are indeed two under my window that might almost have grinned back at Voltaire.
>
> In the faces of whom one comes seeking the triple extract of literature for export purposes; seeking a poetic serum to save English letters from postmature and American telegraphies from premature suicide and decomposition.[10]

In 1920, he was still using images from the "Osiris" period to describe the state of poetry as a dead body whose parts were scattered in decay. Then, after a page and a half of strictly literary criticism on Valette, Gide and Valéry, he interpolated a derogatory note in a paragraph on André Spire who "is a poet, however much time he may spend in being a Zionist. . . ." He commented in this letter on the established poets first, then moved to the "young and very ferocious" new poets, the Dadaists, using a comment on their ferocity to attack his own special targets:

> Which brings us to the young and very ferocious. The young and very ferocious are going to "understand" Guillaume Apollinaire as their elders "understood" Mallarmé. They have raked up Mallarmé's Jeu de Dés, which was published in an Anglo-International periodical called Cosmopolis before the Futurists had cut their eye-teeth.
>
> The young began in Zurich about two years ago, they have published papers which are very, very erratic in appearance, and which contain various grains of good sense.
>
> They have satirized the holy church of our century (journalism), they have satirized the sanctimonious attitude toward "the arts" (toward the arts irrespective of whether the given work of art contains a communication of intelligence). They have given up the pretense of impartiality. They have expressed a desire to live and to die, preferring death to a sort of moribund permanence.[11]

They had, in fact, proved themselves worthy by taking up the same fight Pound had been conducting for years against the same sources that had betrayed modern art.

To a reader familiar with Pound's concerns and the way in which they interacted, with his thoughts on how political and economic factors affected art, artistic features affected civilization, and the idiocies of government, based on corrupt political and economic ethics, affected both art and civilization, and so on, the *Dial* "Paris Letters" are typical examples of Pound's journalistic methods taken to an extreme. They constitute a conversation with a lively mind dealing with several concerns at the same time, but the liveliness becomes frenetic, all too often, and the thematic structure often degenerates into muddle. In their chaotic style, the "Paris Letters" expose a man who was having trouble maintaining his own harmonies. There is desperation in his darting off after new topics, a type of panic, perhaps, brought on by his growing inability to feel optimistic about his century's chances for seeing established the new civilization. The reader ignorant of Pound would find the letters confusing, to say the least, and perhaps even incomprehensible in a few cases. Not only are they not written in orderly, connected paragraphs, but also they rely heavily for effect on allusion, the technique that Pound had used previously in some of his *New Age* and *Egoist* articles to indicate a circle of people "in the know," a kind of intellectual élite. For instance, in the letter dated December, 1921, he referred constantly, if sketchily, to work presented in a previous number of the *Dial*, and in January, 1922 he devoted a considerable amount of time to Paul Gsell, without extensive identification, and mentioned a M. Bergeret and a Professor Brown in close (and confusing) proximity to Anatole France, as though every reader worth his salt would instantly recognize the names. Obviously, Pound refused to make any compromise with his casual reader. His work in the *Dial* was mainly for the already-initiated.

Throughout the "Paris Letters" one can trace five areas that are corollaries to the major one, Paris as a possible *Paradiso Terrestre:* these are, modern French art; theories and practice of literary criticism; politics, in particular the problems of the Individual versus the State; economics, especially as they affect the promotion of a nation's cultural heritage; and, of course, the ever-present concern with the state of Poetry. Mostly, each letter is an amalgamation of all six; even if one area appears to dominate the letter, the whole is scattered with throw-away comments on the others. The purpose of the letters is stated at the beginning of the communication for December, 1921:

> IF the term "letter" at the head of this rubric is to be anything but a mockery it should imply not only communication but answer. To form any sort of porch, vortex, academia, agora there must be at least five or six people sufficiently interested in one another's ideas to wish, one need not say, to correct, but to bring them into some sort of focus; to establish not a foot-rule but some sort of means of communication, and some understanding of how a given idea, emitted from the left side of the table (Rome, Paris) may strike someone seated at the other end or opposite side of the board (Denver, London, Rio de Janeiro).[12]

Pound wanted to continue the international conversation with other lively minds begun in the *New Age*, the *Egoist*, *Poetry*, *Blast* and the *Little Review*.

He saw Paris as the hub of these communications, as a cultural centre and possible site of the *Paradiso Terrestre*, calling it specifically "the paradise of artists," and saying that, although "the literary life of Paris is insular," nonetheless "in recompense . . . they are, these Parisians, more serious in experiment and more thorough than other people." While acknowledging "a dearth of great authors" he asserted that there was "a far greater number of groups, unanime or polyanime, in a state of pleasing and possibly pregnant fermentation. He contrasted England and France on several occasions saying, for instance, that

> England seems to have amassed all the debris of the war; France, if desolated, has at any rate a clear space and, to my mind at least, already a clearly marked if very divergent group of writers under or about forty years of age, writing without humbug, without jealousy, and without an eye on any market whatsoever.[13]

He found Paris restful specifically for "the non-appearance of criteria," which made a welcome change from London and its strenuous application of standards of social taste:

> . . . in this Paris full of personal vendettas and "*potins*," spiteful anecdotes, replies discourteous, et cetera I seem to discern a difference from London, in that the French do not seem to attack a man merely because he has made an innovation or achieved a creditable piece of work. The attack remains a personal attack, the attacker does not attempt to justify his malice as a crusade in favour of better morals or literary uplift. And the city with all its well-known and advertised clap-trap, and all the galleries full of pictures made obviously for the market, remains nevertheless the place in which more than in any other there are the greatest number of men and things not for sale.[14]

It was important for the survival of the true manifestations of the divine *forma* that there existed even a few "amis sérieux" who rejected the treacherous commercial spirit.

For Pound, the main attraction of Paris seems to have been its tolerance of the exotic and the exiled, but he saw fairly clearly, by the letter of October, 1922, that it would never be the centre that he was looking for, any more than was London or America. In the following quotation we receive a hint of his future move to Italy, on which he had his eye even in 1922:

> . . . Is it possible to establish some spot of civilization, or some geographically scattered association of civilized creatures? One is up against this problem in a decadent wallow like London, in an enervated centre like Paris, in a reawakening Italy, in an inchoate America.[15]

Nevertheless, in spite of its faults, he found Paris bearable because it was the centre of a culture with comparatively clean legal codes:

> . . . Napoleon cleaned up the French legal codes; perhaps that helps to keep the air breathable. If the French are still gaoled for attempting to commit suicide and failing in the endeavour, it probably is not on the legal supposition that they are thereby trying to cheat their feudal overlord (in the Hibbert case, Geo. V.). Sadism and fanaticism are, or at least one supposes they are, less prevalent on the bench in France than in England.[16]

One of the more pressing concerns in the "Paris Letters" was the growing importance of politics. He started out in September, 1920, on a fairly literary note, but by the last letter, in February, 1923, it was obvious that, over the course of eighteen months, literature had become inseparable for him from the politics of the culture it represented.

Comments on politics, economics and government, and their effect on civilization in general and on art in particular, were scattered throughout the "Paris Letters." Their polemical effect was diminished usually by the literary criticism in which they were embedded, but the regularity with which they occurred indicates how important these areas were becoming for Pound. They also foreshadowed the much more extensive editorials that he wrote four years later in the *Exile* which are almost exclusively political. The *Dial* letters come in two groups: the first, written in September, October and November of 1920; the second, starting up in December, 1921, and finishing in February, 1923. When he wrote the first set, he was still uncertain whether or not his move to Paris would be permanent or whether he would be returning to London. This was also the point of his most intense contact with the ideas of Major Douglas' Social Credit system, which shows in the way that the political ideas vaguely alluded to throughout his work up to this point found a focus and acquired a more forceful character than before. The first three "Paris Letters" were reminders to American readers of what was going on in French literary circles; the fourth, written at the end of 1921, showed a very evident change of tone.

The letter for December, 1921, opened with a page of references to a previous *Dial*, but soon got down to the rub of the matter:

> If the "Letter" is to show even approximately "where in a manner of speaking" its author or the *milieu* which he attempts to communicate "has got to" it can hardly confine itself to jottings on the five or six latest books, even when there are so many in a season; it should at least try to dissociate certain ideas moving in the ferment or sediment beneath or upon current work.[17]

Obviously Pound had no intention of allowing his Paris letters to be mere reports or book reviews. He saw himself as far more than a correspondent; he wanted to conduct a kind of seminar for the intelligent discussion of what he called "the main interest," which he denied lay with aesthetics. Instead:

> . . . certain main questions are up for discussion, among them nationality and monotheism. I mean that there is a definite issue between *inter*nationalist and *de*nationalist thought, and a certain number of people believe that it is a calamity to belong to *any* modern nation whatsoever.[18]

Nationalism was a curse, as far as Pound was concerned, and economics an even bigger one:

> Economics are up for discussion not in their technical, Fabian, phases, but in the wider and more human phases, where they come into contact with personal liberty, life, the arts themselves, and the conditions aiding or limiting their expression. Back of it all is the Confucian saying "When the Prince shall have called about him all the artists and savants, his resources will be put to full use."[19]

In addition, there was the ever-present problem of monotheism (in particular Christianity), the acceptance of which was "a philosophic shallowness and frivolity" that "leads to all sorts of crusades, persecutions and intolerance." These were the petty matters with which the ruck of mankind concerned itself; for the intelligent few, he hinted, there was, in contrast, the eternal grace and durability of Art. Then, by a clever use of transitional phrase, he rescued his letter from mere polemics:

> Above or apart from the economic squabble, the philosophic wavering, the diminishing aesthetic hubbub, there rests the serene sculpture of Brancusi, known, adored, also unknown.[20]

The remains of the letter was devoted to art criticism, with a discussion of the works of Brancusi and the dramatist Alfred Jarry, but the main impact on the reader was still political, as Pound surely intended it to be.

This is the technique that he employed continually over the next year in the "Paris Letters," using art critiques as a springboard to other areas. For instance, the letter for January 1922 started off as an examination and criticism of the French Academy but soon picked up a comment by Anatole France on nationhood that occasioned three pages of discussion on patriotism, nationalism, industrialists as war-mongers, usury and government tyranny, exemplified by Article 211 of the U.S. Penal Code (on pornography, obscenity and censorship), from which Pound quoted a long passage. Yet, in the midst of the diatribe, we find the useful information: "and collectors of Joyce bibliography should notice the article on *Ulysses* by Silvio Benco, in Il *Secolo*, for November 18th."[21]

Even the letter containing one of the first pieces of criticism of *Ulysses* to acknowledge its significance and its magnificence took the opportunity in the last two pages to attack not only American censorship laws but also a number of previous American presidents, saying:

> . . . as far back as memory serves us no American president has ever uttered one solitary word implying the slightest interest in, or consciousness of, the need for an intellectual or literary vitality in America.[22]

One can see the relevance of the comment on the censorship laws after the battle between the *Little Review* and the Supreme Court over the serialization of *Ulysses* in the magazine, but the manner in which the comment on the presidents (however true) was dragged in is typical of the rather muddled style of these letters. But then at the very end of the article, as if to deflect the reader's possible annoyance at the intrusion of politics into what had started out to be a literary critique, he gave his own *Defense of Poesie*:

> . . . The *mot juste* is of public utility. I can't help it. I am not offering this fact as a sop to aesthetes who want all authors to be fundamentally useless. We are governed by words, the laws are graven in words, and literature is the sole means of keeping these words living and accurate.[23]

Just when he had almost stretched the reader's patience too far he slipped in a reminder of his basic purpose, the preservation of a healthy language, in the cause of which much must be forgiven Pound.

The nature of criticism was discussed throughout the *Dial* letters. It was a subject that had been important to Pound from his first arrival on the literary scene in London in 1908, and one possibly stimulated by consistently poor or puzzled reviews of his own work. In particular, the letter for March 1922 concentrated on the subject, arising as it did from Pound's reaction to an article by Middleton Murry on Flaubert that had appeared in the *Dial* for December 1921. Flaubert, of course, was one of Pound's literary gods, and any attack from any quarter on him would presumably have caused the same aggressive response. There was, however, a ferocity in the attack on Murry that was based on Pound's long-held conviction that there was a conspiracy against him on the part of British reviewers and papers such as the *Athenaeum*, with which Murry was closely connected. In this Paris letter, Pound used Murry as the whipping-boy for a type, the British reviewer, whom he regarded as a disease and whom he attacked with considerable, although malicious, humour:

> FRENCH writers and British journalists: Mr. Murry's article in the December DIAL lacked only one thing: an editorial note to the effect that the article was given in order that the reader might understand for himself, at first hand, with the baccilli of the disease under his own eye and microscope, why nothing, absolutely and utterly nothing, is to be expected from England. We have enough dullards, dunces, in America; there is no need of importing them, but the Murry article is so fine a specimen, so typical a slide that it is worth examining. It might have come from anywhere in the British periodical press, from Gosse, Squire, Dove, Chose, Muggin, Eagle, Badger, Bumper, Lind, Rind, Gumm, Buttock, Bellok, Chestok, Shawkin, Newlet, Nibset, Nimmel, Brock, Knok or Annyuvum.[24]

He characterized British critics and reviewers as

> . . . merely the stock product of the format of Brit. weekly journals with their need for so much "criticism" per issue; and the fallacy underlying all their *écoulements* is the fallacy of thinking

> criticism consists in a *fricassée* of general statement *about* masterpieces and sub-masterpieces.[25]

He then made a remark about criticism, repeated two months later in the letter on Joyce, that is the nub of his ideas on the critic.

> The real criticism of an author is found not in the incompetents who talk about him, but in the creating writers who follow him; thus the real criticism of Salammbô and Hérodias is found in Laforgue's Moralités Légendaires. . . .[26]

"Criticism in new composition,"[27] was only one of five categories of Pound's critical method,[28] however.

Whether or not Pound was correct in his summation of the problem, he thought he was, for the same condemnation of the British trade recurs frequently throughout his prose and his poetry. In his opinion, it was a shocking state of affairs when critics relied for their material and space on the publishers who not only provided them with the books that were to give them their livelihood but also paid for the advertising that helped to keep the papers going in which the reviews appeared. Under such closed conditions, British reviewing was intolerable to Pound, and in fact, even a good example of honest criticism by a professional critic was second-rate to him when compared with the true type of critic that he had described in *Gaudier-Brzeska* in 1916:

> I do not believe that there is any important art criticism, any important criticism of any particular art, which does not come originally from a master of that art. If a man spend all his life, all his intensest life, putting sweet sounds together, he will know more about music than a man who is merely pleased by an occasional tune en passant. If he spends his life with thoughts of form, or with thoughts of words, he will know more of form or of words, or of colours or whatever it may be, than will the tyro or the dilettante or the incapable observer.

> The observer may know the good he cannot perform, the performer may know a good beyond his attainment, but if he have that double capacity both for speculation and for action, he will have perforce an intimacy and a swift moving apprehension which the sterile observer has not.[29]

The initial cause of the attack on Murry, Flaubert, was mentioned many times throughout the "Paris Letters," and always with great admiration. He was the main subject of a letter, for August 1922 on the art of biography, and we find here as might by now be expected, that Pound's devotion to Flaubert was not solely on account of his art. Writing of the ten years after the Prussian invasion of France, Flaubert had commented on his civilization in terms that appealed to Pound. He quoted Flaubert on "modern stupidity," on "the tide of filth," on "the long deceit in which we have lived [where] everything was false, false army, false politics, and false credit." For Pound, Flaubert's identification of the corruption of his own time rang true. His work as an old man especially appealed to the poet who had,for a time, run a column in the *Egoist*, filled with what he considered to be inanities printed in the *Times Literary Supplement*. Pound commented:

> And the old man's last stand against this tide is his "*dictionnaire des idées recues*," his encyclopedia *en farce*; his gargantuan collection of imbecilities, of current phrases ("Bossuet is the eagle of Meaux") and his "Album" of citations ("The Loire floods are due to the excesses of the Press, and the lack of sabbath observance," Bishop of Metz, in his Mandements Dec. 1846). Thus Flaubert goes about making his immense diagnosis of the contemporary average mind. And this average mind is our king, our tyrant, replacing Oedipus and Agamemnon in our tragedy.[30]

A society governed by the average mind was a fit subject indeed for tragedy. The comment provided Pound with the perfect lead into an attack on government:

> It is this human stupidity that elects the Wilsons and Ll. Georges and puts power into the hands of the gun-makers, demanding that they blot out the sunlight, that they crush out the individual and the perception of beauty. This flabby blunt-wittedness is the tyrant.[31]

The last Paris letter, dated February, 1923, is one of the most interesting of the twelve, since it contained observations on the cinema and on drama, two areas that Pound rarely touched. In this article, he confessed to being hostile to both art forms. The cinema did not appeal to him because:

> You test a picture by its powers of endurance. If you can have it on your wall for six months without being bored, it is presumably as good a picture as you, personally, are capable of enjoying. Even if the individual photo, in cinema-photography is good, as those in Cendrars' films presumably are, one is never given time to be sure of it.
>
> Also there is the dilemma; the instant that slap-stick comedy, personal touch, tender infancy, puppy dogs, "humour," "drammer," et cetera enter, the whole question of visual effects, composition, et cetera is chucked overboard. *Inévitablement*. Yes, I think we may as well say, inévitablement. Ineluctably.[32]

Film was too much of a Futurist art for Pound's taste. And of the drama, he said:

> It is unfair for me to talk of these things without warning the reader that I (personally) believe "the theatre" in general is no good, that plays are no good. This conviction is bound to colour my criticism, and the reader must discount my criticism to just the extent that he believes that the theatre can be good. Most plays are bad, even Greek plays. The Greek dramatists were inferior to Homer. The profoundest thing, perhaps the only really profound thing I ever heard in Prof. Schelling's class-room was the suggestion that Shakespeare became a play-wright, because he couldn't make his mark as a poet.

> When I say that plays are no good, I mean they are no good for any one who is capable of what I must call "poetic" or "literary" satisfaction.[33]

Obviously, he considered poetry to be the superior literary form. "Poetry is immortal, drama isn't." His basic objection to drama was the way in which the plot proceeded through enforced accident:

> Drama is probably bad (it nearly always *is* bad,) because the author is forced (he nearly always is forced) to invent some palpable idiocy *or* falsity in order to "get things moving."[34]

Inasmuch as Greek drama was didactic he could support it, for a reason that became immediately clear in his discussion of Sophocles' *Antigone*. "It contains some *real* didacticism, *re* Individual *versus* State (i.e., state concentrated in Creon). . . ." From this point on the letter ceased to be art criticism and once again became a polemic.

> Antigone will remain a symbol, yes. But a modern Sophocles would have to show her struggling, not with an individual Creon, but with the amorphous mass of Lloyd Georges, Wilsons, pettifogging small-town minds, the consummate blazing idiocy of bureaucracy. One merely becomes inarticulate at the sight of America naively blundering and blubbering into the evils of paternalism, red tape, paper-forms, regulations, short-time passports, et cetera, that Europe has already discovered to be a foulness. The interference of government, the excess of government!! et cetera. Government ought to be concerned with the traffic and main drains. There it ought to stop.
>
> One ought *almost* to say it is the job of great art to keep government in its place, i.e., to kick it out of life, and reduce it to its proper, and wholly mechanical functions: street cars, water-mains, et cetera, a convenience, as your gas-range is a convenience.[35]

The last paragraph made clear the firm link for Pound between art and politics that appeared more extensively in the *Exile*. He said:

> Sophocles having presented that equation, his play will continue to attract adapter and translator, despite the "baggage." And (to perorate) the classics will live as long as people can take their symbols as equivalent of some current struggle which they are unable to treat more directly, or with greater exactness of balance--despite the baggage, the dead weight of archaism, aesthetic faults, taboos.[36]

By 1923, Pound's polemics had become too much for the editors and he was fired as Paris Correspondent after the March number. Consequently, there was a decided cooling-off in the relationship between the poet and the magazine, although by 1928 he was once more appearing there. This time, however, his articles were of a strictly literary nature, perhaps because he had found an outlet for politics in the *Exile*.

Of the later *Dial* prose, the essay "Medievalism and Medievalism" is the most important for our purposes, although, for the student of medieval poetry, the lengthy exegesis of Cavalcanti's *Donna Mi Prega*, "with traduction and notes," is no doubt more interesting. The two essays were published in the *Literary Essays* under the single title "Cavalcanti." In "Medievalism," Pound was trying to identify the Tuscan aesthetic, to communicate its superiority over other aesthetics, previous, contemporary and present.

> The mediaeval poets brought into poetry something which had not existed in Greece or Rome. The Tuscan poets, Guido in particular, brought into poetry something which had not been or not been in any so marked and developed degree in the poetry of the troubadours. It is still more important for any one wishing to have well balanced critical appreciation of poetry in general, to understand that this quality, or this assertion of value, has not been in poetry *since*; and that the English "philosophical" and other "philosophical" poets have not produced a comparable *Ersatz*.[37]

Cavalcanti was being set up here, as unique, as was the Provençal troubadour tradition, also, in this:

> The whole break of Provence with this world, and indeed the central theme of the troubadours is the dogma that there is some proportion between the fine thing held in the mind, and the inferior thing ready for instant consumption.[38]

The world from which they were breaking was "the greek [sic] aesthetic [that] would seem to consist wholly in plastic or in plastic moving towards coitus. . .,"[39] "plastic plus immediate satisfaction."[40] Tuscan poetry, instead, was metaphysical; the real was represented accurately because it was acknowledged to be a manifestation of the godhead, "the god . . . inside."[41] Here is Fenollosa's kind of universe, where things are verbs arrested for the moment, the god-energy imprisoned for a short time. The Tuscans' great gift to mankind was to make important the acquisition of a "value" system that is based on the power to discriminate "the fine thing held in the mind" from the "plastic." In short form, Pound's devotion to Cavalcanti is explained in the following:

> In Guido the "figure," the strong metaphoric or "picturesque" expression is there with purpose to convey or to interpret a definite meaning. In Petrarch it is ornament, the prettiest ornament he could find, but not an irreplaceable ornament, or one that he couldn't have used just about as well somewhere else. In fact he very often does use it, and them, somewhere, and nearly everywhere, else, all over the place.[42]

Here is the echo of Pound's old demands that a poet be completely accurate in his images, knowing them to be bridges between the known and the unknown worlds.

Throughout his life, Pound used Cavalcanti as a touch-stone, a lode-star. It was as if, as long as he could still believe in the presence, at some historically proveable point of time, of an unassailable aesthetic of poetry, he could still believe in the possibility that his own age would develop a similarly unassailable aesthetic. Keeping Cavalcanti as his pivot was important to Pound; it allowed him to ignore other promptings that hinted that the search for the "permanent metaphor" might prove to be a futile business. There is control and serenity in the Cavalcanti essay, and a capacity for concentration on a single subject that is in startling contrast to the diffuse subject matter of the "Paris Letters"; Pound seems almost relieved at escaping from the acerbic and temporal nature of politics and economics into the cool, eternal world of art.

On the whole, the work done by Pound between 1921 and 1924 when he was in Paris shows him to have been standing at a crossroads in his life. These were the years when Eliot and Joyce were coming to a grand flowering, and yet Pound really did not. At thirty-five, he could scarcely call himself a success. Little money was coming in; he had allowed his personal life to become muddied; he dabbled in sculpture, was caught by music and in general dissipated his energies in directions other than poetry. He never could make up his mind whether he was a working poet whose works taught by their very existence or whether he was a teacher *per se*. A vast amount of time and energy went on other people and on trying to educate the public, the reading public that is. Too, these were the years when Pound's interest in politics and economics took a polemical turn that he was never to be free from again.

The Paris years show him narrowing his vision and concentrating on the few areas he considered worth his attention: a few "donative" artists, such as Joyce, Hemingway and Eliot; modern French literature; sculpture, and above all else, music. Had the Paris years worked out better for him his future would have been very different. A little less aggression on his part and a little more acceptance on the part of the establishment, and Pound might not have been forced into the third exile of his life. As it was, Paris defeated him in the end, and became yet another place to be avoided.

His association with the *Dial* indicates the extent of his confusion during the very early twenties, and the fact that he had become distracted from his previously purposeful examination of his culture. As a man who had not only deliberately exiled himself from America but had also purposely exacerbated the poor relationship between it and himself by the increasingly derogatory nature of his comments on it, he might have been expected to stay away from an American little magazine that was fairly acceptable to the establishment. The fact that he did not do so indicates both his need for publishing space and the basically unbreakable nature of his relationship with his country.

That he was also undergoing a period of confusion in his concept of himself as an artist is evident in the erratic quality of the prose style in the "Paris Letters," with their meandering subjects and elliptical references. Nevertheless, although not good examples of what Pound could do with prose on occasion, they provide very clear biographical evidence of the state of his thinking during the first few years of his second exile. The shock of ejection (albeit self-imposed) from the stable if dull base of England threw Pound into a period of chaos, confusion and self-doubt, during which the lack of good material produced indicated a serious disturbance in the progress of his search for the "uncharted patterns." His apparent optimism about France as a new centre for the Risorgimento barely survived his move to Paris.

The "Paris Letters" indicate that Pound's search for order had lost its direction in the early twenties; they show him casting around like a hound for the scent. The reason why he lost it is, in the first place, probably because of the attraction of Douglas' theories; but, as I mentioned in previous chapters, he may also have been, subconsciously, avoiding the trail because it promised to lead him into dangerous philosophical territory.

Had he stuck entirely with economics, the results for his art would undoubtedly have been disastrous; however, his growing interest in both the writing and the metaphysics of music allowed him to preserve his artistic self. I do not think we can claim that Pound's interest in music necessarily occasioned an advance in his perceptions about the universal formulae; rather it permitted him to re-cover the same ground in a different medium. In his poetry, he seems to have reached some kind of impasse, in the early twenties. Studying music forced him to go back to the position of apprentice and work up to master in a process that paralleled his development, over the previous ten years, as a poet. Pound's music, therefore, although of great interest to us, may well have been part of his diversionary tactics to avoid facing his inability to break through the limits of the Vortex and the Ideogram as he had accepted them in 1916.

CHAPTER SEVEN

POUND AND THE *transatlantic review*

Although his initial contacts with the *transatlantic review* occurred while Pound was still in Paris, he had moved to Rapallo by the time it went into full production in 1924, and thus his later association with the magazine was conducted over a distance. He wrote little for it in terms of quantity, but the few articles contributed were of considerable importance to his search for the basic formulae governing Western culture. Pound was also important to the *review's* inception, because of his initial enthusiasm, noted by Stella Bowen in her autobiography:

> Ezra was particular excited about it. With his passion for promoting the sort of writing he approved of, he had a whole line-up of young writers waiting for Ford, with Hemingway at the top. Between them all, it would have been hard to announce that there would be no review after all![1]

and in terms of providing staff for Ford. Ernest Hemingway, on Pound's insistence, joined the *review* as sub-editor early in the series, taking over from Pound's first choice, Basil Bunting, who fell by the wayside. Because Hemingway made his presence strongly felt in helping to fill the magazine with the work of young Americans, Pound, in a round-about-way, might be said to have had a direct influence on the magazine's tone.

In 1924, Paris, full of young English and American literary exiles, badly needed an English language publication to provide these writers with a platform, but no one was willing or competent to act as editor for such a venture, until Ford Madox Ford arrived. In him, the artistic community had found its ideal editor. As Stella Bowen says:

> Ford's name as an editor was one to conjure with, since he had been the founder and first editor of the *English Review* and had there published the early work of a whole galaxy of writers who afterwards became famous. He could judge the quality of a manuscript by the smell, I believe! "I don't read manuscripts," he said, "I know what's in 'em." Naturally the idea of editing a new review in Paris which was then crammed with young writers from all over the world, was just jam for Ford, and naturally the city people were interested in acquiring his services.[2]

As in the days of the *English Review* in London, so now in Paris, in 1924, Ford Madox Ford was to become a most important focus of literary activity, at least as far as the English-speaking community was concerned, giving young, unpublished writers and older, published but still-unacceptable-to-the-establishment writers, an outlet for work that otherwise might have remained ignored and forgotten. The sense that someone cared enough to collect new work must have been very important for men such as Hemingway, struggling for recognition from the established publishing houses and from the successful commercial magazines such as *Harper's* or the *Atlantic*.

By 1924, Pound was scarcely one of the younger generation of writers, nor was he operating any longer under such dire pressure to publish in the little magazines, in lieu of placing work with established publishing firms. His response to the *transatlantic review*, therefore, was much less intense than it had been to, say, *Poetry* or the *Little Review*. There were no lengthy prose serials of the *New Age* type, nor critical reviews of his contemporaries, and he made only one appearance in the poetry section, in the first number, with *Canto* 13 and half of

Canto 12. Most of his contributions, in fact, were in the area of music, since his search for the divine patterns had swung from literature, as a manifestation of the god, to music. The early love for song, evident throughout his work on the troubadours and other medieval poets, and focussed onto the twentieth century music concert in his Atheling columns in the *New Age*, developed in the twenties into an intense passion that dominated at least the first six or seven years of the decade.

Pound's exploration of the theory and composition of music indicated not so much an advance in his thinking as a sideways step taken to escape from the cyclic repetitions into which his ideas on literature had led him. For a brief period, between 1918 and 1920, economics and politics had urged his thinking in a new direction, but by the time of the *Dial* "Paris Letters," it was apparent that he was caught up in the same old pattern of concerns: the lack of intelligent government, the official corruption of public taste, the interference with individual liberty by institutions, the failure of the great cities of the West to act as the vortices of the Risorgimento, the imbecilic nature of the general public, and so on. He badly needed to escape from the treadmill of his thinking patterns, and music might have been his salvation since it was a comparatively new medium to him. I think, however, that, although he managed to explore the metaphysics of music to an advanced degree, it was not more advanced than the stage that he had reached in his ideas about form in the 1916 *Gaudier-Brzeska: A Memoir*. It almost appears as if Pound's comparatively-early achievement of intensely-perceived truths about the universal formulae was the summit of his philosophical insight, and that he had only two directions in which to develop his thinking: sideways or in circles.

Pound's interest in music took up most of his attention in the years spent in Paris, and indeed for a good part of the rest of his life. He became involved in composing music in Paris where he met and developed close associations with George Antheil the composer-pianist, and Olga Rudge the violinist. Under the influence of these two professional musicians, his natural musical abilities were encouraged, as was his interest in eighteenth century music which had somewhat fallen into disfavour in the twentieth century. Bach, Mozart, Scarlatti, Vivaldi and Geminiani are accepted in the 1970's as great composers; strange as it may seem, in the 1920's few musicians, never mind audiences, were familiar with their work, partly because the dominant mode was still the romantic one, and partly because the music lay forgotten in dusty piles in museums and libraries and there were no working transcripts. As entrepreneurs of neglected "pattern" music, Pound and Olga Rudge together performed a great service for modern culture. Even music critics were unaware, for instance, just how much Vivaldi had actually written. In an article printed in *Paideuma,* Stephen Adams tells the story of Pound's and Miss Rudge's involvement with the Vivaldi revival in the thirties. Apparently, even though Olga Rudge had spent some time identifying and cataloguing hitherto unknown work by the Italian master in the library at Turin, and although the German pianist Gerhart Minch had done the same in Dresden, so that together they had identified almost 400 new Vivaldi pieces, a noted musicologist, under the pseudonym of "Feste," wrote in the *Musical Times* in 1938:

> Many of us think that the present old music revival phase has reached the point where it ought to be called a craze; but Mr. Pound evidently thinks that you can't have too much of a good thing--even when he may be singular in regarding it as good. . . . Someone ought to look into this matter of Vivaldi's output. According to 'Grove' he wrote only about seventy concertos. And--*pace* Mr. Pound, who is a warm Vivaldian--most of us who know those that Bach arranged will say that the seventy are probably sixty too many.[3]

Adams points out just how great a debt twentieth century music lovers owe to Pound and Miss Rudge: a series of Mozart and Vivaldi concerts in Rapallo in 1933 and 1934; concerts in Siena in 1939 that were to become world famous; study groups set up to explore music dug up by Miss Rudge and Gerhardt Münch from museums; and a study centre set up in Siena in 1939. The debt is detailed by Desmond Shute who is quoted by Mary de Raschewiltz in *Discretions*.

> The season started under the sign of Mozart, all of whose violin sonatas were played at least once by Olga Rudge and Gerhardt Münch. One wonders when the whole series had last, if ever, been heard in its entirety. In the thirties Pound developed an intense interest in the vast, unpublished output of Antonio Vivaldi, much of which, largely thanks to Olga Rudge's research work and to microfilm technique, has since become accessible to the public. Some Vivaldi given at Rapallo was being played for the first time. The Bartok played here by the Hungarian Quartet, though published, was still extremely *avant-garde*. Ezra preferred to depend, whenever possible, on local talent, and yet he was far from excluding good or excellent professionals, on condition that the program was not made up to show off the performers but based on intrinsic musical worth. Nor was any discrimination ever made on grounds of race or nationality. Besides the artists already mentioned, we heard Tibor Serly play Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante, as well as compositions of his own. Renata Borgatti in Bach, Haydn, Mozart and Debussy; Chiara Fino-Savio singing arie antiche and Lonny Mayer singing Hindemith. . . .[4]

When we look at the quality of Pound's own involvement with music as a composer and a music critic, it is more difficult to arrive at a clear judgement of its quality. This is partly because we know so little about his early formal training in the subject, and partly because so many contradictory statements have been made on Pound as a musician by his contemporaries and by music critics. As a child, he must have had a rudimentary but poor musical training, for he lamented about "having been hopelessly bewildered in childhood by idiotic teachers."[5] The comment arose when he was discussing the method employed by the much-admired Arnold Dolmetsch to teach his own children. Here, he was talking not so much of theoretical knowledge of notes but what he called the "shape" of the music. This he defined as the basic quality of the instinctive musician in contrast to the trained theoretician who may be able to play a very difficult piece without having any ear for music at all. A trained musician recognized "size," he said, he relies on his metronome and his ability to count. While he preferred the musician who knows "shape" to the one who recognized "size," nevertheless it was of "size," that is the technical matters of music, that he said:

> I wish to heaven I had been taught it in childhood instead of having to acquire it, or at least attempt to, at an age when the pliancy of the senses is waning.[6]

And of his own skill at composing he commented:

> Visitors come here (70 bis), I am writing verse. It seems a natural operation. They find me stumbling through a line of musical composition and they look at me as if I were committing an incomprehensible act. They assume expressions of awe and bewilderment.

> Yet I have put into writing poetry, twenty years of work which they do *not* in the least understand; and in music, apart from accommodating notes to words, I am an incompetent amateur.[7]

Pound was lacking in training "in size"; he needed help from trained musicians in musical notation, although he possessed an instinctive knowledge of musical "shape." In the early twenties, when he was still "stumbling through a line of musical composition," he used Agnes Bedford, George Antheil and Olga Rudge to help him get his music down on paper and to aid him over technical matters that confused him. For instance, he asked Agnes Bedford in a letter headed simply "Paris, May":

> What in your exltd. opinion is the least amount of tarabiscotage the thing will stand? Ans. to be as technical as possible. After the *Pelléas*, as aforestated, I feel ready to make a *Partition pour deux casseroles et une plance de buis*. Remembering that the accords, or rather identical note is built up of several instruments forcement giving VERY different overtones, how much bloody chord-harmony is necessary? . . . Premier principe--RIEN that interferes with the words or with the utmost possible clarity of impact of words on audience. . . .
>
> Even an *instrumental* counterpoint developed ANY-where near enough to satisfy mere contrapuntalist would presumably bitch the words?????
>
> Given the play for the eye, and the song, how much of actual orchestration DOES the audience hear???[8]

It was George Antheil who edited the text of Pound's opera *Le Testament de Villon*, a text about which, incidentally, Ned Rorem the musician and critic wrote:

> The musical score itself is certainly the work of a nonprofessional, i.e., much more finicky for the eye than it need be for translation by the ear. Although George Antheil helped both in the exegesis and in the actual notation, the result remains that of an amateur; measures shifting from an unreasonably complex 5/8 to 13/16 to etcetera could

> easily be simplified and still provide the smooth modal vocality intended by the poet.[9]

Presumably, since he was involved heavily in music from the years in Paris until he reached the period of his silence in his later years, he eventually learned the theoretical details of notation as well as most trained musicians, so that his sense of "size" and of "shape" coalesced, and his instinctive musical abilities found a disciplined outlet.

However, between 1920 and 1921, he was still uncertain of his technical abilities, for in 1921 he wrote to Agnes Bedford, after seeing a performance of Debussy's *Pelleas et Melisande*, that he was "very much encouraged by the Pelléas, ignorance having no further terrors if that DAMN thing is the result of what is called musical knowledge."[10] Obviously he must have been intensely aware of his deficiencies as a technical musician to have felt such heartfelt relief. He talked of being encouraged "to tear up the whole bloomin' era of harmony and do the thing if necessary on two tins and a wash-board."[11] In spite of this burst of renewed self-confidence, we have to agree that Pound in the twenties was a poet's musician not a musician's musician, or as Rorem quotes Virgil Thompson commenting on the first performance of *Villon*:

> . . . the music was not quite a musician's music, though it may well be the finest poet's music since Thomas Campion . . . and its sound has remained in my memory.[12]

A comment on Pound's musical abilities that showed a good understanding of his artistic capacities was made by George Antheil in an article that appeared in the Sunday magazine of the *Chicago Tribune*, where he claimed "that Pound had been a musician from the beginning and that the transfer from poetry to music was natural."[13] Song was one of Pound's lasting interests, true song where words and music generate each other out of an inevitable relationship dictated by universal physical law. He always had a very intense ear for the perfect inter-relationship between words and music in lyric expression, hence his interest in the inherent rhythm of words. In *Literary Essays* he defined three basic types of poetry: melopoeia, the musical content, phanopoeia, the images, and logopoeia, the intellectual arrangement of words, "the dance of the intellect among the words."[14] It is undoubtedly melopoeia, the singing line, that Pound considered to be the basic property of poetry; it is one of the reasons for his early and late devotion to Provençal poetry for its perfect blending of *motz el son*.

His own musical compositions were mainly songs, although he also wrote a little for solo violin, and his musical gift found its grandest expression in the opera, *Le Testament de Villon*, which he wrote throughout 1921 and 1922, and which with the editorial help of Olga Rudge and George Antheil, was first performed extensively on June 28, 1926. The opera, on the life and death of François Villon, the medieval French poet, was short, lasting only forty-five minutes, and was composed of songs, the text of which were taken from Villon's own work, interspersed with connectives written in English by Pound, the whole sung to music for a wonderful assortment of instruments including two trombones, a glockenspiel, drums, gongs, cymbals, nose flute, 'cello and bassoon. The melody of the songs is very plain but pleasant but it is the accompaniment that Pound used to create his dissonances[15] that makes his opera out of the ordinary. It is difficult for a person unqualified in music to judge the work but it is also, apparently, difficult for music critics to do so. Ned Rorem, while admitting that it is of "genuine and hauntingly unclassifiable beauty"[16] nevertheless considers the text to be of such impracticality that it defeats its own ends. Murray Schafer, the Canadian musician, composer and critic, is obviously an *afficionado*. He says:

> He is . . . the composer of several pieces of music including an opera, *Le Testament*, which, if better known would have been one of the most controversial pieces of music of its epoch. . . .[17]

Pound's own contemporaries are really quite amusing about his musical abilities. For instance, Stock gives Wyndham Lewis' reaction to Pound's purchase of a bassoon: "Dear Miss Bedford," he wrote, "was it you who stimulated Pound to the purchase of a BASSOON? And if so, do you think that is an action justified by the facts of existence, as you understand them?"[18] And Ernest Hemingway, while appreciating Pound's capacities as a composer, commented:

> I feel about Ezra and music something like about M. Constantin Brancusi and cooking. M. Brancusi is a famous sculptor who is also a very famous cook. Cooking is, of course, an art but it would be lamentable if M. Brancusi would give up sculpture for it or even devote the major part of his time to cookery.[19]

Pound, of course, was never very greatly affected by adverse criticism, and, although he started out in 1921 full of misgivings about his technical abilities as a musician, by the time he left Paris in 1924 he had carved out for himself a fairly satisfactory role as poet-musician.

The most complete expression of Pound's philosophy of music is contained in the book *Antheil and the Treatise on Harmony*, published in Paris in October 1924 by The Three Mountains Press; it shows him making an interesting attempt to gather together his random thoughts on music, expressed at intervals over a period of about eight years, into a coherent expression of principles. The original *Treatise on Harmony* appeared, in a shorter form, in the March number of the *transatlantic review*, and this, together with three sets of notes from the William Atheling columns, a text of some fiddle music, an advertisement for an obscure and neglected composer, Fanelli, in which his works are listed all together for the first time, and the curious piece titled "The Form (ou 'Je cherche un ami sérieux)," constitutes the major part of Pound's contribution to the *review*.

The writing style of the *Treatise* is interesting in that it reveals a much terser Pound than his earlier magazine work did. In 1922, the work that he sent to the *Dial* was written in conventional, albeit careless, style. In 1923, he published only three magazine articles, again in the conventional style. By 1924, we can see Pound moving towards the impatient, elliptical, allusive style that came to be his prose trade mark. Ideas are jammed down, sometimes not even in complete sentences, one-sentence paragraphs are common with their lack of developed thought, and the reader is forced to work hard to fill in the gaps and read between the lines. In the *Treatise*, the style is not careless; Pound is deliberately challenging his readers, drawing them into the circle of the party of intelligence by his use of hints and allusions. To one who is familiar with his concerns, Pound's prose is easy to read, and does indeed draw one into a conversation with the author. To the man who is coming to him for the first time, unprepared, he must be one of the most difficult writers in the whole of literature to get hold of. *Kulchur* and *The A.B.C. of Reading* are hardly the best places to start reading Pound, but they are the fruit of a style of writing and of thinking that started to evolve during the Paris years and that found expression in the *Treatise*.

Ned Rorem suggests that the *Treatise* is obviously the work of a musical amateur who has gone back to the beginning to find out for himself processes that are all too familiar to the experts. He says:

> A cultured and imaginative lay genius like Pound can insist on learning the hard way (i.e. on his own) what a trained professional was quite simply taught at school and takes for granted. The lay genius will present the professional with his "unique" discoveries; but the professional, dull though he be, heaves a plaintive sigh for the genius, who could have saved so much time by merely opening a book.[20]

Rorem is no doubt correct in pointing out that the exercise was unnecessary from a technical point of view. The matters of timing, space and harmony that Pound talked about, wave nodes, beats to the second and so on, were probably commonplaces to trained musicians. But after all, what he intended to do was to encourage the conscious application of all these technical matters by contemporary composers, who may have known the principles but were rarely composing according to them. In the same fashion, he spent a lifetime attacking writers who knew perfectly well the basic principles of good poetry, even if only as they occurred in simple ballads, but who continued to write poorly, in spite of the basic knowledge.

In 1924, the theories Pound voiced concerning music were scarcely new but they were certainly not in common use. Composers such as Eric Satie, Milhaud, Poulenc, Bartok, and Stravinsky were beginning to compose modern music, but the music public still preferred familiar patterns. In the twenties, the school of sentiment prevailed, audiences tending to be dominated by traditional ideas of what constituted "good" music. Melody was important (a "good" tune), as was music that aroused and satisfied emotions. Music for the heart, not the ear and mind, was what pleased audiences; comfortable music to back up traditions, to lull the mind, not challenge it. It was as much a betrayal of the human capacity to acknowledge the god-pattern made manifest as was mediocre literature, unjust terminology and political cliché. In Pound's view, the almighty chord, dependent for its effect on a meld rather than a discrimination of sounds, was the culprit. The fact that men with no natural ear for music could write acceptable pieces according to the science of progressions and resolutions was shocking to him. He complained:

> Hence it has arrived that the term "Harmony" is applied to the science of chords that can be struck simultaneously; and the directions for modulations have been worked out for chords that can follow each other without demanding a strict or even interesting time-interval between their emission.[21]

And:

> Treatises on harmony give you all sorts of recipes for getting from one chord to another (this is more or less reduced to a few simple mechanisms) they do not stop to enquire whether the transit by these means is interesting, or, in a given situation, expressive.[22]

He wanted to eliminate the "slush" and hone the technique, dispensing with the great static vertical chords of the romantic composers. He wanted to see restored counterpoint and the fugue, and what he called horizontal harmony.

> The early students of harmony were so accustomed to think of music as something with a strong lateral or horizontal motion that they never imagined any one, ANY ONE could be stupid enough to think of it as static; it never entered their heads that people would make music like steam ascending from a morass.[23]

Pound asserted that his interest in such matters stemmed from his twenty years of study in "monolinear verbal rhythm" in medieval poetry, and I would direct the reader to Murray Schafer's article on the subject in the *Canadian Music Journal*. The basic thesis of the *Treatise* is that true harmony is actually rhythm, that without rhythm pitch is unimportant in making music, and that timing, spacing and intervals are all vastly important to the making of beautiful and acceptable sound. He states his formula:

> A SOUND OF ANY PITCH, OR ANY COMBINATION OF SUCH SOUNDS, MAY BE FOLLOWED BY A SOUND OF ANY OTHER PITCH, OR ANY COMBINATION OF SUCH SOUNDS, providing the time intervals between them is properly gauged; and this is true for ANY SERIES OF SOUNDS, CHORDS OR ARPEGGIOS.[24]

This statement is perfectly acceptable to modern audiences, but in 1924 it must have appeared quite revolutionary and unacceptable to the average listener.

What, then, was Pound after in the *Treatise*? Simply what he was after in his literary work, and in fact in all his dealings with the arts. In his opinion, there was such a thing as a "right rhythm" inherent in artistic forms which, if laid bare and polished by the artist, makes of the work of art a thing of divine beauty. Certain words in sequence make a perfect line of verse by the operation of universal laws governing time, space and relationships. Similarly, a particular arrangement of sculptural forms is demanded by an inherent relationship between parts. There is a "right" arrangement of parts in everything, a "right" rhythm and harmony that is natural to the form. It is an intensely religious view of the world, of course, "to everything there is a season," "a place for everything and everything in its place," fulfilling an ordained order. Anything out of place or time or rhythm renders an ugly painting or piece of music or sculpture or, more importantly for Pound in the long run, ugly people living corruptly and degrading their "rightness" as men. It may seem odd to quote a piece of trite Christian thinking at this point, since Pound was quite opposed to the Christian religion, but Browning's line, "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world!" is pretty well what he was hoping mankind would achieve on this earth.[25] The order from within that brings perfect harmony of line, colour, mass and soul was something he sought instinctively, rather than the order imposed from without. Hence, his interest in the "pure" musical forms of Vivaldi and Bach, where a certain sequence of notes carries with it its own demands of timing and silence.

In the three musical supplements that appeared in the *transatlantic review* for February, May and August, Ford reprinted parts of the Atheling columns selected by Agnes Bedford and accompanied, unfortunately, by fatuous "marginalia" by George Antheil. These selections are, like most of Pound's journalism, provocative and polemical, and given to sweeping statements such as:

> Tchaikowsky: a certain cheapness is imminent in this composer. He is not cheap all the time, or even, perhaps, most of the time but he keeps one in a state of anxiety.[26]

Or:

> Liszt was stupid. You can make impressive sounds on the piano while playing Liszt, but you cannot completely conceal his fundamental and congenital and ineradicable lack of intelligence, his lack of susceptibility. He would try to make a watch go by beating it with a potato-masher.[27]

The Atheling columns were too naïve, musically, to be written by a professional music critic. However, their very naïvete and innocently-dogmatic statements are what give the columns zest. They can be immensely entertaining at times, and even of a certain importance when Pound was writing about song, as he frequently did in the Atheling columns. For instance:

> There are different techniques in poetry; men write to be read, or spoken, or declaimed, or rhapsodised, and quite differently to be sung . . .
>
> Words written in the first manners are spoiled by added music; it is superfluous; it swells out their unity into confusion.
>
> When skilled men write for music then music can both render their movement, as Lawes does often, tone by tone, and quantity by quantity; or the musician may apparently change the word-movement with a change that it were better to call a realisation. Music is not speech. Arts attract us because they are different from reality. Emotions shown in actual speech poured out in emotion will not all go into verse. The printed page does not transmit them, nor will musical notation record them phonographically.
>
> But for all that, a certain bending of words or of syllables over several notes may give an emotional equivalent.

> This is an art by itself, differing from poetry, and from the art of harmony or of counter point. Nevertheless, it has occasionally and triumphantly appeared in the world, and is well worth an effort to recover.[28]

Perhaps the most interesting point about reading these columns in retrospect is that one can see the *Treatise on Harmony* taking shape in Pound's mind as far back as February 1918 when he commented:

> A drag, a lack of the wave force, deadens, tires, utterly wears out the audience. Rhythm-sense is not merely a tempo measure, it is not merely a clock-work of the bar-lengths. Measured time is only one form of rhythm; but a true rhythm-sense assimilates all sorts of uneven pieces of time, and keeps the music alive.[29]

Even in 1918, Pound was aware of "shape" and "size" in music. The progress of his thinking between 1918 and 1924 was typical, in the area of music as in the area of the other arts, in that it repeated the metaphysical and abstract thinking of his 1914 to 1916 period, while his sociological thinking remained on a pedestrian level. Prior to the *Exile,* Pound the Artist was still the dominant *persona* in his work, although Pound the Politician had begun to encroach by the early twenties.

The article on Fanelli that appeared in the November issue was very short but of interest because it performed what Pound considered to be one of the major tasks of the little magazines, that is advertising. Since there was no other source where one might get to know about non-establishment art, apart from a personal exchange with someone in the know, the little magazines were indeed an important fount of advertising. Pound suggested in a letter to Marianne Moore dated from Paris in April of 1921, that a quarterly review ought to have at least four lines of criticism on every new book of "LITERARY interest." The list of Fanelli's works is certainly little more than advertising, but it shows both Pound's sense of responsibility towards neglected artists and his desire to inform, to bring a community of the arts together. As Hemingway said in his tribute to Pound in *This Quarter:*

> . . . we have Pound the major poet devoting, say, one fifth of his time to poetry. With the rest of his time he tries to advance the fortunes, both material and artistic, of his friends. He defends them when they are attacked, he gets them into magazines and out of jail. He loans them money. He sells their pictures. He arranges concerts for them. He writes articles about them. He introduces them to wealthy women. He gets publishers to take their books. He sits up all night with them when they claim to be dying and he witnesses their wills. He advances them hospital expenses and dissuades them from suicide. And in the end a few of them refrain from knifing him at the first opportunity.[30]

As I mentioned in the introduction to this thesis, the one page article "The Form (ou 'Je cherche un ami sérieux')" is of considerable importance to our understanding of the way in which Pound's thinking was repeating itself, although read "cold," it makes very little sense to the average reader. Because I have never seen it reprinted in any of the usual collections of Pound's prose, I should like to reproduce it here in full, so that the reader may judge for himself how the metaphysics of *Gaudier-Brzeska* were being repeated in 1924. One should keep in mind the point raised in the thesis introduction that Pound had discovered in analytical geometry a method of equating form and content that bridged the gap between primal matter and final form.

The Form

(ou "Je cherche un ami sérieux")

> The form
>
> $$d2=a.dx2+b.dy2+c.dz2+f.dt2+ . . . +2g.dx.dy+ . . .$$
>
> is too indefinite, it is too complicated. It is uselessly and unnecessarily complicated. But there is no reason why some skilled mathematician should not offer us a form as simple as
>
> $$d2=dx2+dy2+dz2$$
>
> Neither can one see any reason why the equations of a geometry applicable strictly and solely to the components of music should not be as suggestive, and ultimately as useful as the constructions of Euclid or Descartes.
>
> For all I know, such a geometry may already exist, but I should be extremely grateful for enlightenment re its status and loci.
>
> Musical form is perceivable by the senses; people have talked about musical form for centuries. It is amazing that the mathematicians have never attempted to carry their analysis of it beyond the arithmetical phase. Are they as conservative as MM. du Conservatoire?[31]

The emphasis on intensifying the formula echoes the pattern of the "Vorticism" essay, where Pound moved from simple arithmetical expressions to algebra to geometry to analytical geometry. Intensifying the notation as an expression of suggested form intensifies the inner relationship of the primary material; it is a process visible in all the arts. "The Form" demonstrates that in 1924, as in 1916, Pound had come dangerously close to the limits of rational thinking about the divine *forma* that would still allow the thinker to maintain the action of the search. Meaningless meaning and patternless pattern again threatened Pound's capacity to carry on with the hunt. The admission that it might be essentially futile because of the unconscious nature of the *forma* was only just beyond him at this point.

Obviously, Pound's work for Ford in the *transatlantic review* in no way matched his output for the *Egoist* or the *New Age* or the *Little Review* in terms of quantity, but the very fact that he was in it and for it was important, because his enthusiasms were infectious. In 1924, he was certainly much wearier of the battle against the forces of mediocrity (and hypocrisy) than he had been ten years earlier when he took so much delight in joining Wyndham Lewis in his "Blasts and Blesses," and no doubt had the review come out then it would have been full of his "Work in Progress." Still, it received his blessing, and that in itself was enough to attract young writers to the magazine. Also, we must remember that by the mid-twenties, Pound was experiencing a certain amount of success in having his books published by publishing houses,notably Boni and Liveright in New York and Pascal Covici in Chicago. He had less need for the little magazines which had always been no more than tools to him, a series of means towards an end: publication at all costs. That he personally had less need in the mid-twenties for the platforms provided by the little magazines is amply borne out by his lack of commerce with the two other English language magazines apart from the *transatlantic review* that were published in Paris in the twenties: *This Quarter* and *transition*. This is not to say that Pound did not use magazines in the thirties and forties. Then, he contributed hundreds of articles, mainly on political and economic subjects and mainly polemical in nature, to German, Italian, American and English magazines; and post-St. Elizabeth's, he used the little magazines to get back into his stride and into circulation. In the twenties, however, his need to use the little magazines fell off, and thus his contact with the *transatlantic review* scarcely outlasted his move from Paris to Rapallo in 1924. The magazine died with the December issue.

The scanty nature of Pound's prose work between 1924 and the publication of the *Exile* in 1927 is indicative of a number of things. In the first place, the *persona* that best suited him during these years, the musician, caused him to express the major part of his creative genius in the mid-twenties in musical notation rather than in words; in the second, the *transatlantic review* work on music theory had taken Pound into highly abstract realms involving metaphysics where he was able to progress only so far before he reached the limits of his competence; and in the third, he needed time, at that point, to allow the half-digested or half-formed notions accumulated over several years to settle into the pattern, the formula, the system that appeared a decade later as the Paideuma. His interest in the *transatlantic review* was pragmatic; it provided him with an arena in which to flex his metaphysical muscles but was of scant interest to him as a little magazine *per se*, once the business of setting it in motion had been successfully completed. The next phase in his search for order, post-1924, was a silence that lasted for two years, from 1925 to 1927. "The Form" had brought him close to speechlessness because he had once more, as in 1916, come to the acceptable limits of his thinking on the nature of the god.

CHAPTER EIGHT

POUND AND THE *EXILE*

When Pound finally broke his two years' silence in the editorials of the *Exile*, it was apparent that the harmony he had sought for twenty years, the order within and without himself, the principle of good, had eluded him in practice if not in theory. The *Exile* is a sad symbol of his failure to make meaningful in terms of his own life and career the "uncharted patterns," many of which he had managed, at least tentatively, to map out in rough by 1928. By the time he came to edit the *Exile*, one level of his search for order, the socio-political, had subsumed the cultural and personal levels, to the detriment of all three. One can see him moving at this point into a stance whose inevitable end was the adoption of an exterior system of order (Italian Fascism) in a betrayal of his innate perceptions of universal laws, patterns and "right rhythms."

In 1908, he had exiled himself from his homeland in a fairly optimistic manner, deliberately leaving behind the patterns of his country's culture that had become unacceptable to him as a shaping force. Unfortunately, none of the new cultural homes that he tried to adopt over the years suited him either, in the sense that none provided him with a sense of "fitting." He had discovered, in fact, that only past civilizations no longer available to him could give him a pleasing concept of world harmony. That being so, his retreat in 1924 to the quiet of Rapallo and the temporary shelter of his own mind was inevitable. By 1927, however, his restlessness was forcing him into speech again;

the relentless search for shape this time led him into trying to formulate a "once-and-for-all" expression of his views on his native land before he turned to his recently adopted Italy. He was, at this point, at a cross-roads in his life and in his art, and the evidence of the *Exile* seems to suggest that he tried to make one last attempt to take the road home, to find in America his *Paradiso Terrestre*.

Since the magazine was produced in Rapallo, at a fair distance from established cultural centres, one can see that the moving spirit behind it had nothing to do with geographic locations or group influences. Most of the little magazines dealt with in this thesis arose out of a compelling need for a focal point in a particular spot. The *Exile* was in no way tied to the place of its origin or the cultural milieu in which the editor lived. It sprang solely from the mind of one man, Pound, and can truly be said to be a direct expression of his opinions, in a manner far different from the *New Age* or the *English Review* where the editorial voice tried to maintain a certain amount of objectivity. Finally, after years of being only one part of a much greater whole, of having to rely on the goodwill or idiosyncrasies of editors, of being watered down by various editorial, if not political, policies, Pound had the chance to run his own little magazine to a pattern of his own choosing. His success and failure as the editor of the *Exile* is in many ways a paradigm of his own life and career as a poet.

In "Small Magazines," an article that appeared in the *English Journal* for November 1930, Pound suggests that, to be successful, a little magazine ought to have a programme, and that it does not matter whether the programme is right or wrong so long as it is identifiable.

> I have, personally, a very strong belief in the clear announcement of a program--any program. A review that can't announce a program probably doesn't know what it thinks or where it is going. A review that can make two clear programs one after the other is as good as two reviews.[1]

The opinion is a typical piece of Poundian overstatement, and certainly it is difficult to find a coherent programme in the *Exile*, although the motive is clear enough. Or rather, two motives are discernible: what Pound said he wanted to do, and the airing of repeated political and economic concerns that dominated his editorials. In a letter written to e.e. cummings in 1926, where he discussed the projected little magazine, he said:

> Is there anyone whom one ought to have, that all of our honoured, perhaps too highly, contemporaries absolootly refuse to print at any price?
>
> I don't want anything people can sell, or that they wd. find useful to them in keeping the wolverine from the portals.[2]

The slighting reference to Eliot and the *Criterion* shows that Pound saw himself as the champion of the underdog writer; and with one exception, Yeats, and a few lines in the first issue from Hemingway, this was more or less the truth of the *Exile*, since none of the contributors would have been well-known, at that time, to the readers in America at whom he was aiming the magazine.

In 1926, in Europe at least, a magazine was again badly needed to act as a focus and outlet for those writing in English. The *transatlantic review* folded at the end of 1924, *This Quarter* was suspended for a time in late 1926 because of the death of Ernest Walsh, and the Jolas' magazine, *transition*, had not yet made its appearance.

This meant that English-speaking writers in Europe had to send their work to England or the United States for publication in magazines such as the *Criterion* and the *Dial*. There was no English-language paper on the spot, and the *Exile* could have filled the gap. Pound had a more-or-less open field, and great opportunities to make his magazine a success. His insufficiencies as an editor, however, plus a lack of really exceptional manuscripts were responsible for the rather mediocre contents and the relatively short life of the *Exile*. In addition, the inevitable hack-work and detail involved in producing a journal probably bored him, much as he had predicted it would in his first editorial, when he said, "If the job bores me I shall stop at the end of Vol. I."[3]

Apart from the desire to help other authors get into print, Pound also felt that the time had come for his voice to be heard again. Between the collapse of the *transatlantic review* at the end of 1924 and the first number of the *Exile* in the spring of 1927, he had contributed almost nothing to any magazines, apart from a few letters, three Cantos in *This Quarter*, an article on Cheever Dunning in *Poetry*, and one on Antheil in the *New Criterion*. Considering his massive output in the little magazines over the previous twelve years, his comparative silence for two years was very noticeable, as is evident from the satiric little poem with which Richard Aldington greeted the news of Pound's little magazine:

> Let us resurrect the useful word Dickkopfig,
> Let us apply it to those it fits,
> Above all let us apply it to ourselves.
> But in any case let us apply it to Don Ezra,

> Who, having secured at the prime of life
> A more than Horatian otium,
> And having obtained more applause by his silence
> Than ever he obtained by his not always negligible speech,
> Now, in the eighth lustre of his career
> When the libidinous itch for publicity
> Should long ago have subsided into placid indifference
> Madly casts away the only true felicity
> For the ignominious servitude
> And distracting toil
> Of Editorship!
> Light fall the blows upon his head -
> For he will need all its thickness -
> And let us regret the fall of this man
> For he once had the courage
> To be silent for several years.[4]

The role of the exile into which Pound chose to cast himself for speech, in 1927, might have been expected from his previous interest in this role. In one way it was a useful *persona*, for it allowed him to express real bitterness in a time-honoured guise, but it was a double-edged weapon also. From this point on in his life, Pound was to actually be the Seafarer, the man alone, cut off from his tribe, condemned by his own people to wander far from his country. But, at the same time, he was betrayed by the role into exposing the man beneath the mask, a man who was so obsessed by his country, loving it and hating it at the same time, that he could not see it at all clearly, so that his judgement, based on his vision, was not square.

The move to Rapallo and his third exile in twenty years was the most serious of all his exiles. After the shift in 1908 to the big, urban setting of London, and then in 1920-21 to Paris, he had found cultural excitement, artists to work with, friends to support him and to be supported, reference materials in abundance, and both the latest and the oldest books and manuscripts. His life for sixteen years was based on the City and its imposed order. Suddenly, in 1924, he retreated from the artistic communities, from the international conversation about the arts, to a small coastal town in Italy where he had little artistic company, few cultural events and no research resources. The world that he made there, in the *Exile*, is clearly disjointed and disorderly. The magazine was his attempt at a personal "rappel à l'ordre," but the early instinctive movement towards identifying the universal harmonies had been replaced, by this time, by the second-rate desire to anchor himself by adopting social policies and intellectual "positions." This lower-level search for order was a betrayal of his own instinctual nature that had a natural leaning towards the harmony of the final pattern.

The principle expressed in *Gaudier-Brzeska* that the poet casts off a series of masks in his work in order to find the real self[5] seems to have been carried over into his life, where he adopted pose after pose in an effort to find an acceptable outline for himself. In his assumption of these roles, Pound was painfully transparent. The academic mask, the younger statesman mask, the philosopher mask, the wit, the sculptor, the musician, the outraged moralist, the cynical humorist, the heavy-handed satirist, the dedicated guerilla, the rabble-rouser, are all present by turns in his prose writings in the little magazines up to 1924 or so, and none of them seems to fit properly.

The role of the exile was the one he came to early and stayed long with. His translation of the Anglo-Saxon poem "The Seafarer" first appeared in 1912, and it heavily emphasizes both the exile's sense of aloneness, of alienation, of bitter grief at being parted from his own kind, "wretched outcast/Deprived of my kinsmen," and his need to take out and examine in song the source of his misery in an attempt to come to terms with it, to find an acceptable shape for the chaos of his emotions:

> May I, for my own self, song's truth reckon,
> Journey's jargon, how I in harsh days
> Hardship endured oft
> Bitter breast-cares have I abided . . .[6]

The seafarer is consciously casting a *persona* for himself so that he can try to understand the nature of his situation; he is not simply pouring out his grief to alleviate his emotions. He is a poet, consciously attempting to shape his experience. Then, in 1916, in *Lustra*, the poem titled "The Rest" shows Pound, buoyed up by the *Blast* experience, able to say to his fellow American poets who may be suffering from the attentions of the barbarians:

> You of the finer sense,
> Broken against false knowledge,
> You who can know at first hand,
> Hated, shut in, mistrusted;
>
> Take thought:
> I have weathered the storm,[7]
> I have beaten out my exile.

However, the elation of the young poet in 1916 is sadly deflated by the time he starts the *Cantos* whose hero, Odysseus-Pound, is the most intense expression of the exile *persona*, a victim of circumstances, the times and his gods.

The voice of Pound speaking in the aptly-named *Exile* is also taking part in the mask-casting process. Here, in 1927, is the voice of the prophet crying in the wilderness, directing his thoughts back at his native land, the source of his exile. The *Exile* was an American little magazine, in spite of its European location, in a way that even the *transatlantic review*, under Hemingway's influence, was not. Pound was writing specifically for an American audience and printed mainly American talent such as Louis Zukofsky, Carl Rakosi, Ralph Cheever Dunning, William Carlos Williams, Guy Hickock and Robert McAlmon. His comments and editorials were aimed at Americans, by an American writing on America. There was little for the non-American reader in the *Exile*.

As an editor, Pound worked differently from, say, Ford. He could truly have said, "Le magazine, c'est moi!", for he dominated the paper with his comments and editorials, and the other contributors seem, sometimes, to have taken their cues directly from him. Ford gathered together many different types and qualities of work, without regard to the political leanings of their authors and with no particular editorial policy except the desire to print good literature. The contents of the *Exile*, on the other hand, were geared to and around Pound's own political interests, and when he had had enough of expounding his economic and political ideas for the moment, he dropped the paper, without regard for the state of contemporary literature or the needs of young writers. It may seem strange that someone who had always appeared to be so interested in the little magazines had never tackled the job before, but the reasons for this gap in his career are also the reasons why the *Exile* was short-lived and caused Pound no pangs when it closed. In the first place, he was too impatient to stand for long the attention to detail and the grind necessary to bring out a little magazine; in the second place, he always had so many interests and projects going at once that he had little time to spare for concentrated, exclusive work on one subject only, such as editing a magazine demands. As was the case with the two numbers of *Blast*, four numbers of the *Exile* contained nicely all that Pound had to say in this particular campaign. It was a tool in a one-man fight, and the literature printed in the *Exile* seems almost an afterthought to the editorials.

There is not much artistry about the magazine's arrangement, although the type is clear and well spaced and the appearance is pleasing enough. In the first number especially, long stretches of prose are unrelieved by any breaks or shifts in pattern or by illustrations. The result is a bore, unless the reader is caught and magnetized by the sixty or so pages of John Rodker's novel, *Adolphe 1920*, with which Pound opened his magazine. The later numbers are better arranged, certainly, but there can have been few casual readers to whom it appealed. One would have had to be aware of Pound's dominant concerns in order to make much sense of the *Exile*. This, more than any other magazine with which he was connected, was a publication for an élite. In a way, editing it was a process akin to withdrawing behind the circle of covered wagons in a last stand against the enemy.

The version of Pound who addressed the audience in the *Exile* was far from the Imagist, the Vorticist, the lyric poet, the admirer of Cavalcanti, and Daniel, and Dante, the lover of music and sculpture and all the arts. This was the author of "Patria Mia," "The Serious Artist," "Through Alien Eyes," "The Revolt of Intelligence," and "America: Chances and Remedies," driven to a considerable pitch of bitterness by the events of the years between these earlier works and the *Exile*. In editing a supposedly literary magazine, Pound had the chance to help the young artists of the day, to promote good literary standards in journalism and to provide a platform for new work. Instead, he chose to turn his magazine to political uses and this, even though the basic cause of Art lay beneath it, is the main reason why the magazine lasted for only four numbers. He had only a limited number of points to make, politically, and was not a clever, a subtle or a seminal political thinker, although he was certainly sincere in his concerns. The limited range of his political capabilities guaranteed the doom of his magazine.

The editorial programme is definied in the term "res publica" which he translated as the "public convenience," and which the second, third and fourth issues bore on the titlepage as a motto. His thesis was that as long as the state remained the "public convenience" it was performing an acceptable function in human society; but when the state started to interfere in the lives of its citizens, via laws to control individual rights and freedom of action and movement, then it became "an infernal nuisance," and needed to stand trial to justify itself:

> The capitalist imperialist state must be judged not only in comparison with unrealized utopias, but with past forms of the state; if it will not bear comparison with the feudal order; with the small city states both republican and despotic; either as to its "social justice" *or* as to its permanent products, art, science, literature, the onus of proof goes against it.
>
> The contemporary mind will have to digest this concept: the state as convenience.
>
> The antithesis is: the state as an infernal nuisance.[8]

Oddly enough, this does not mean that Pound was anti-capitalist, in spite of his admiration for Lenin, expressed later in the *Exile*, that was founded on Lenin's desire to cut out bureaucracy. In *The Political Identities of Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot*, William M. Chace points out that Pound was as much a supporter of capitalism as Major C. H. Douglas, his political mentor. He says:

> . . . Pound was in no way prepared in the mid-1920's to launch an attack on capitalism. He was prepared to attack only its misuse, because capitalism was the system most congenial to his sense of himself as a free individual whose entrepreneurial literary energies could help transform the consciousness of his nation.[9]

Capitalism, working properly and cleanly, without debt or interest, allowed an orderly but individual society, thus reconciling two elements in Pound's sociological thought: his love of order and his passionate defence of individual freedom especially for the artist. There is nothing really paradoxical about these two elements, although Chace thinks the tension between the two caused Pound to vacillate in his thinking, unable to solve a split in his sociological responses. In Confucian thinking, which Pound tried to follow ("Ethical and economic queries can be solved, usually, by ref. to the Tao Hio"),[10] an orderly society *is* a free society, where all the parts work in true harmony.

Pound went on in this editorial to talk of the artist's position in a time of revolution, and his comments lead us to a concept of art as an endeavour above and beyond the transient nature of politics, as something eternal and enduring and basic to human civilization.

> The artist, the maker, is always too far ahead of any revolution or reaction, or counter-revolution or counter-reaction for his vote to

> have any immediate result; and no party program ever contains enough of his program to give him the least satisfaction. The party that follows him wins; and the speed with which they set about it, is the measure of their practical capacity and intelligence. Blessed are they who pick the right artists and makers.[11]

His vision of the artist as a superior human being had survived right from the days of the "Osiris" and "Serious Artist" series. Pound believed that because the true artist was a superior being, he ought to be left alone by government and petty bureaucrats to get on with his important work, the exploration of the human soul so as to render it in a form visible to the mass of mankind. Pound wanted him left alone because he has, in any case, found an order within himself, acquired through a proper use of his art, that needs no outside interference. The poet's job is to lead others into that state of inner harmony and order that best reflects the godhead.

Although he had been working for years towards a full-fledged concept of the artist as an important political being, it was not until the *Exile* that art and politics were presented to the public as inseparable. In this little magazine, he makes little overt reference to art *per se*, preferring to present it from a completely political point of view. His thesis was that since art's business was to civilize man, and civilization was a political unit, true art must necessarily be political. He, as an artist and editor, must therefore be concerned with presenting the true area of art's concern in his little magazine. Thus, all three levels of his search for order come together in his role as the editor of the *Exile*.

Pound envisaged a type of Utopia for modern man, a community where each man could reach his highest potential, and in all his political harangues this is what saves him from being merely a foolish man who talked too much about a subject he did not truly understand. His polemics are aimed at rousing man to "Make It New,"[12] not in the sense of building a completely new civilization after revolution but of restoring the good of the fine old civilizations of the world. He wanted to renew rather than to initiate, hence his interest in past cultures and his search for the vortices of man's history. He wanted a Renaissance, a re-birth of all that was best in man's spiritual encounters with the universe. His eventual goal was a harmonious society, balanced in all its parts, but until that should come to pass, he was of the opinion that the artist should act as one of the true leaders of the race rather than the newspaper barons, the industrialists and the bankers whose money was bringing them uncontrolled power that set them up in rival government to the elected government. To Pound, anyone working for excessive monetary profit was a social criminal. Banks, of course, and money-lending in general, were anathema to him, partly because of the highly inflated interest rates that caused unrepayable debt, and partly because of their power to create money values at will, unrelated to the actual worth of objects.

Pound's interest in economics, vaguely discernible in his early prose writing, really did not focus itself until he met Major C. H. Douglas, the founder of Social Credit, through A. R. Orage, in 1918-19. The subject is a complex one, a detailed discussion of which is beyond the scope of the present thesis. Nevertheless, it might be helpful to quote from Hugh Kenner's summary of Pound's economics in *The Pound Era*. He says that Pound and the people with whom he corresponded about economic matters "found four main foci of interest" which were 1) The Just Price; 2) Stamp Scrip; 3) Banks; and 4) Currency. The implementation of an economic programme that would enforce the first two and clean up the last two would hopefully eliminate the wretched economic conditions that Douglas had laid at the door of credit:

> . . . the Douglas hypothesis, that the money distributed by production will not buy the product, means that there is a perpetual shortage of money. This shortage must be made up by creating money. *The money is created as interest-bearing debt*: this, and not any quibble over interest rates, is what Pound means by *usura*.
>
> The money is created without regard to need, but only with an eye to 1) generation of interest, and 2) in case of foreclosure, salability of the security.[13]

The Just Price was to be arrived at every season, after the general distribution of the nation's Social Credit, so that it would reflect "the extent to which this season's communal consumption is less than this season's augment of communal wealth."[14] It is a method of keeping down inflation caused by the release of more purchasing power. The Stamp Scrip was a device whereby people would be discouraged from hoarding paper money, by having to add a stamp worth a percentage of the bill's face value at regular intervals in order to keep up the face value. People not spending their paper money in a regular turnover would lose money. As to banks, Kenner says:

> We can see why he seemed to talk of nothing but banks. A bank, considered simply as a business, issues purchasing power in the form of debt, this debt, thanks to "interest," greater than the credit issued, and related in no way to the use it has been put to. So neither the cultural heritage nor the

> increment of association governs a reckoning of how much purchasing power is to be supplied, nor to whom nor at what rate: only the bank's calculation of the debt it can hope to recoup. Thus the supply of currency is regulated by merchants of currency, which is as though someone should have a monopoly of oxygen; and the charge made for providing it ("usura") is a tax on everyone's energies.[15]

Currency to Pound meant gold, and the problem was simple: " . . . when a coin is assigned an arbitrary value, then two values are in potential competition: the value of the metal, the face value of the coin."[16] As far as he was concerned, government sat in the pockets of the bankers and was a willing party to economic abuse. Thus, the evils of the big banking systems attached themselves to government, so that banks, governments, industrialists and money, dictated the moral destiny of the human race, instead of their spiritual leaders. These are the points that dominate the editorial voice of the *Exile*, with disappointing results in the end.

The editorial attacks in the *Exile* are many-faceted and draw together the accumulated and growing hatreds since 1912 or so. Pound scorned the generally mediocre state of culture in the United States, blaming it mainly on the lack of thinking leaders. He admonished the power-sources of evil and corruption, that is banks and government bureaucracy, and exhorted the reader to recognize the desperate need for change. In 1944 he wrote that he wanted to "understand the NATURE of error,"[17] and it is obvious that he thought he had found it in the economic and political bases of his nation. In 1927, ideas that had been tentative before, and diffused in discussions of art, hardened and coalesced and found single expression in the *Exile*. Since "Patria Mia" in 1912, he had been on an exploration of his home-land from a distance, but by the time of the *Exile* editorials, the affection that had been visible in the earlier work had gone. It was an entirely serious Pound who said in *Exile* 1:

> The American view as expressed by the leading American intelligentzia is that America is *the* most colossal monkey house and prize exhibit that the astonished world has yet seen; and that for this reason one should delight in the spectacle; and that as spectacle it is unrivaled and diverting. Not being a descendant of M. le Marquis de Sade, or a follower of the, I believe, Hungarian Massoch, I am unable to appreciate this form of pleasure.[18]

In *Exile* 2, Pound continued his socio-political comment with two editorials, one, "Prolegomena," sandwiched between a Dunning poem and four poems of Carl Rakosi; and the other a three-page editorial right at the end of the number, entitled "The Exile," where the word is used as a *nom de plume* for the speaker in a conscious projection of a *persona*. "Prolegomena" is a one page diatribe against "the drear horror of American life" that Pound traced to two sources that offended his desire for harmony and order:

> 1. The loss of *all* distinction between public and private affairs.
> 2. The tendency to mess into other people's affairs before establishing order in one's own affairs, and in one's thought.[19]

The intrusion of the modern state into the private lives of its citizens, and the equal intrusion of private citizens into the lives of each other on the "brother's keeper" principle, Pound condemned as belonging to outdated monotheistic religion, in particular Christianity, which dominated the social patterns of the West. He preferred Confucianism with its emphasis on personal order and harmony that would spread by osmosis:

> The principle of good is enunciated by Confucius; it consists in establishing order within oneself. This order of harmony spreads by a sort of contagion without specific effort. The principle of evil consists in messing into other people's affairs.[20]

Policing a people by means of a petty bureaucracy working through identity cards and passports, and through the enforcement of imbecilic laws, set Pound's face against the officials such as customs officers who belonged to such a bureaucracy. These men came in for considerable punishment in the *Exile* on two counts: first, they controlled the entry to a country through passports; second, they enforced the censorship laws on material entering the country through the Mails, acting under the provisions laid down by Article 211 of the U.S. Penal Code, reprinted by Pound in *Exile* 4. Customs officials, in Pound's opinion, were a perfect example of the depths to which the corruption of government could carry minor officials. He obviously preferred the Confucian system of bureaucracy where everyone, regardless of birth and class, who managed to pass the Imperial examinations was considered intelligent enough to hold public office.

He closed *Exile* 3 with prose commentaries on the state of America and of Western civilization in general. In the guise of "The Exile," he set out in a somewhat disjointed fashion twenty points of criticism that break down into two main categories. First, he felt that the fate of the artist in a modern bureaucracy could only be poverty and obscurity as long as he was unwilling to be aggressive: "The ivory tower is too often made of papier-mâché. Our intellectuals are lacking in savagery. . . ."[21] As far as he was concerned, there was no patronage of the arts in America, only speculation, nor was there enough action taken by the few lovers of art that did exist who ought to have had more regard "for the contemporary activity than even archaeological research."[22] Second, the present American government, its bureaucrats and all officials in the State Department, needed to be cleaned out, and anyone supporting passports and visa systems should be flayed. America was governed by men lacking in principle who relied on received precedent for law-making and enforcement and who were imbecilic enough to support Article 211 of the Penal Code. Then the attack was turned on England, because of her divorce laws, and on France because of the identity card system in operation there. He ended with a plea for the party of intelligence to emerge as a political entity:

> As for the U.S. The national administration has been boob-flooded for too long, it is time people with a trace of intelligence and some smattering of general culture took over the management.[23]

The survival of the concept of the intelligence as a shaping force is another strand that shows the continuity in Pound's thinking.

Following "The Exile" there appeared a page of "Desideria," Pound's agenda, his "things to be done." He started with the bald statement: "Quite simply: I want a new civilization,"[24] which William Chace takes to be a statement of revolutionary intentions that at the same time shows Pound's vacillating nature. Talking of Pound's faith in art as an eternal force Chace says:

> To see art thus, as a residual force outlasting all political and social change, might be thought oddly contradictory in a man who for some years had been consumed in revolutionary campaigns, among them one to "Make it New." "These campaigns

> had aimed to change society in the most profound of ways: to give it "new eyes," new ways of creating forms by which to live. . . .[25]

Chace misinterprets the type of "new civilization" that Pound wants. The phrase "Make it New" indicates a renewal of something worn out rather than a completely new start, and indeed Pound himself carried this idea through in the rest of "Desideria," going on to say:

> I say "new" civilization, I don't know that I care about its being so very different from the best that has been, but it must be *as good* as the best that has been.[26]

The final number of the *Exile* , published in the autumn of 1928, closed firmly with the words "The End." Pound had had enough, after four numbers, but as he had only one chance left to make his voice heard editorially he made the most of the opportunity. He put himself first in this number, and so that there would be no mistaking what the editor considered to be the magazine's first duty, he printed in large capitals under the table of contents

RES PUBLICA

THE PUBLIC CONVENIENCE

The next twenty-nine pages were given over to Pound discoursing, yet again, on the rotten state of Western civilization; on the poxed tribe of bureaucrats who were "Jehovah's Flail" since they were more intrusive in a Christian society than in any other; on Lenin as a "moderate" revolutionary; on the ideal bureaucracy which was "the smallest possible one, and one with functions reduced to a minimum"; on the history of the recent presidents of the United States and the ways in which they betrayed their country into the hands of the bankers; and on the causes of war (munitions, industrialists and bankers). Still, in the midst of the diatribe, there were occasional flashes of interesting matter concerning the arts; this, for instance, on language:

> We continue with thought forms and with language structures used by monolinear medieval logic, when the aptitudes of human mind developed in course of bio-chemical studies have long since outrun such simple devices. By which I mean that the biologist can often know and think clearly a number of things he can not put in a simple sentence; he can dissociate things for which there is as yet no dissociated language structure. Writing, especially so called abstract or critical writing, still plays ostrich, pretending that it cannot think (or express) perfectly comprehensible things that don't happen to fit the syllogism (of all tiny toys) or language constructions as cramped as correct academic French idioms--and this even in our tongue.[27]

In the main, however, the editorial voice in the last issue of the *Exile*, exposed the strain that Pound was under. It was occupied almost exclusively with an undisciplined outpouring of old resentments and oft-reiterated opinions, and included the reprinting in its entirety of Article 211 of the American Penal Code. He railed against American passivity ("The inability of contemporary Americans to kick about anything whatsoever is one of the most disgusting phenomena one has to face in dealing with one's contemporary compatriots"),[28] but his attack was important because of its hysteria and exaggeration. He ended with a call to arms and a warning that America should ignore Europe in searching for a model, for a formula to express its own Zeitgeist. The statement opens up possibilities for the future study of a poet whose well-springs have been supposed to be Mediterranean. If Pound did nothing else in his little magazine, he emerged finally as a true-blue American.

In the very last section of the magazine, under the heading "Data," there are several pages of information that performed a valuable service for the contemporary student of literature. Pound provided a check list of the little magazines and little presses that appeared to him, in 1928, to have been of the greatest importance to twentieth century culture so far, starting with the *English Review* in 1908 and working through the *Egoist*, the *Little Review*, the *New Age*, and so on, to the *Exile*. "Data" also revealed Pound's self-image, in 1928, as an important modern artist. He gave a list of his own major work to date, together with the clue: "Ethical and economic queries can be solved, usually, by reference to the *Ta Hio*."[29] This section is interesting as a light on Pound's self-concept because of the accompanying comments that seem to indicate just how much of a subject for study he had become by 1928, and how conscious he was of himself as a commercial and academic property.[30] He introduced "Data" with a comment that indicated he had been plied with questions through the mail:

> To save myself the labour of answering specific enquiries and the incivility of leaving possibly well-meant questions unanswered I am printing, or re-printing the following data with an occasional comment where same has inserted itself in my typescript. . . .[31]

And later in the article he said:

> I print this list because I can no longer be expected to answer by personal letter questions which I have already, and in cases repeatedly answered either in print or by letter.

The academic in Pound was still very much present in 1928.

The *Exile* should have been a success in terms of its creative content since Europe was crammed at that time with writers such as Hemingway, Scott Fitzgerald, Joyce, Dos Passos, Henry Miller, Malcolm

Cowley and Nathan Asch, to name only a few. Part of the undoubted dullness of the magazine was owing to Pound's choice of manuscripts. To be fair, in each of the four issues he printed at least one poem of worth by four men in particular, Pound himself, Zukofsky, Williams and Yeats, but three of these were scarcely representative of the young artists who desperately needed publishing space.

Pound's editing of the *Exile* and his choice of content indicate that by 1927 he had rather lost touch with the mainstream of new writers and new literature, and that, on the cultural level of the search for order, he was adrift. In defence of this view, I would like to make a short survey of all four numbers, keeping in mind that in each number he printed at least one worthwhile piece of work.

The first number appeared in the spring of 1927 and was ninety-two pages long. Its main purpose seems to have been to print the first part of *Adolphe 1920*, for sixty pages of the magazine were devoted to this work about a love-hate male-female relationship. The first article, though, is part of *Canto XX*, followed by a prose piece written by Guy Hickock in a suspiciously sycophantic manner. Recalling a recent trip home to America, Hickock castigated his country for its cynicism, hypocrisy and corruption: "I got the impression that everything was corrupt."[32] In particular, appointed officials, such as judges, were heavily attacked for their cynical and two-faced interpretation of the law, and the customs officials (one of Pound's pet hates because of both passports and the censorship laws) were portrayed in a very poor light, as were the police:

> The customs inspector, the first official American to meet a returning traveller, was drunk. The first policeman of whom I asked the way was drunk.

And the mayor of New York was pilloried in a paragraph that must have come close to being libellous:

> Everybody knows that the former comic song writer at the City Hall is a poorer mayor than even the wretched Hylan, that he comes to this office at eleven o'clock. He leaves early, and his principal usefulness is to appear agreeably on the steps from time to time to welcome a Channel swimmer, a champion pugilist, or a junketing queen, and the whole city administration is infected. Nobody does anything about it. They are all like him.

The United States, on Hickock's terms, was just about ready to fold, and one is tempted to say that the condemnation of its minor bureaucrats as the direct cause of its collapse was made to order for Pound.

The main feature, *Adolphe 1920*, ran for three of the issues. It is an exploration of the complexities of the male-female relationship between a man, who is in doubt about his love, and his woman, and is conducted mainly in the mind of the protagonist. It is strange that Pound should have thought so highly of this work and given it such prominence. Only very occasionally does the writing attain the hard, clear concise edge that Pound had learned, from Ford, to look for in prose fiction, and then only in descriptions of place. For instance:

> Now, with a false trill, the roundabout wheezed loudly, battering cymbals, blaring trumpets, and wallowing in waves, dragon after dragon rolled past, jaws yawning, light shimmering from iridescent scales.[33]

And:

> A channel. The cold sea-wind swept in over mud-flats. Lurid green light pushed out of dark cloud. Darkness was falling, the gulls crying round the old boats, lit by an occasional warm light.[34]

When Rodker is inside the mind of his main character, the writing becomes diffuse and vague, as the writer gropes for a way to express mental and spiritual confusion. He makes the basic mistake about which Pound had warned young writers in "A Few Don'ts when he said "Go in fear of abstractions."[35] Here is Rodker's description of a lover's confusion:

> Like Chrysomallo starting for her ride, joyously he had embarked on the enchanting possibilities of Angela, but that love which at first seemed frivolous and superficial, soon grew tenacious, tyrranical and full of torturing jealousy. The glaucous light shed from his spurs illumined the night, and was a symbol of that onward spurring love which no restraint could overcome and which inevitably must lead its victim into unknown fatal ways. It represented too, the penetrating and tragic effulgence which a grand passion must shed on all the sombre pages of an existence.[36]

One wonders if Pound were not perhaps impelled into printing *Adolphe* by a strong sense of friendship and of old debts owed.[37] Apart from Hemingway's two-line poem:

> The Lord is my Shepherd
> I shall not want him for long

which was his only contribution to the *Exile*, the rest of the first issue is given over to an editorial.

The second number of the *Exile*, published in the autumn of 1927, was larger than the first, being one hundred and twenty-one pages, and the publishing had been taken over by Pascal Covici of Chicago, thus tightening the direct link between Rapallo and the States. In this number, the second part of John Rodker's novel appeared, together with a poem by Ralph Cheever Dunning (a particular favourite with Pound at this time), some poems by Carl Rakosi, a prose piece by McAlmon that was later to be incorporated in his autobiography *Being Geniuses Together*, a monologue by G. S. Seymour under the pseudonym of Stella Breen, and part of Joe Gould's "Oral History." Again, as in *Exile* 1, there is a feeling of heaviness about the magazine, perhaps caused by so many pages of prose jammed together without relief for the eye. Number two started off with thirty pages of Rodker's novel, followed by Dunning's "Threnody in Sapphics," a piece that is scarcely modern in style or content, although the technique is fine, as Pound aggressively asserted in *Exile* 3, where the dogmatic snap of narrow-mindedness vibrated through a very short article on Dunning:

> My present feeling is that anyone who can not feel the beauty of their [the Sapphics] melody had better confine his criticism to prose and leave the discussion of verse to those who understand something about it.[38]

The American Carl Rakosi had four poems in this number; all four are satires on facets of modern life, such as the worship of money, position, beauty and efficiency in business and were written in fairly skillful and entertaining free verse. The longest single contributor to this issue was McAlmon with a semi fictitious, semi-autobiographical account of Paris in the twenties, whose title, "Truer Than Most Accounts," cocked a snoot at other accounts of the Paris years. It was racy and heavily satiric and walked very close to the borderline between scandal and libel, written in a parody of the gossip column style of journalism. Pound had a considerable admiration for McAlmon, and tried for a number of years to bring his work to the notice of the public, without much success. In "Small Magazines," he commented:

> McAlmon remains (A.D. 1930) the one very important American writer whom no American publisher will touch with a ten-foot pole. Nevertheless, there is a greater variety of character and of situation, a greater fidelity

> to the scene and the life before him, than in other American writers. There is less of the received idea. There is a greater readiness to tackle hitherto untackled material. There is no effort to exploit the already exploited situations. There is already a more extended panorama of contemporary life than in other writers.

In spite of the fact that the drunken scene that McAlmon described in Paris was not at all to Pound's taste,[39] he nevertheless managed to shape it to his purpose. In an editorial further on in *Exile 2*, he linked the excesses portrayed by McAlmon among the American ex-patriates in Paris with the iniquities of the present American government, with specific reference to their introduction of the Eighteenth Amendment, dealing with the prohibition of liquor. Pound disliked drink and its effects, but he was willing to defend the individual's right to go out and get drunk if he so desired. In fact, he blamed the general rise in drunkenness on a need to defy the law, saying:

> Booze in literature is a pest; we owe its resurgence in contemporary letters to our autocthonous imbecility and to its expression in one of the worst legal outrages of all time. The Eighteenth Amendment is the prize specimen of the *kind* of law that makes all civic and social life impossible. I do not believe that any state in which officials are permitted to interfere with the private habits of the inhabitants can either persist or develop.[40]

The remaining contributions to this number, Stella Breen's "My Five Husbands" and Joe Gould's "Oral History," completed the second issue. The first was a satiric portrait of a "typical"[41] polyandrous nymphomaniac, written by an American, George Seymour. As a comment on an invented character, it was a brilliant piece of dramatic monologue; as a comment by a male writer on the nature of women in general, it was, in itself, entirely "typical." The section from Joe Gould's "Oral History" contained comments that must have pleased Pound: the story of Gould's brush with the censors in the States, for instance, that led to an indictment of the average man:

> A little bit later some police-court reporters burned several volumes of my history because they resented a man's having intellectual interests. It was a great blow to me. I felt entirely lost because of their vandalism although I knew that in time I could replace the manuscript. It was one of the times when I felt that too much value was attached to merely human existence. The average man merely fills his belly and sleeps with his wife. He does not compare with any of the wild animals in the dignity of his existence, and when he dies he is equal to none of the domestic beasts in utility, for neither his hide nor his carcass are of any use.[42]

His comments on art as "the expression of personality" and of sincerity as the ultimate test of a man's nature as an artist, found their echoes in Pound's concepts of the art impulse and of artistic technique. The slightly humorous, slightly cynical style of writing that gave the piece an air of worldly weariness may not have appealed to him so much, and may have occasioned the comment, "Mr. Joe Gould's prose style is uneven."[43]

Exile 2 ended in a rather snobbish, pedantic notice to would-be contributors:

> Anyone attempting to contribute to this periodical ought to know at least two languages. If intending collaborators do not already know French, I suggest that they learn it first and submit manuscript after they have.[44]

Since the magazine was being edited by an American for Americans, in the English language, and there was only one contribution in the entire series in a language other than English, a short prose piece by Benjamin Peret,"Les Cheveux Dans Les Yeux," one wonders why Pound felt moved to include this irrascible and pointless paragraph, unless out of sheer cussedness.

Exile 3 showed a decided gathering of speed and weight in the four or five months between the issues for Autumn 1927 and Spring 1928. The prose was now leavened by poetry of a first-rate calibre, and the name of W. B. Yeats on the title page must have cheered up the readers somewhat. The *Exile* is notable, on the whole, for the absence of known names or old friends, which may have been because of Pound's declared intention to help those having trouble getting into print, but which may also have been caused by the fact that, by this time, he had succeeded in alienating many of his old friends such as Eliot, Lewis and Joyce. However, the printing of Yeats' "Sailing to Byzantium" and "Blood and the Moon" in *Exile* 3 gave the magazine a considerable boost out of the ranks of mediocre productions.

In this number, Pound also printed for the first time Louis Zukofsky's strange 'Poem Beginning "The",' a patchwork quilt of allusion and paraphrase presenting the autobiography of a young Jewish poet whose poetry could rise to lyric heights, in an Imagist-type song of great poignancy:

> Winged wild geese, where lies the passage,
> In far away lands lies the passage.
> Winged wild geese, who knows the pathway?
> Of the winds, asking, we shall say:
> Wind of the South and wind of the North
>   Where has your sun gone forth?
>   Naked, twisted, scraggly branches,
> And dark, gray patches through the branches,
> Ducks with puffed-up, fluttering feathers
>   On a cobalt stream.
>   And faded grass that's slowly swaying[45]

Indeed, *Exile* 3 was the best of all the issues, for besides Yeats and

Zukofsky, Pound also printed part of his Canto XXII that contains some very effective vorticist images, moving in a backward spiral from the furthest extension of the cone up to the point of maximum energy, the eyes of the observers in the window:

> And the rose grown while I slept,
> And the strings, shaken with music,
> Capriped, the loose twigs underfoot;
> We here on the hill, with the olives
> Where a man might carry his oar up,
> And the boat there in the inlet;
> As we had lain there in the autumn
> Under the arras, or wall painted below like arras
> And, above, with a garden of rose-trees,
> And thrum of sound from the cross-street;
> As we had stood there,
> Watching road from the window,
> Fa Han and I at the window,
> And her head bound with gold-cords,
> Cloud over mountain; hill-gap in mist, like a
> sea-coast.[46]

The last part of *Adolphe 1920* occupied nine pages, and was followed by a Dunning short story, "Tony," a monologue with a lesbian theme about American girls in Europe, and that, in turn, was followed by Pound's rather snappy little defence of Dunning's work. As proof of Dunning's "power of imagination"[47] he reprinted the long poem "Shadows" from *Poetry* for April, 1925, and one can certainly see both a very powerful imagination and a strong sense of rhythm at work here. The poem deals with the two halves of a man's psyche, the Real and the Shadow, and the search by the man for the true self, the *persona* into which he can fit himself in order to express his own reality. Unfortunately, the poem makes extensive use of archaic language ("thine," "thy," "Lo!," "Ye," "'tis," and so on), and of heavily-stressed rhyme, and when placed alongside the Yeats, Pound and Zukofsky poems it looks more than a little old-fashioned and out of place. In the same number, a further seven Dunning poems were printed, mostly in rhyming verse although there were one or two rather weak attempts at free verse. The poems are pleasant to the ear, certainly, but scarcely worthy of the extensive championship afforded them by Pound.

Under the obvious pseudonym "Payson Loomis," the editor contributed a fairly skillful dramatic monologue[48] about a rich, young, bored American about to bring to a close an extended stay in Europe. He dreams, in a Paris café, of the pleasures of home, all mediocre, all comfortable, none conducive to thought or mental disturbance but only to entertainment. He says of New York, in a kind of ecstasy:

> And oh, more movies than anywhere else in
>   the world,
> Business-men playing such excellent bridge,
>   and interested in so many things,
> Always a new Swedish athlete to read up on,
>   at the Garden,
> Barbershops where the light is soft and every-
>   thing is sterilized,
> And the swimming-pools and the osteopaths,
> Any kind of bookstore you want!
> Any kind of restaurant you want!
> A-1 the grains, all the fruits, at all hours,
>   cheap, and well cooked, at Childs!

His type of Mecca is based on material comforts alone, and he seems to be completely blasé and cynical:

> There is no one interesting enough, intellectually
> To desire to meet;
> And very few with natural charm.
> And there would always be persons of some
>   refinement to converse with,
> Among the doctors and among the married women,
> Especially wealthy, modest women and their
>   children . . .

Here, apparently, is a representative of the corrupt America that Pound hates. However, this turns out to be a mask, a deliberate attempt to don a *persona* that will protect him against the pain of the poetry that lurks just beneath the surface, and that he feels he must make fun of:

> I would be possessed from time to time by the literary
> rage
> "That lurks in my blood," but I could soon exhaust it,
> Writing of the fashions and the latest ads -
> - In couplets more finely turned, my friend,
> than Pope's.
> My verses might please, incidentally, one or
> two friends,
> For when this my old malaria gripped me
> They could hear
> In lines about cosmetics and complex machines
> The subtlest changes in the beating of a heart.
> But all this, I think, would soon pass.

In the midst of apparent cynicism, though, the young man who is a poet manqué, tied to his family and his home comforts, is led into poetry, betraying his true impulses:

> As for travel - no, or very seldom.
> I like, to be sure, the analogies and the land-
> scape -
> A bank so steep, with firs on top,
> That it duplicates the facade of the Louvre,
> Falls like white cracks in walls
> Far off, as if their water were petrified,
> Or falling visibly but unheard,
> - And one evening coming up the Rhone
> There hung like Japanese lanterns, one orange,
> one silver,
> One on the left, one on the right, the sun and
> the moon,
> And next morning they had changed places,
> (The silver ball's light had gone out)
> So it seemed my direction was reversed.

The poem is a good example of the Browningesque dramatic monologue, where the young man's apparent honesty reveals, unwittingly, a vastly-different inner nature from the one consciously-presented. The character, in pretending to a *persona* of a distinct type, takes on another *persona*, that of the self-deceiver, the pretender. The process is almost too close to the real Pound to be comfortable.

A short story by Morley Callaghan, "Ancient Lineage," three semi-humorous poems by Clifford Gesseler, a satirical conversation piece between a besotted lover and a Runyonesque blonde, by Howard Weekes, and a very short and cynical character sketch of a Jewish garment manufacturer that ends in the lines:

> A jovial God created Mr. Goldberger without teeth,
> and now offered him nuts to crack.

ended the creative writing in *Exile* 3.

The opening shot in *Exile* 4 is followed by forty pages of work by William Carlos Williams, gathered under the title of "The Descent of Winter." Part poetry, part prose, it is a type of autobiography of a young doctor in the new America. The poetry is at times immensely powerful, yet deceptively simple, as in

> Monday
>   the canna flaunts
> its crimson head
>
> crimson lying folded
> crisply down upon
>
>   the invisible
>
> darkly crimson heart
> of this poor yard
>
> the grass is long
>
>   October tenth
>
> 1927[49]

Or in this, reminiscent of Pound's theories of the image:

In the dead weeds a rubbish heap
 in flames: the orange flames
 stream horizontal, windblown
 they parallel the ground
 waving up and down
 the flamepoints alternating
 the body streaked with loops
  and purple stains while
 the pale smoke, above,
 steadily continues eastward -

The accumulated effect of Williams' work is unfortunately broken by the editor's placing of a rather childish attack on Gertrude Stein by McAlmon immediately after it. This is an undeniably clever piece, using a parody of Stein's own style, but its effect is also unpleasantly mocking. Obviously, Stein and Pound had little in common as poets, and even less as people, but the malice behind the motive in writing the piece and the motive in publishing it detracts from both the writer and the editor.

Zukofsky contributed an approving review of e. e. cummings' play *Him*, and three poems of a certain political intensity, burning at injustices economic, political and cultural in powerful, if prejudiced, poetry. Zukofsky revealed himself as a committed socialist, here, a position that Pound may well have been somewhat embarrassed by, since his inclinations lay the other way.

In this number of the *Exile*, more than any other, a kind of discipleship is evident. All the work, even Williams', is aimed at social injustices and their causes; although some, like Zukofsky's, are probably truly expressive of the poets, others seem to have been gathered specifically to please Pound. For instance, the poem by John Cournos, "To a Certain American Literary Critic," the letter from Samuel Putnam (a brief *status rerum*), the short story translated from the Russian of Falkoff by Kliorin (about a kidnapped businessman who will not buy his own freedom because he cannot see it in his hand but who will buy the rope that is about to hang him because it is material), and Carl Rakosi's "Extracts From a Private Life," seem to be almost sycophantic expressions of disapproval of those things of which the master disapproved. It is a trend that is apparent throughout the four numbers, but it is more obvious in *Exile* 4 than in the others. It makes Pound, unwittingly, into a kind of monarch.

As an exiled king with a diminishing court, he found it difficult to edit the *Exile* with the objectivity and distance that the *persona* usually affords a writer. I think that, as a result, the quality of Pound's prose writing in the editorial sections is inferior to the quality he had achieved in, for instance, "The Serious Artist" of the *Egoist* era. The exile *persona* in the *Exile* was imperfectly experienced as a shaping force, probably because by this point it was far too close to the truth of Pound's real nature to operate properly as an artistic device. The result is a choppy, disjointed style in which ellipses and abstruse references predominate, to the detriment of the reader's understanding. Even someone aware of Pound's concerns finds it hard going to make the jumps necessary to a coherent grasp of all the material.

For instance, in the first editorial, Pound was concerned with three main points: defending his choice of contributors; presenting the corrupt nature of the modern state, and in particular America; and introducing the artist as a character of political importance. His method of dealing with these points was not to proceed smoothly and logically from one to the next, but to intersperse the points so that logical transition is lost, and the reader is left suspended in the midst of one set of ideas while being bombarded with a completely different set. As a result, it is hard to define what his editorial policy was; he allowed the first issue of his new magazine to go before the public without a strong statement of his intentions. The editorial was full of veiled references and ellipses that required special knowledge of literary and political events. The elitism implied by his use of these devices makes highly visible Pound's tendency, present in his magazine prose right from the beginning, to divide the public off into those who belonged to the party of intelligence and those who did not.

Non-sequitur is common in the *Exile's* editorials, as for instance in the third number where the first paragraph of the editorial, on the amount of contributions that had flowed in, was a stepping-stone to nowhere, since it was followed by a set of nineteen points that appear to be unrelated to the state of Pound's desk drawers. It takes familiarity with his thinking to realize that the diatribe against Article 211, bureaucracy, the last three U.S. presidents, the State Department and English divorce laws did in fact have a thread of continuous purpose to bind them together: Pound's attempts to identify the sources of the neglect that was forcing young writers to send their work to him rather than to the established publishing places in their own countries. The process of making the correct links between references in Pound's work can be a delight when the system is under control, but in the *Exile* it is wearisome because one feels that the style was not deliberate but was the result of the editor's lack of control over his material.

If Pound had been on top of his writing, then the incomplete sentences, comma faults, broken-backed paragraphs and non-existent transitions with which the editorials abound would be petty matters indeed, being the result of a deliberately-conceived style. I feel, however, that in the *Exile*, he was guilty of stylistic carelessness. He made the comment in *Exile* 3 of Woodrow Wilson "le style c'est l'homme." It is a comment that appears to be applicable to his own case in the *Exile*; the muddle in his own thinking and life style in the late 1920's shows in the roughness and indifference of his prose style in these editorials.

The *Exile* was an uneven production. On the one hand, it printed Yeats, Williams, Pound and Zukofsky, so that in all four issues it managed to present at least one good poem. On the other, it was dominated to an unfortunate degree by Pound's political concerns, so that the most innocuous little poem or prose piece acquired a certain amount of non-native colouring from the editorial hand. It was, without a doubt, Pound's magazine, for the expression, primarily, of his views on the state of contemporary American culture and government. Each issue involved at least one repetition of the same concerns: bureaucrats, censorship, copyright laws, banking systems, criminal industrialists and the wretched state of the arts. This is not to say that Pound was wrong in what he identified as the ills of his society; other men than he felt the same way. But his almost neurotic insistence on reiterating bitter statements that lead nowhere is depressing, and the magazine's tone is on the whole heavy and dull.

It is a great pity that Pound did not put his opportunity to better use. He was aware of the power that an editor can have, from his early dealings with Orage and Ford, both of whose editing he very much admired, but he was unable to maintain the detachment and objectivity that characterized the work of both these men. In fact, in spite of the long years associated closely with little magazines, he was a poor editor, caring little for the arrangement of work, the eye of the reader or the independence of his contributors. His editorial voice was strident and insistent, and attitudes whose effects had been dispersed when presented in a paper with a catholic policy, such as the *New Age*, were overwhelmingly harsh and polemical when allowed to dictate the direction of an entire magazine.

Biographically, the *Exile* is of considerable importance, for between 1924 and 1927 Pound really did stay out of the public eye, maintaining a kind of silence only rarely broken. The emergence of the little magazine in 1927 shows him about to re-enter the fight, but he is changed from the man who so much enjoyed the battles in the *New Age* and *Blast*. He is far older in spirit in the *Exile*, sour-faced, slightly bitter, and cynical; and one gets the impression that the blinkers are on now for many years to come. His groping towards a political stand that is evident right from "Patria Mia" finds a focus and a shape in 1927, and a target, the economic betrayal of America by the bankers and industrialists, in cahoots with the government. For the next fifteen years or so, Pound was to plunge forward in a narrow track, sure that he had found both "the NATURE of error" and its cure.

The *Exile* was his attempt at a "rappel à l'ordre" in his own life, quite apart from the public effects he hoped it would have. His twenty year journey since his first arrival in London in 1908 had involved him in a multitude of *imbroglios* over artistic, sociological and cultural theory and practice. For most of the time, Pound had gone into battle at the first challenge and had had little occasion to sit back quietly and gather his ideas together into a coherent statement. The two years of silence between 1925 and 1927 were no doubt a matter of necessity, for he must have reached a point where his life and his career appeared to be escaping from his control, in spite of the many years he had spent searching for the formula that would best express the basic structure of universal law.

In his little magazine, he tried to sift through the chaos of ideas garnered over the years and to present an organized expression of a stance whence he could proceed in an orderly manner. The principles that dominated at least the next decade resolved themselves in the *Exile* into five main points: the term *res publica*, the state, means the public convenience only, and any more interference in an individual's life than is necessary to keep the trains running on time must not be allowed; in a truly civilized state, the principle of good means setting oneself in order, together with the corollary that one accords other people the right to set themselves in order in their own way; good government, whether of self or of country, inevitably involves the governor in being willing to take personal responsibility for events and opinions; and the artist, although necessarily always ahead of revolution, has a sacred duty to involve himself as a surgeon for the body politic.

In the sense that it allowed him at least to formulate some of the principles that directed the next period of his life, the *Exile* might have been a worthwhile venture for Pound, except that it led him away from art into politics. As a supposedly literary magazine, meant to perform a useful function on behalf of the new wave of artists, it surely cannot be judged a success. When we compare it to the *New Age*, *Blast*, the *Egoist*, the *Little Review*, the *English Review*, the *Dial*, *Poetry*, and the *transatlantic review*, we must come to the conclusion that the *Exile* failed both the young artists who badly needed a platform, and the true process of the "rappel à l'ordre."

CONCLUSION

Pound's search, through analyses of past traditions and explorations of the contemporary art scene, for evidence of the existence of the "permanent metaphor" was only partly successful, as was his attempt, with the "rappel a l'ordre," to call men back to the old, now lost capacity for harmony that arises out of the desire to reflect the perfect proportions of the divine *forma*. That he succeeded at all is a good indication of the man's potential for being the true "makkar" for the twentieth century, for his task was no less than an attempt to order the chaos of the century's vision of the cosmos.

In that they provided Pound and his fellow artists with publishing space, the little magazines helped him to carry on the artistic-cultural level of the hunt. In their pages, he was able to explore modern cultural and artistic patterns as they were evolving, and to formulate theories that needed space in which to grow and change. The international conversation about the arts, conducted in the little magazines, was a means of setting up criteria for twentieth century art contemporaneous with the developing practice. In this process, the individual character of the little magazines was unimportant; being weapons of a guerilla movement, they were infinitely replaceable. As a result, Pound's voice did not necessarily change its tone, from magazine to magazine, although the subject matter did; the point was to keep the conversational ball rolling at any cost.

Pound's relationship with the little magazines, therefore, was partly dictated by his desire to find space in which to conduct an examination of contemporary art. It was also directed by his personal need to establish his identity as a "donative artist" before English and American audiences. As an alien in one culture and an exile from the other, he was driven, in his magazine prose, into adopting exotic poses out of his pressing need to assume an identity that would anchor him, and that would allow him to escape from the alienation inherent in the exile's position. On this level, his search for a personal "permanent metaphor" was not successful. He cast himself into a number of roles, none of which answered his purpose; after the academic, the teacher, the rabble-rouser, the guerrilla and the culture surgeon *personae* had been tried and abandoned, the mask that fitted him best, the exile, paradigm of existentialistic man adrift in the universe, was accepted, tacitly, in his attempt at a personal "rappel à l'ordre" in the *Exile*. When this final attempt to take the road home failed, Pound was forced to pick up an external system of order, Italian Fascism. The real search for order was virtually over, then.

The three-fold process of the "rappel à l'ordre" in the little magazines had been conducted on two levels of intensity; the superior was metaphysical, the lesser sociological; the former was intellectually stimulating and liberating, the latter pedestrian and distracting. In proportion as he allowed the search for pattern on the secondary level of intensity to dominate the primary level, so did his work become less important to the charting of the "uncharted patterns." As political heckler and sociological polemicist, Pound very soon became locked into a narrow attitude that could harden, at times, into the type of dogmatism that his rebellious self hated: "Dogma is bluff based on ignorance."

All three levels of the search for order (the socio-political, the artistic-cultural and the personal) undoubtedly originated in one basic impulse in Pound's nature: to seek for the Final Pattern, the Answer, in the divine *forma*, and to take the deductive steps necessary to an intellectual identification of intuitively perceived truths about the existence of the godhead and the god-energies in patterned shape. Had all three levels been held in a proper proportion, the search would not, by 1928, have lost its metaphysical intensity and its true direction because of an unbalance, in a basically unified sensibility, in favour of the temporal order of politics and economics.

Ironically, the unbalance was probably the eventual result of his having identified, early in the search, two figures that expressed truths about the "permanent metaphor" that were (and are) dangerous to the continuance of artistic creativity. The Vortex and the Ideogram, while intensely powerful images of the relationship between moving energies and final form, led Pound close to the dangerous point at which one acknowledges the futility of any action at all, far less artistic action.

The two figures bear within them, as part of their inherent natures, the paradoxical nature of order, of *stasis*. In a universe of eternally shifting energies, closed and final form is impossible, since form is only the residual outline of primal matter that has already moved on. Any fixed form is therefore no more than one of the processes of change. It is the "verbness of things" taking on, momentarily, the "thingness" of verbs in a never ceasing, patternless pattern that can, because it has no final resting point, have no final meaning, except as a description of the mutual, eternal attraction of particles.

Pound obviously felt that there *was* a point of stability in the chaos of universal energies towards which man is instinctively drawn: the Final Answer. He pictured it, in the "Cavalcanti" essay, as the glass under water into which, once surfaced, man may gaze in order to see into the heart of the Mystery. By using the mirror metaphor, however, Pound was unconsciously exposing his submerged perceptions of the terrifying potential within the "permanent metaphor." Looking into a mirror, the human being is faced with the horror of infinite repetitions of relationships between points that appear static but that are, in fact, in atomic motion. The glass and the eye of the beholder reflect each other to infinity in an endless pattern that has no point beyond the expression of the facts of relationship in physical matter. If there is no final arrest of the relationship pattern, then one can never identify the purpose in reciprocal reflection; reality may not be shape but movement. If the divine *forma* is no more than meaningless, ever-changing pattern, then its nature is unconscious and therefore non-intelligent.

The idea that the universe is in the power of a non-intelligent pattern is intolerable to the man who believes, as Pound did, in the thinking godhead ("a god is an eternal state of mind.") There are only three possible solutions for this intolerable knowledge: retreat into suicide; defiant proclamation of one's intention to act in any case, that is part of existentialistic man's response to the abyss; and helpless, humble contemplation of the divine stupidity (which, in its unconsciousness, is infinitely wise) that is, silence and meditation. Pound adopted the second, in his middle years, and had the third forced on him in old age.

He was, in a sense, unfortunate. He arrived comparatively early, at a profound, intuitive understanding of the "permanent metaphor" through his appreciation of the movement/*stasis*, verb/noun paradox of the Vortex and the Ideogram. Having reached such a stage, he could go in only two directions: forward, and destroy his art, or in circles of repetition. Had he allowed himself to carry through his perceptions about the godhead, in the second decade of the twentieth century, it would have been impossible for him to escape from acknowledging the utter futility of artistic action in the face of continuous chaos. Because, emotionally and intuitively, he needed to believe in the existence of the Final Pattern, he stepped back from making the final leap through the limits of his metaphysics, and became involved in cycles of repetition.

I think that, in his eventual years of silence, Pound finally admitted the inability of the Word to shape chaos in any meaningful way. The god, the "eternal state of mind" finally received its due. The struggle to deny the chaos, though, had been a mighty one, during the first thirty years of the twentieth century. In a way, the search, the relentless desire to pattern chaos, was part of the profound comedy of the human condition that is evidenced by man's constant but futile attempts to wipe the imbecilic smile off the face of the god, for even just one instant, in order to register there the tragedy inherent in the nature of man as a knowing creature in an unknowing universe. In such matters, Pound may well turn out to have been *the* "makkar" of the consciousness of twentieth century Western man. The evidence available to us in the immense volume of his work suggests that this is the case.

FOOTNOTES

Introduction

[1] A list of all the critics who have used the little magazines would be very long. As examples, however, we might mention the following:

a) Noel Stock, *Poet in Exile* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1964.
b) Donald Davie, *Ezra Pound. Poet As Sculptor* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1964).
c) ____________, *Pound* (no place of publication given: Fontana/ Collins, 1975).
d) N. Christophe de Nagy, *Ezra Pound's Poetics and Literary Tradition* (Berne: Francke Verlag, 1966).
e) Hugh Witermeyer, *The Poetry of Ezra Pound. Forms and Renewals 1908-1920* (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1969).
f) Hugh Kenner, *The Pound Era* (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1971).

[2] These are:

a) Ian Hamilton, *The Little Magazines: A Study of Six Editors* (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1976).
b) Nicholas Joost, *Ernest Hemingway and the Little Magazines: The Paris Years* (Barre, Massachusetts: Barre Publishers, 1968).
c) Wallace Martin, *The New Age Under Orage* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1967).
d) Bernard J. Poli, *Ford Madox Ford and the Transatlantic Review* (New York: Syracuse University Press, 1967).

[3] Davie, *Pound*, p. 14.

[4] See, for instance, the comment "I believe in an 'absolute rhythm,'" in the introduction to "Sonnets and Ballate of Guido Cavalcanti" (1910); the many comments on inherent form, pattern and rhythm throughout "I Gather the Limbs of Osiris" (1911); and the motif of the natural patterning of energy in the magnet-and-steel-dust metaphor that occurs first in "Through Alien Eyes" (1913).

[5] Witemeyer, *The Poetry of Ezra Pound*, p. viii.

[6] Pound, "Cavalcanti," *Literary Essays of Ezra Pound* (New York: New Directions, 1968), p. 154.

[7] Pound, *Guide to Kulchur* (Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions, n.d.), p. 152.

[8] Davie, *Ezra Pound. Poet As Sculptor*, p. 220. I think, however, that when Pound linked the *forma* and the *concetto* as one, he did so out of his awareness of the "verbness of things," formulated by Ernest Fenollosa in "The Chinese Written Character as a Medium for Poetry," and that for Pound, the two *were* one, at least in metaphysical terms.

[9] Eva Hesse (editor), *New Approaches to Ezra Pound* (London: Faber and Faber Limited, 1969), p. 19.

[10] Ibid., p. 41.

[11] Pound, *Gaudier-Brzeska: A Memoir* (New York: New Directions, 1960), p. 84.

[12] These were printed under the heading MODERN THOUGHT.

> "We are tired of government in which there is no
> responsible person having a hind-name, a front name
> and an address."
> B. MUSSOLINI
>
> "The banking business is declared a state monopoly.
> The interests of the small depositors will be
> safeguarded."
> VL. ULIANOV (KRYLENKO, PODVOISKY,
> AND GORBUNOV)
>
> "The duty of a being is to persevere in its being and
> even to augment the characteristics which specialize it."
> REMY DE GOURMONT
>
> "People are not charming *enough*."
> LESIEUR McALMON

[13] Pound, *Guide to Kulchur*, p. 57.

[14] Pound, *Gaudier-Brzeska*, p. 91.

[15] Ibid.

[16] Ibid.

[17] Ibid.

[18] Ibid.

[19] Ibid.

[20] Pound, *Guide to Kulchur*, p. 24.

[21] Ibid, pp. 57-58.

[22] Ibid., p. 73.

[23] Ibid.

[24] Ibid., p. 233.

[25] Ibid., p. 95.

[26] Pound, "The Exile," *Exile* 1 (Spring 1927), p. 91.

[27] Pound, "Bureaucracy," *Exile* 4 (Autumn 1928), p. 14.

[28] Pound, *Guide to Kulchur*, p. 16.

[29] Pound, *Gaudier-Brzeska*, p. 85.

[30] William Cookson (editor), *Ezra Pound Selected Prose 1909-1965* (London: Faber and Faber, 1973), p. 6.

Chapter One

[1] Witemeyer, p. 7.

[2] Martin, *The New Age Under Orage*, p. 3.

[3] Ibid., p. 15.

[4] Ibid.

[5] Pound, *The Letters of Ezra Pound 1907-1941*, edited by D. D. Paige (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc. [a Harvest Book]), p. 254.

[6] This series will be referred to throughout by the short form "Osiris."

[7] Pound's first really serious interest in modern French literature was aroused quite some time before, through his association with Flint and the Forgotten School in 1908-1909.

[8] Pound, "Patria Mia I," *New Age* 11. 20 (September 12, 1912), 466.

[9] Pound, "Indiscretions; or Une Revue de Deux Mondes," *New Age* 27. 11 (July 15, 1920), 172.

[10] Pound, "Brancusi," *Little Review* 8. I (Autumn 1921), 3.

[11] Pound, "Osiris VI," *New Age* 10. 10 (January 4, 1912), 224.

[12] Pound, "Osiris IV," *New Age* 10. 8 (December 21, 1911), 178.

[13] Ibid., 179.

[14] Pound, "Simplicities," *Exile* 4 (Autumn 1928), pp. 1-2.

[15] Pound, *Guide to Kulchur*, p. 15.

[16] Ibid., p. 21.

[17] Pound, "Osiris XI," *New Age* 10. 16 (February 15, 1912), 370.

[18] The phrase first appeared in an *Egoist* article on Joyce's "Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man":

> The last few years have seen the gradual shaping of a party of intelligence, a party not bound by any central doctrine or theory. . . .

Pound, "James Joyce: At Last the Novel Appears," *Egoist* 4. 2 (February 1917), 21.

[19] Pound, "Through Alien Eyes I," *New Age* 12. 11 (January 16, 1913), 252.

[20] Pound, "Osiris IV," *New Age* 10. 8 (December 21, 1911), 179.

[21] Ibid.

[22] Ibid.

[23] Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, "Vortex," *Blast* I (June 20, 1914), p. 158.

[24] Pound, "Osiris IX," *New Age* 10. 3 (January 25, 1912), 297.

[25] Ibid., 298.

[26] Pound, "Osiris IV," *New Age* 10. 8 (December 21, 1911), 178.

[27] Ibid.

[28] He also wrote about modern French poetry in *Poetry* and the *Little Review*.

[29] Pound, "The Approach to Paris II," *New Age* 13. 20 (September 11, 1913), 577.

[30] Pound, "The Approach to Paris I," *New Age* 13. 19 (September 4, 1913), 552.

[31] Pound, "Affirmations I," *New Age* 16. 10 (January 7, 1915), 247.

[32] Ibid.

[33] Ibid.

[34] Pound, "Osiris X," *New Age* 10. 15 (February 8, 1912), 343-44.

[35] Pound, "Affirmations I," *New Age* 16. 10 (January 7, 1915), 246.

[36] Ibid.

[37] Pound, "Affirmations II," *New Age* 16. 11 (January 14, 1915), 278.

[38] Ibid.

[39] Pound, "Affirmations III," *New Age* 16. 12 (January 21, 1915), 311.

[40] Ibid., 312.

[41] Ibid.

[42] Pound, "Affirmations IV," *New Age* 16. 13 (January 28, 1915), 349.

[43] Ibid.

[44] Ibid.

[45] Pound, "Affirmations V," *New Age* 16. 14 (February 4, 1915), 381.

[46] Pound, "Affirmations VI," *New Age* 16. 15 (February 11, 1915), 410.

[47] Pound, "Affirmations VII," *New Age* 16. 17 (February 25, 1915), 452.

[48] B. H. Dias (pseud. Ezra Pound), "Art Notes," *New Age* 26. 13 (January 29, 1920), 205.

[49] Dias, "Art Notes," *New Age* 26. 23 (April 8, 1920), 372.

[50] Dias, "Art Notes,"

[51] Ibid., 61.

[52] The references become markedly more cutting after his contact with Lewis and the *Blast* group.

[53] Noel Stock, *The Life of Ezra Pound* (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1970), p. 224.

[54] Throughout the Egoist series, "The Serious Artist."

[55] Dias, "Art Notes," *New Age* 26. 13 (January 29, 1920), 206.

[56] Dias, "Art Notes," *New Age* 26.18 (March 4, 1920), 291.

[57] Dias, "Art Notes," *New Age* 26.23 (April 8, 1920), 372.

[58] Discussed further in Chapter Seven of this thesis.

[59] William Atheling (pseud. Ezra Pound), "Music," *New Age* 26. 7 (December 18, 1919), 112.

[60] Pound, "Indiscretions; or Une Revue de Deux Mondes II," *New Age* 27. 5 (June 3, 1920), 76-77.

[61] Atheling, "Music," *New Age* 26. 21 (March 25, 1920), 338.

[62] Atheling, "Music," *New Age* 26. 7 (December 18, 1919), 112.

[63] Atheling, "Music," *New Age* 26. 19 (March 11, 1920), 310.

[64] Pound, "Patria Mia I," *New Age* 11.19 (September 5, 1912), 445.

[65] Pound, "Patria Mia V," *New Age* 11. 23 (October 3, 1912), 539.

[66] Pound, "Patria Mia II," *New Age* 11. 20 (September 12, 1912), 466.

[67] Pound, "Patria Mia V," *New Age* 11. 23 (October 3, 1912), 539.

[68] Pound, "America: Chances and Remedies I," *New Age* 13. 1 (May 1, 1913), 9.

[69] Pound, "America: Chances and Remedies II," *New Age* 13. 2 (May 8, 1913), 34.

[70] Pound, "Patria Mia V," *New Age* 11. 23 (October 3, 1912), 539-40.

[71] Wyndham Lewis, *Blasting and Bombardiering* (London: Calder and Boyars, 1967), p. 277.

[72] Pound, "Through Alien Eyes I," *New Age* 12. 11 (January 16, 1913), 252.

[73] Pound, "Through Alien Eyes II," *New Age* 12. 12 (January 23, 1913), 275.

[74] Pound, "Axiomata," *New Age* 28. 10 (January 13, 1921), 125.

[75] Pound, "The Revolt of Intelligence IX," *New Age* 26. 19 (March 11, 1920), 302.

[76] In 1909, he had written to William Carlos Williams, "London, deah old Lundon, is the place for poesy." (*Letters*, p. 7)

[77] For instance, see his comment on his talents as a prose writer in "Osiris II," *New Age* 10. 6 (December 7, 1911), 130.

Chapter Two

[1] Pound, *Letters*, p. 60.

[2] Ian Hamilton, "Poetry in Porkopolis." *New Review* I. 8 (November 1974), 47.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Harriet Monroe, *A Poet's Life* (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1938), p. 470.

[5] Pound, "The Audience I," *Poetry* 5. I (October 1914), 29.

[6] Harriet Monroe, "The Audience II," *Poetry* 5. I (October 1914), 31.

[7] William Carlos Williams, *The Autobiography of William Carlos Williams* (New York: New Directions, 1967), 266.

[8] These were: "Paris," *Poetry* 3. 1 (October 1913), 26-30.
"Irony, Laforgue and Some Satire," *Poetry* 9. 2. (November 1917), 93-98.
"A Study in French Poets," *Little Review* 4. 10 (February 1918), 3-61.
"The Hard and the Soft in French Poetry," *Poetry* 9. 5 (February 1918), 264-71.
"De Gourmont" A Distinction (Followed by Notes)," *Little Review* 5. 10/11 (February/March 1919), 1-19.
And the "Paris Letters" series to the *Dial*, dealt with in Chapter Six.

[9] Pound, *Letters*, p. 9.

[10] In this number, Pound cautions Americans against using European models.

[11] Pound, *Letters*, p. 10.

[12] Stock, *The Life of Ezra Pound*, p. 45.

[13] Ibid., p. 47.

[14] Baptiste Von Helmholtz (pseud. Ezra Pound), "Those American Publications," *Egoist* 1. 20 (October 15, 1914), 390.

[15] For instance, see *Letters*, p. 157.

[16] Pound, "Poetry: A Magazine of Verse," *Egoist* I. 11 (June 1, 1914), 215.

[17] Pound, *Letters*, p. 10.

[18] Ibid.

[19] Monroe, *A Poet's Life*, p. 266.

[20] Ibid., p. 268.

[21] Pound, *Letters*, p. 12.

[22] Ibid., p. 13.

[23] Ibid., p. 78.

[24] Ibid., p. 16.

[25] Ibid., pp. 17-18.

[26] Ibid., p. 44.

[27] Monroe, *A Poet's Life*, p. 268.

[28] Pound wrote thirty seven pieces of prose for *Poetry*, the majority of which were reviews of contemporary work.

[29] Pound, "Tagore's Poems," *Poetry* I. 3 (December 1912), 92.

[30] Pound, "*A Boy's Will*, by Robert Frost," *Poetry* 2. 2 (May 19. 13), 74.

[31] Ibid., 73.

[32] Pound, "The Later Yeats," *Poetry* 4. 2 (May 1914), 67.

[33] Pound, "T. S. Eliot," *Poetry* X. 5 (August 1917), 268.

[34] Ibid., 269.

[35] Ibid., 271.

[36] Murray Schafer, "The Developing Theories of Absolute Rhythm and Great Bass," *Paideuma* (Spring 1973), p. 34.

[37] Pound, "Status Rerum," *Poetry* I. 4 (January 1913), 125.

[38] Ibid., 123.

[39] Pound, "Status Rerum -- the Second," *Poetry* 8. I (April 1916), 42.

[40] Pound, "The Renaissance II," *Poetry* 5. 5 (February 1915), 230.

[41] Pound, "The Renaissance III," *Poetry* 5. 6 (March 1915), 283.

[42] Pound, "A Few Don'ts by an Imagiste," *Poetry* I. 6 (March 1913), 201.

[43] F. S. Flint, "Imagisme," *Poetry* I. 6 (March 1913), 199.

[44] Pound, "The Renaissance II," *Poetry* 5. 5 (February 1915), 231.

[45] Pound, "A Few Don'ts by an Imagiste," *Poetry* I. 6 (March 1913), 200.

Chapter Three

[1] Pound, *Letters*, p. 84.

[2] There is considerable confusion about the name of the magazine. In 1911, it was the *Freewoman*, and in 1913 The New Freewoman Company published it as the *New Freewoman*. Later in 1913, there was a protest about the exclusive character of the name. Allen Upward drafted a letter, signed by Pound, Aldington, Huntley Carter and Kauffman the novelist, which said:

> "We, the undersigned men of letters who are grateful to you for establishing an organ in which men and women of intelligence can express themselves without regard to the public, venture to suggest to you that the present title of the paper causes it to be confounded with organs devoted solely to the advocacy of an unimportant reform in an obsolete political institution.
>
> We therefore ask with great respect that you should consider the advisability of adopting another title which will mark the character of our paper as an organ of individualists of both sexes, and of the individualist principal in every department of life."

From December 23, 1913, the *New Freewoman* was known as the *Egoist*.

Information source: Jane Lidderdale and Mary Nicholson, *Dear Miss Weaver. Harriet Shaw Weaver 1876-1961* (London: Faber and Faber, 1970), pp. 78-79.

[3] Pound, "The New Sculpture," *Egoist* I. 4 (February 16, 1914), 68.

[4] Ibid., 67.

[5] Ibid.

[6] Ibid., 68.

[7] Ibid.

[8] Pound, "Exhibition at the Goupil Gallery," *Egoist* I. 6 (March 16, 1914), 109.

[9] Pound, "'Dubliners' and Mr. James Joyce," *Egoist* I. 14 (July 15, 1914), 267.

[10] Pound, "Edward Wadsworth, Vorticist," *Egoist* I. 16 (August 15, 1914), 306.

[11] Rebecca West, "Imagisme," *New Freewoman* I. 5 (August 15, 1914), 86-87.

[12] Pound, *Literary Essays*, p. 5.

[13] Pound, *Literary Essays*, p. 9.

[14] Pound, "Ford Madox Hueffer," *New Freewoman* I. 13 (December 15, 1913), 251.

[15] Bastien Von Helholtz (pseud. Ezra Pound), "John Synge and the Habits of Criticism," *Egoist* I. 3 (February 2, 1914), 53-54.

[16] Pound, "Preliminary Announcement of the College of Arts," *Egoist* I. 21 (November 2, 1914), 413.

[17] Pound, "The Serious Artist I-II," *New Freewoman* I. 9 (October 15, 1913), 161.

[18] Ibid., 162.

[19] Ibid.

[20] Ibid., 163.

[21] Ibid.

[22] Pound, "The Serious Artist III," *New Freewoman* I. 10 (November 1, 1913), 194.

[23] Pound, "The Serious Artist IV," *New Freewoman* 1. 11 (November 15, 1913), 214.

[24] Ibid., 214.

Chapter Four

[1] Stock, *Life of Ezra Pound*, p. 159.

[2] Pound, *Gaudier-Brzeska*, p. 93.

[3] Stock, pp. 207-208.

[4] Pound, *Guide to Kulchur*, p. 51. Here, he claims the style to be the result of a deliberate technique in which images are juxtaposed.

[5] William Wees, *Vorticism and the English Avant-Garde* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1972), p. 210. Reference is made to an unpublished letter from Pound to Lewis in which he suggests issuing a third *Blast* after the war.

[6] Pound, *Gaudier-Brzeska*, p. 82.

[7] Umbro Apollonio, *Futurist Manifestos* (London: Thames and Hudson, 1973), p. 21.

[8] Lewis, "The Caliph's Design," *Wyndham Lewis the Artist. From Blast to Burlington House* (London: Laidlaw and Laidlaw, 1939), p. 79.

[9] Ibid.

[10] Pound, "James Joyce. At Last the Novel Appears," *Egoist* 4. 2 (February 1917), 22.

[11] Pound, "Wyndham Lewis," *Egoist* I, 12 (June 15, 1914), 233.

[12] Pound, *Gaudier-Brzeska*, p. 84.

[13] Ibid.

[14] Ibid., p. 86.

[15] Lewis, "The Caliph's Design," p. 263.

[16] Gaudier-Brzeska, "Vortex," p. 158.

[17] Pound, *Gaudier-Brzeska*, p. 105.

[18] Ibid., p. 124.

[19] Ibid., p. 89.

[20] Lewis, "The Caliph's Design," p. 305.

[21] Wees, p. 79.

[22] Pound, *Gaudier-Brzeska*, p. 81.

[23] Wilhelm Worringer, *Abstraction and Empathy* (New York: International Universities Press, Inc., 1953), p. 15.

[24] *Blast* 2 (July 1915), p. 46.

[25] Discussed in Chapter Seven of this thesis.

[26] Pound, "Vortex," *Blast* I (June 20, 1914), p. 154.

[27] Ibid., p. 153.

[28] Pound, *Gaudier-Brzeska*, p. 84.

[29] Worringer, p. 12.

[30] Ibid., p. 11.

[31] Pound, *Gaudier-Brzeska*, p. 85.

[32] Ibid., pp. 120-21.

[33] Pound, "Vortex," *Blast* I (June 20, 1914), p. 154.

[34] Walter Pater, *The Renaissance* (New York: Mentor, 1959), p. 94. [1873].

[35] Pound, *Gaudier-Brzeska*, p. 120.

[36] Pound, *The Spirit of Romance* (London: Peter Owen, 1960), p. 24.

[37] Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, "Vortex (written from the Trenches)," *Blast* 2 (July 1915), p. 34.

[38] Pound, *Gaudier-Brzeska*, p. 87.

[39] Edward Wadsworth, "Inner Necessity: a Review of Kandinsky's book," *Blast* I (June 20, 1914), p. 119. On p. 87 of *Gaudier-Brzeska*, Pound tells us that he, too, had read Kandinsky, and had found in him nothing new, but a welcome confirmation of Pound's own intuitions.

[40] Ibid., p. 120.

[41] Pound, *Gaudier-Brzeska,* p. 89.

[42] Wadsworth, "Inner Necessity," p. 121.

[43] Lewis, *Blast* 2 (July 1915), p. 91.

[44] Pound, *Gaudier-Brzeska,* p. 85.

[45] Pound, *Literary Essays*, p. 5.

[46] Ibid., p. 9.

[47] Lewis, *Rude Assignment*, p.128. Quoted by Wees in *Vorticism and the English Avant-Garde,* p. 181.

[48] Davie, *Pound*, pp. 68-69.

[49] Pound, "Salutation the Third," *Blast* I (June 20, 1914), p. 45.

[50] Pound, "Fratres Minores," *Blast* I (June 20, 1914), p. 48.

[51] Pound, "Come My Cantilations," *Blast* I (June 20, 1914), p. 46.

[52] Pound, "Dogmatic Statement on the Game and Play of Chess," *Blast* 2 (July 1915), p. 19.

[53] Hugh Kenner, "The War With Time," *Shenandoah* 4. I (Spring 1953), 30.

[54] Lewis, "The Enemy of the Stars," *Blast* I (June 20, 1914), p. 61.

[55] Ibid., p. 71.

[56] Ibid., p. 62.

[57] Ibid., p. 64.

[58] Idea examined fully in Wees, pp. 172-176.

[59] Richard Aldington, "'Blast,'" *Egoist* I. 14 (July 15, 1914), 273.

[60] Lewis, "Our Vortex," *Blast* I (June 20, 1914) p. 149.

[61] Pound, *Letters*, p. 199.

[62] Stock, *The Life of Ezra Pound*, p. 178.

Chapter Five

[1] Pound had previously sent the magazine two letters, both of which appeared in the *Little Review* 3. 2 (April 1916), 7-8 and 36.

[2] Ian Hamilton, "Divine Afflatus," *New Review* I. 2 (May 1974), 47.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Ibid., 48.

[5] Margaret Anderson, *My Thirty Years War* (London: Alfred A. Knopf, 1930), p. 273.

[6] Pound, "Religio or, The Child's Guide to Knowledge," *Pavannes and Divagations* (Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions, 1958), p. 96.

[7] Pound, "Jodindranath Mawhwor's Occupation," *Little Review* 4. I (May 1917), 12.

[8] Ibid., 16.

[9] Pound, "Aux Etuves de Weisbaden," *Little Review* 4. 3 (July 1917), 15.

[10] Ibid.

[11] Ibid., 16.

[12] Ibid.

[13] Pound, "Imaginary Letters (Walter Villerant to Mrs. Bland Burn) IV," *Little Review* 4. 5 (September 1917), 20.

[14] Pound, "The Classics 'Escape,'" *Little Review* 4. 11 (March 1918), 34.

[15] Pound, "Tariff and Copyright," *Little Review* 5. 7 (November 1918), 21.

[16] Pound, "A Study in French Poets," *Little Review* 4. 10 (February 1918), 3.

[17] Pound, "In Explanation," *Little Review* 5. 4 (August 1918), 7.

[18] Pound, "Brief Note," *Little Review* 5. 4 (August 1918), 7.

[19] Ibid.

[20] Ibid., 9.

[21] Stock, *Life of Ezra Pound*, p. 148.

[22] Ernest Fenollosa, "The Chinese Written Character As a Medium for Poetry II," edited by Ezra Pound, *Little Review* 6. 6 (October 1919), 57.

[23] Ibid., 59.

[24] Fenollosa, "The Chinese Written Character As a Medium for Poetry III," *Little Review* 6. 7 (November 1919), 58.

[25] Ibid.

[26] Ibid., 57.

[27] Ibid., 59.

[28] Ibid., 57.

[29] Fenollosa, "The Chinese Written Character As a Medium for Poetry II," *Little Review* 6. 6 (October 1919), 58.

[30] Among the most helpful of the critics on Pound and Fenollosa, I would cite Hugh Kenner, *The Pound Era*; Max Nänny, *Ezra Pound: Poetics for an Electric Age* (Berne: Francke Verlag, 1973); Noel Stock, *Poet in Exile* and Eva Hesse (ed.), *New Approaches to Ezra Pound*.

Chapter Six

[1] Pound, *Letters*, p. 158.

[2] Ibid., p. 159.

[3] These details were garnered from William Wassertstrom's *A Dial Miscellany* (Syracuse, New York: Syracuse University Press, 1963).

[4] Eliot won the *Dial* prize for 1922 with *The Waste Land*. Pound won the 1927 prize with the *Cantos*.

[5] Wasserstrom, p. xiv.

[6] For example, writing to Margaret Anderson from London in August of 1917, he commented: "And the *Dial*, OH *gosh*, slosh, tosh, the dial, d,i,a,l, dial. Dial--the stationary part of a clock or other chronometer." (*Letters*, p. 114).

[7] Pound dated his Paris Letters with the month in which he wrote them, but they did not appear until the next month's *Dial*.

[8] He actually contributed nine letters headed "Paris Letter" and three headed "The Island of Paris" which appeared in 1920 and which I am including here as part of his Paris letters.

[9] Pound, *Letters*, pp. 198-199.

[10] Pound, "The Island of Paris," *Dial* 69. 4 (October 1920), 406.

[11] Ibid., 407.

[12] Pound, "Paris Letter," *Dial* 72. I (January 1922), 75.

[13] "Paris Letter," *Dial* 71. 4 (October 1921), 456.

[14] Ibid., 462.

[15] "Paris Letter," *Dial* 73. 5 (November 1922), 549.

[16] Ibid., 548.

[17] "Paris Letter," *Dial* 72. I (January 1922), 73.

[18] Ibid., 74.

[19] Ibid., 74-75.

[20] Ibid., 75.

[21] "Paris Letter," *Dial* 72. 2 (February 1922), 189.

[22] "Paris Letter," *Dial* 72. 6 (June 1922), 629.

[23] Ibid.

[24] "Paris Letter," *Dial* 72. 4 (April 1922), 401. This item is incorrectly listed in Gallup's bibliography as belonging to Volume 62.

[25] Ibid., 403.

[26] Ibid., 403.

[27] Pound, *Literary Essays*, p. 75.

[28] Noted by N. Christophe de Nagy, op. cit., p. 11.

[29] Pound, *Gaudier-Brzeska*, p. 20.

[30] "Paris Letter," *Dial* 73.3 (September 1922), 333.

[31] Ibid.

[32] "Paris Letter," *Dial* 74. 3 (March 1923), 273-274.

[33] Ibid., 277.

[34] Ibid., 276.

[35] Ibid., 278.

[36] Ibid., 280.

[37] Pound, "Mediaevalism and Mediaevalism," *Dial* 84. 3 (March 1928), 232.

[38] Ibid., 234.

[39] Ibid., 232.

[40] Ibid., 234.

[41] Ibid., 235.

42 Ibid., 236.

Chapter Seven

[1] Stella Bowen, *Drawn From Life* (London: Collins Publishers, n.d.), p. 115.

[2] Ibid., p. 114.

[3] Stephen Adams, "Pound, Olga Rudge and 'Risveglio Vivaldiano'," *Paideuma* 4. I (Spring 1975), 115.

[4] Mary de Raschewiltz, *Discretions* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1971), p. 121.

[5] Pound, *Antheil and the Treatise on Harmony* (New York: Da Capo Press, 1968), p. 131.

[6] Ibid., p. 132.

[7] Ibid., p. 134.

[8] Pound, *Letters*, pp. 168-69.

[9] Ned Rorem, "Introduction," *Antheil and the Treatise on Harmony*, p. 4.

[10] Pound, *Letters*, p. 167.

[11] Ibid.

[12] Rorem, "Introduction," p. 4.

[13] Quoted by Noel Stock, *Life of Ezra Pound*, p. 252.

[14] Pound, *Literary Essays*, p. 25.

[15] I am grateful to Dr. Anthony Petti of the Department of English, University of Calgary, a noted musicologist. He sang for me some of Pound's opera from notations given by Murray Schafer in "Ezra Pound and Music." His comments on the quality of the composition were most helpful.

[16] Pound, *Antheil and the Treatise on Harmony*, p. 4.

[17] Murray Schafer, "Ezra Pound and Music," *The Canadian Music Journal* 5 (Summer 1961), p. 15.

[18] Stock, *The Life of Ezra Pound*, p. 241.

[19] Ernest Hemingway, *This Quarter* I. I (Spring/Summer 1925), p. 224.

[20] Pound, *Antheil and the Treatise on Harmony*,pp. 5-6.

[21] Pound, "Treatise on Harmony, Chapter One," *transatlantic review* I. 3 (March 1924), 78.

[22] Ibid., 79.

[23] Ibid., 78.

[24] Ibid., 77.

[25] "and that I tried to make a *paradiso terrestre*." *The Cantos of Ezra Pound* (New York: New Directions, 1973), p. 802.

[26] Pound, "Notes for Performers, by William Atheling, with Marginalia Emitted by George Antheil," *transatlantic review* 2. 2 (August 1924), 222.

[27] Ibid., 224.

[28] Pound, "Notes for Performers," *transatlantic review* 1. 2 (February 1924), 114.

[29] Ibid.

[30] Ernest Hemingway, *This Quarter* I. I (Spring/Summer 1925), 223.

[31] Pound, "The Form (ou 'Je cherche un ami serieux')," *transatlantic review* 2. 5 (November 1924), 568.

Chapter Eight

[1] Pound, "Small Magazines," *English Journal* 19. 9 (November 1930), 696.

[2] Pound, *Letters*, p. 202.

[3] *Exile* I (Spring 1927), p. 88.

[4] Richard Aldington," Natal Verses for the Birth of a New Review," *Exile* I (Spring 1927), pp. 86-87.

[5] Pound, *Gaudier-Brzeska*, p. 85.

[6] Pound, "The Seafarer," *Ezra Pound Selected Poems 1908-1959* (London: Faber & Faber, 1975), p. 35.

[7] Pound, "The Rest," *Selected Poems*, p. 46.

[8] *Exile* I (Spring 1927), pp. 89-90.

[9] William M. Chase, *The Political Identities of Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1973), p. 34.

[10] *Exile* 4 (Autumn 1928), p. 109.

[11] *Exile* I (Spring 1927), p. 91.

[12] Hugh Kenner discusses the origin of this phrase in *The Pound Era*, pp. 447-48.

[13] Ibid., p. 407.

[14] Ibid., p. 409.

[15] Ibid., pp. 410-11.

[16] Ibid., p. 411.

[17] Chase, p. 5.

[18] *Exile* I (Spring 1927), p. 92.

[19] *Exile* 2 (Autumn 1927), p. 35.

[20] Ibid.

[21] *Exile* 3 (Spring 1928), p. 104.

[22] Ibid., p. 105.

[23] Ibid., p. 107.

[24] Ibid., p. 108.

[25] Chase, p. 36.

[26] *Exile* 3 (Spring 1928), p. 108.

[27] *Exile* 4 (Autumn 1928), p. 4.

[28] Ibid., p. 22.

[29] Ibid., p. 106.

[30] In a letter to William Bird, dated May 7, 1924, he writes:

> Do recall that the title of that book is "A DRAFT of 16 Cantos for a poem of some length." If you will stick to that you will produce something of

> gtr. val. to collectors. . . . Yr. best ad is the quiet statement that at an auction recently a copy of Mr. P's *A Lume Spento* published in 1908 at 1.00 (one dollar) was sold for $52.50.

And in a letter to R. P. Blackmur, talking of the "Paris Letters" in the *Dial* he says, ". . . there is material for an essay, or a Ph.D. thesis, or a volume." (March 26, 1925).

[31] *Exile* 4 (Autumn 1928), p. 104.

[32] Guy Hickock, "Or Those Synthetic States," *Exile* I (Spring 1927), p. 9.

[33] John Rodker, "Adolphe 1920," *Exile* I (Spring 1927), p. 25.

[34] Ibid., p. 26.

[35] Pound, *Literary Essays*, p. 5.

[36] Rodker, "Adolphe 1920," p. 26.

[37] Rodker's Ovid Press published the first edition of the fourth Canto in 1919, the first edition of *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley* in 1920 and the first edition of *A Draft of the Cantos 17-27*, although this latter work did not appear until 1928.

[38] *Exile* 3 (Spring 1928), p. 53.

[39] Stock, *Life of Ezra Pound*, p. 256.

[40] *Exile* 2 (Autumn 1927), pp. 118-19.

[41] Pound makes the comment on p. 119 of *Exile* 2:

> Stella Breen, who is in private life George Steele Seymour of Chicago, introduces his manuscript to us with the statement: "Mencken said the woman was a very ordinary type." The three men seem to be in agreement on this point.

[42] Joe Gould, "A Chapter from Joe Gould's Oral History," *Exile* 2 (Autumn 1927), p. 113.

[43] *Exile* 2 (Autumn 1927), p. 119.

[44] Ibid., p. 121.

[45] *Exile* 3 (Spring 1928), pp. 20-21.

[46] Ibid., pp. 28-29.

[47] Ibid., p. 54.

[48] Payson Loomis (pseud. Ezra Pound), "Don't Wake Me Up Yet," *Exile* 3 (Spring 1928), pp. 69-77.

[49] William Carlos Williams, "The Descent of Winter," *Exile* 4 (Autumn 1928), p. 33.

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